



파그마의 후에

MAYA & MARU GAME FANTASY STORY

박새날 게임 판타지 장편소설

OVERGEARED

BOOK 08

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Overgeared

(템빨)

by

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Synopsis

Shin Youngwoo has had an unfortunate life and is now stuck carrying bricks on construction sites. He even had to do labor in the VR game, Satisfy!

However, luck would soon enter his hapless life. His character, 'Grid', would discover the Northern End Cave for a quest, and in that place, he would find 'Pagma's Rare Book' and become a legendary class player...

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Chapter 701

[Your memphis Noe has harmed the degraded medusa.]

[Your memphis Noe has harmed the degraded medusa.]

[Your memphis Noe's level has risen!]

[The doppelganger of the Mysterious Forest Randy has harmed the degraded medusa.]

[Doppelganger Randy's level has risen!]

[The Overgeared Skeleton One has been petrified.]

[Due to continuous petrification, the petrification resistance of Overgeared Skeleton One has increased by 1.]

[The Overgeared Skeleton Two has been petrified.]

[Due to continuous petrification, the petrification resistance of Overgeared Skeleton Two has increased by 1.]

[The experience of God Hand (4) has increased by 0.01%!]

‘Huh? Is this honey?’

Rock Forest. The medusa, which had been damaged by Grid's 100,000 Army Massacre Sword, turned to grey. Grid only summoned his pets in order to save his life, but ended up giving them experience.

‘Almost all of the medusae were dying, so they were relatively easy for Noe and Randy to catch.’

On the other hand, the Overgeared Skeletons hadn't yet reached level 50 and didn't have a chance against the medusa. They didn't get any experience. However, their unique ability to learn quickly raised their resistance to petrification. They were exposed to the petrification every time they met the eyes of the medusae. 10 minutes later, eye contact had evolved to the point of resistance.

[Fighting energy has reached 10.]

[All stats are restored to their normal values.]

Grid's penalty finished. The fighting energy that was fixed at 0 for 10 minutes naturally recovered to 10 and his stats were restored.

"Okay. Shall I take care of the children?"

The development of his pets was directly connected to Grid's development. The excited Grid put on Malacus' Cloak again. The bloody smell started to attract new medusa. Randy screamed as the medusa gathered like dogs.

"It's hard for Randy. Scary."

[Fighting energy is at the maximum.]

[Strength, stamina, and agility have increased by 50%.]

"Pagma's Swordsmanship! Transcend."

Pepeng!

Pepepepeng!

The increase in stats due to fighting energy raised Grid's power to the extreme. As a result of Transcend, Grid's attacks were converted to ranged attacks. Four strikes were released per second and the medusa couldn't cope. Two hours after arriving at Rock Forest. Now Grid understood exactly how to take advantage of fighting energy.

'I should seal 100,000 Army Swordsmanship.'

Rather than losing fighting energy by using 100,000 Army Swordsmanship, Grid would rather have his damage increased while using Pagma's Swordsmanship by keeping fighting energy at the maximum.

'Of course, 100,000 Army Swordsmanship is strong, so I might rely on it sometimes.'

Grid was very disappointed in the fighting energy consumption of 100,000 Army Swordsmanship.

‘No matter how strong, 50 fighting energy is too much.’

At first, he thought it would be solved by relying on the Ring of Absurdity. But the ‘all resources consumption reduction’ of the Ring of Absurdity didn’t include fighting energy. If he wore the Ring of Absurdity and used 100,000 Army Swordsmanship, only mana consumption was reduced.

‘It’s because fighting energy is a special resource.’

Grid was forced to accept it. It was because he already experienced the special stat called demonic power. The ‘all stats increase’ effect that occurred when making a certain level of item didn’t affect the special stat that was demonic power.

‘In the end, I need to use 100,000 Army Swordsmanship and fighting energy properly.’

It was just like this. Grid felt the need for fighting energy.

‘It wouldn’t be so unfortunate if I could accumulate fighting energy with large skills.’

Fighting energy only accumulated as a single attack. If he hit multiple targets at once with a ranged attack, fighting energy didn’t accumulate. The restriction seemed to exist because easily accumulating fighting energy was too fraudulent. Grid returned the Enlightenment Lightning Sword to his inventory. Rock Forest was empty, because once fighting energy was at the maximum, the speed at which he hunted the medusa surpassed the medusa respawn speed.

Grid moved to the safety zone and pulled out Madra’s diary. Fighting energy accumulated and the 100,000 Army Swordsmanship skill was activated.

‘Now I can experience the contents of the diary.’

The moment Grid opened the diary.

Flash!

Grid's vision blurred. When he opened his eyes, Pagma was standing in front of him.

“How trivial! How scandalous! How dare you deprive me of my burden! You deserve to die a hundred times!!”

Resurrection as an undead just for the burden of protecting the Hall of Fame? Regardless of my intentions? It was unacceptable and unforgivable.

“100,000 Army Massacre Sword!”

Chukak.

Chukakakakak!

I aimed my sword at Pagma. It was my sword technique that defeated more than 100,000 imperial troops. But.

“...!”

Pagma couldn't be cut. My body couldn't be controlled. My body refused to cut him. I tried to swing the sword again but unlike my will, my sword avoided Pagma.

Pagma explained with an indifferent expression.

“I wouldn't have revived you without a safety device. I'm your master. You can't attack me.”

“...”

It was as described above. Now I was a death knight. Regardless of my will, this disgusting instinct called out for me to follow Pagma.

“Protect this place from the invasion of the great demons. It's your mission.”

This was the end. Pagma left and I was left alone. It was the beginning of eternal solitude.

“...Sigh.”

The moment that the contents of the diary was finished, Grid wiped at his sweat. The mental pain he felt when he became Madra was very great. It led to extreme anger and confusion. He was dominated by an infinite sense of loss.

‘I don’t want to read any more.’

Grid was afraid. He didn’t want to experience the loneliness that Madra felt when trapped on the island alone. But Grid eventually opened the third chapter of the diary. This diary was Madra’s favor. Grid felt an obligation to confirm things.

The third chapter.

I counted how many days had passed since I opened my eyes. The body of an undead couldn’t fall asleep and the concept of ‘day’ dulled.

“...”

A small island with nothing. I didn’t know if I felt the pain of being alone for a few days or a few years.

I forgot myself in my solitude.

I wish I could close my eyes.

I wish I could stop thinking.

I hoped to disappear.

“Hell...”

After being forcibly resurrected as an undead with memories of

his life, Madra was alone for decades. The prison called eternity that held him was as terrible as hell. The fourth chapter, the fifth chapter, the sixth chapter. Madra only experienced solitude.

Grid felt deep sympathy for him. He resented Pagma, despite knowing that Pagma's actions were for the peace of the world.

Then an event occurred in the seventh chapter. Finally a great demon appeared!

The seventh chapter.

"This is the last island."

He said he was the 10th great demon.

"My name is Leraje. I am one of the 33 rulers who control hell." Leraje covered half of his face with a deep hat. The red lips were a sharp contrast to the pale skin. "I'm a great ruler who combines power and strategy. The proof is that I easily made it to the 66th island. Huhut."

"..."

It had truly been a long time since I have met other people. Maybe it was decades. But I wasn't happy. I didn't want it to be a great demon who was selfish and talked about trivial topics.

Leraje kept talking from the moment he emerged.

"My specialty is struggle. I have a habit of winning against anyone I compete with. The evidence is that I easily took care of all the previous legends guarding the other islands. Demon Slayer Alex who made great demons tremble? Even he couldn't be my opponent. Huhuhut."

"..."

"Hrmm... It's unreasonable to try and talk to a death knight who doesn't have an ego. It's no fun. But I'm looking forward to it. Based on the sword hanging from your waist, you must be Sword

Saint Muller. Didn't you seal several great demons, including Hell Gao? I have always wanted to meet you. I will use this opportunity to prove that I am better than Hell Gao."

"I'm not Muller."

Who would dare to mistake me? As I opened my mouth, Leraje smiled.

"Hoh, a death knight is talking? Yes, you aren't Muller? What are you called?"

"Madra. I was king of Lubana."

"Madra...? I have heard it a few times. How disappointing. I was hoping to meet Muller on the last island... The final battle will be worthless as well."

"..."

My anger rose. Pagma, you resurrected me because you are afraid of this guy?

"200,000 Army Crushing Sword."

"...!"

I couldn't find any meaning in this second life. I had no motivation and couldn't move since I was trapped alone on the island. I stood in place and looked up at the sky. But my skills aren't rusty. Fear filled the eyes of the arrogant Leraje.

[At present, you can't reproduce Madra's swordsmanship with your abilities. You can't read the seventh chapter of the diary to the end.]

[In order to read the seventh chapter of the diary, you need to learn Madra's swordsmanship.]

[Swordsmanship Textbook: 200,000 Army Swordsmanship has been acquired.]

[Death Knight Madra's diary is sealed until you learn 200,000 Army Swordsmanship.]

[Swordsmanship Textbook: 200,000 Army Swordsmanship]

Rating: Legendary

A textbook recording the basics of Madra's swordsmanship. However, it records the swordsmanship used after Madra became a death knight so the contents are weak compared to the original.

Only one swordsmanship technique, 200,000 Army Crushing Sword (Degraded) is recorded.

Learning Conditions: Those who have been recognized by Madra. Level 399 or more.

"A legend at Muller's level."

It was easy to guess when he heard Braham's evaluation. His reputation was low compared to other legends because his active area was limited to Lubana, but his skills were the best. It was certain since the 10th Great Demon reached the last island after beating Lantier, Alex, Kruger, Gis, and Povia had felt horror when he saw Madra's swordsmanship.

"Then... After 100,000 Army Swordsmanship, I got the textbook for 200,000 Army Swordsmanship..."

Would he eventually learn One Million Army Swordsmanship? The excited Grid became frustrated when he confirmed the level limitation of the swordsmanship textbook.

"Level 399. It will take many years to read this diary."

Unfortunately, what could he do? Sometimes there was content that continued over a long time.

'Let's return to Reinhardt first.'

Grid placed the diary back in his inventory and rose from his spot.

Chapter 702

Do good work at least 50 times a month. This was the minimum condition for maintaining the Saintess class. If a Saintess didn't do any good works, she would be deprived of her qualification and she couldn't be a Saintess again. In other words, Ruby had been doing good deeds every day for the several years that she had been a Saintess.

Angel with lost wings, Rebecca's incarnation, etc. The large number of people that Ruby helped praised her with various names. Minstrels sang songs about her.

Grid might be the most famous player, but Ruby was the most beloved player. The words about the siblings delivered to the people were manipulated by Orator Huroi's cry. There were Overgeared members spreading it everywhere.

"Saintess, Saintess Ruby! Please try this. The bread is well-baked today."

"Saintess, will you accept this bracelet? I found it at the market in Winston and I bought it because I thought it would look good on you. Please accept it."

"This is a coat made with the leather of wild boar. The weather is getting colder recently, so it would be nice to wear this. Don't get a cold. I'll be sad."

"Saintess!"

"Saintess Ruby!"

[You have received 10 quality rye bread from Reinhardt's baker, Jackson.]

[You have received a low grade emerald bracelet from Reinhardt's merchant, Ale.]

[You have received a wild boar leather coat from Reinhardt's

hunter, Revalo.]

[Reinhardt...]

...

...

This was a common sight every time Saintess Ruby appeared on the street. People who found her would come running over with gifts. Ruby originally rejected, but the persistent thanks of the people was big enough to surpass imagination. They felt frustration and sometimes depression when Ruby refused the gift, giving her no choice but to accept. As the people's love and respect for Ruby grew, so did the amount and quality of the gifts that she received.

The average value of Ruby's daily gifts was now around 80 gold. 80 gold! Converted to Korean won, it was worth 100,000 won. Thanks to the good work that she did over the years, Ruby could now make 100,000 won a day just from logging in. It was why she refused pocket money from her brother a few months ago.

Ruby joined the ranks of people making money from the game. Her surroundings started to tempt her. Why did she need to go to university when she could making money playing games like her brother? Many people were talking like this.

But Ruby's commitment to going to university didn't break. She couldn't believe in the uneasy future of Satisfy. Like all the youth of South Korea, Ruby had dedicated her elementary and middle school years to enter a good university. She didn't want her efforts to be wasted and she wanted to see for herself the values of a good university.

However, her goal of getting a job after graduating from university was becoming faint. She knew how desperately she was needed in the Overgeared Kingdom.

'Perhaps... Once I go to university, I will have more time to

concentrate on the game.'

She didn't dislike it. Rather, it was good. She was happy to be able to help people and above all, she wanted to contribute to her brother's work. Even if she didn't like the game, she would've concentrated on it for her brother. It was natural. Just a few years ago, Ruby was worried about money every time she bought school supplies. She grew up in a house that wasn't economically stable, so even buying snacks on the street was a luxury. From her point of view, her recent affluent life was appreciated.

'This is all thanks to Oppa.'

A warm smile appeared on Ruby's face as he thought of Grid. The worry that appeared every time she thought of Grid in the past had changed to relief.

'Mother and Father are laughing every day. Thanks to Oppa, my family is full of happiness.'

She felt very grateful and proud of her brother. Ruby would do anything for her brother. And Lael knew this about her.

"Ruby, please encourage people to visit the Hall of Fame once every three days. Tell them to pray once every three days to the stone statue of Grid."

It was enough to give orders to the soldiers. However, the ordinary people were different. If the kingdom forced the people to do this, they could lose public sentiment. That's why Lael took advantage of Ruby.

"Please."

"...I understand."

After the Behen Archipelago was cleansed, Sticks dismantled the seals on most of the entrances to it. Now it was relatively easy to move from Reinhardt to the Behen Archipelago. But it was only 'relatively easy.' In particular, the Hall of Fame was located on the last island of the Behen Archipelago.

It took at least five hours to get to the Hall of Fame from Reinhardt. It meant that the people of Reinhardt had to waste five hours every three days. Ruby had this part in mind. But she couldn't refuse when she thought of her brother.

'Instead, I will treat them better. Let's try a bit more, Sehee.'

The intensity of the good deeds Ruby was doing increased over time. Ruby was also in danger. But Ruby was prepared to endure it. Ruby's red lips tightened with determination. Her eyes were lovely as she grasped both hands together tightly. Lael couldn't help smiling at the sight before coughing.

"There is no need to worry about the people. This worship will be a good thing for them. Won't their stamina go up if they regularly walk for five hours?"

"Bah... I don't trust you."

"Yes, please don't trust me. I don't want to be a sinner who disappoints you."

"..."

Lael was confident that his comments were perfect. He didn't doubt that the goddess' heart was romantic enough to be captured. But Ruby didn't listen to Lael's words. Lael was also a solo person since he was born.

[Visit Grid's Stone Statue]

Difficulty: Repeated quest in the Overgeared Kingdom.

Once every three days, go to the Hall of Fame and worship at Grid's stone statue.

Quest Reward: A Grid mass production item for every 20th consecutive visit.

"..."

It was the contents of a new quest that players of the Overgeared received. The players thought it was absurd.

"I went to see the Hall of Fame the other day and the buff from Grid's stone statue is garbage..."

"It has no effect on combat classes like ours."

"How many classes are there..."

"Wow, isn't Grid really smart? He made a new quest to fulfil his own self-interest."

"It is more vulgar than smart."

"Ah, I'm angry. We have to do this quest to obtain Grid's set."

"Che, whatever. It takes a few hours to get to the Hall of Fame."

"Administrator Rabbit says he will sell movement scrolls to the Behen Archipelago..."

"Wow? Isn't this a good business? The servant is like the king. They met each other very well."

Grumble.

The Overgeared players were full of complaints about the new quest. But what could they do? They had moved to the Overgeared Kingdom in the first place to get the Grid set. They couldn't refuse the quest that would give them one of Grid's set items every two months.

"It's really dirty. Once I collect all of Grid's set, I will immediately go to the empire."

"I'm going to Valhalla."

There were many people who thought like this. For most players, the Overgeared Kingdom was just a stepping stone to another kingdom. Lael didn't condemn this.

"Let's increase the types of mass produced Grid set items."

The current mass produced Grid set consisted of weapons,

armor, helmet, gloves, and boots. There were only five parts so it was hard to keep players for a long time.

“Didn’t you learn the tailoring skill? Add a cloak and underwear to the set. Preferably socks as well.”

“...I can’t.”

The set effect of the mass produced Grid set was concluded with five parts. It was originally designed like this. If he added the cloak and underwear, there would be no set effect added. Lauel smiled wickedly at Grid.

"Even if there is no set effect, can't you fool them with the same name? Put the underwear and cloak as a quest reward first, so that players will slow down in collecting the Grid set."

“...Don’t you have a conscience?”

"Aren't I thinking about the players? Aren't you the only player in the world who can produce underwear with options? Where will people go to get good underwear? They will be happy."

“...”

Yes, it at least increased defense by one point. Grid was convinced and threw the pile of underwear he made at Lauel.

"I will keep sending them every time I make new underwear."

"It's a good decision, Your Majesty."

"...I should also make socks."

If Grid had a conscience, he would think that ‘I should make a good cloak.’ It wasn’t difficult to produce a quality cloak because Grid intended to mass produce Lantier’s Cloak for the evil eyes. Unfortunately, Grid had no conscience. His mind was already full of a method to make cheap socks.

‘No, I can’t do this in the long run.’

Grid shook his head.

‘If I want to tie up the player’s feet a bit longer, I have to make a good cloak. In addition, learn how to make socks.’

Grid was at least better than Lael. As a result, the Overgeared Kingdom was running well. The one problem was what the empire would do about Lubana’s rebellion.

"You missed the descendant of the Undefeated King?"

The imperial capital, Titan. The emperor’s voice resonated in the imperial palace, one of the most magnificent and beautiful palaces on the continent.

“Useless...! Does it make sense to miss the rebel army?”

Emperor Juander was furious.

His eyes were filled with disdain as he looked at Sword Duke Limit.

“The Red Knights these days are really trivial! This wasn’t the case when Piaro was here!”

“...”

Juander was a powerful person who could claim to be master of the continent. He wasn’t stupid. He knew that the present day Red Knights were under the influence of Empress Marie and felt wary towards them. There were a number of cases where they were constrained and weakened.

“I will hold the commander of the army, 1st Knight Mercedes and 2nd Knight Lucas responsible! They will be on probation for three months!”

“Y-Your Majesty...!”

The bowing Sword Duke Limit cried out with surprise. Mercedes and Lucas were the backbone of the Red Knights. It would be a severe blow to the operations of the Red Knights if they were gone for three months. Juander also knew this. Juander spoke before

Limit could ask him to reconsider.

"Don't worry. Kyle will take their place for three months."

‘Kyle...!’

Kyle was one of the five pillars of the empire. He was the youngest of the five pillars and his ability wasn't perfect right now, but he had great potential. Therefore, he received a lot of favor from Juander. Limit immediately recognized the seriousness of the situation.

‘Kyle has a high virtue, but he's actually a snake skilled in propaganda and manipulation.’

The Red Knights were tired from years of continuous warfare. The reason why they could fight without a break was because they were eager to jump forward. No matter how hard they tried, they weren't acknowledged like the Red Knights of the previous generation.

In the meantime, several Red Knights were killed in the former Eternal Kingdom and the 6th Knight Reidorn had recently gone missing. All sorts of rumors spread and the reputation of the Red Knights plummeted. Anxiety dominated them. If their spiritual pillars, Mercedes and Lucas, disappeared and that snake-like Kyle filled the vacancy...

‘Kyle will rule or break the Red Knights. This is His Majesty's motive.’

This was a chance to concentrate the power distributed by the empress back to Juander, as well as increase the influence of Kyle, who was relatively weak in the five pillars. It was the worst situation for Sword Duke Limit, who belonged to the empress' faction. But he couldn't veto it. The leader of the rebel forces. The Red Knights missed the descendant of the Undefeated King, who was the greatest threat to the empire in history.

On the other hand, there was a man watching the conversation

between the emperor and the Sword Duke in the form of a quest format. It was the first ranked necromancer and Agnus' closest subordinate, Veradin.

‘The quest content will change depending on how Limit deals with this.’

Based on circumstances, Kyle was likely to aim the Red Knights at Valhalla. The emperor couldn't forgive Ares, who dared to take in the descendant of the Undefeated King. What would Limit's choice be at this time? Would he obediently watch as Kyle destroyed Valhalla and built up publicity?

‘Maybe Agnus and Ares might end up holding hands.’

Chapter 703

[King's Quest]

It was a large-scale quest created after Grid became king. As the name suggested, Grid had already completed the first king's quest, the King's Role (1). The reward he got at that time was the method to make the King's Sword.

'The reward isn't worth the limited quest.'

Grid hadn't yet been able to proceed with the quest King's Role (2). The quest's level limit was 350. However, he reached level 357 after returning from the Behen Archipelago. It was now possible to proceed with the King's Role (2).

[The King's Role (2)]

You have experienced the lives of the people and learned their suffering.

Please resolve the troubles of the people.

Quest Clear Conditions: Give the necessary help to 5,000 people.

Quest Clear Rewards: Political Power stat will open. The next linked King's Quest.

* It counts if other members of the royal family help the people.

"Crazy."

It wasn't 100 or 1,000, but helping 5,000 people? How long would it take? Fortunately, Grid had experienced the lives of the people as he proceeded through the King's Role (1) quest. Grid remembered how the people of each class had suffered and knew how to help them. But it was too much to help 5,000 people. It was obvious that it would take a great deal of time.

"Ah... I can't say anything bad."

Yes, curses didn't emerge. He was aware of the intentions of the

quest. The King's Role (2) was to supplement what was lacking in the kingdom. In other words, it was a guide to reconstruction the nation. If he steadily carried out the quest, the Overgeared Kingdom would grow. The problem was time.

‘It is a very long-term quest...’

If he helped 10 people a day, the quest would take 500 days. It would take even more time if Grid had to leave the kingdom.

“Hah... The quest will be completed in a few years...”

The moment Grid was giving a deep sigh.

[The royal princess Ruby has already helped more than 5,000 people. The condition for the King's Role (2) quest has been fulfilled.]

[The King's Role (2) quest has been completed.]

[As a quest reward, the political power stat will open.]

[You will be able to proceed with the next King's Quest ‘Choice’ at level 370.]

“...”

Grid couldn't understand the situation. Question marks appeared over his head.

“What?”

What was the relationship between this quest and Ruby? The puzzled Grid then confirmed the phrase, ‘It counts if other members of the royal family help the people.’

“Unbelievable... The good deeds Ruby as accumulated as Saintess counts?”

Of course, not all good works were counted. It only counted the good deeds after Grid set up the Overgeared Kingdom and Ruby became royalty. Yet she already helped 5,000 people...

Grid recalled that Ruby was the person with the biggest

achievement when recovering from the damage after the war.

"My sister is really diligent and nice. I will kiss her when I log out later... No, I will be hit if I do that."

His sister was very good. Grid smiled.

At the same time, Valhalla.

"This is finally the 399th...!"

His level was higher than Grid so Ares quickly started the King's Role (2) quest. He was once again wandering the capital and doing 'good deeds.'

"Puah! It is really hard!"

He wanted to hit someone a few times in the middle. He was busy and often felt discomfort doing this. But Ares decided to think positively. It was a pleasure to see the people's happiness when he helped them but he was comforted to think that Grid, who just broke through level 350, would be suffering the same thing.

'Grid, would you have served 30 people by now? Puhaha, how pitiful.'

A laugh emerged.

"Have strength Grid! Let's share our hardships! Kuhahahat!"

[Political Power]

Improves efficiency of various domestic activities.

* The higher the number, the higher the effect.

"Um."

Political power was a stat held by politicians, some hidden classes, royalty, and merchants. Rabbit had a high political power stat. It would apply to various domestic affairs. For example, if he was appointed as head of market development, the rate of market development would greatly increase. Political power and

intelligence were totally separate. The political power stat was a necessary virtue for politicians.

‘I got it.’

Lauel, who had been in charge of the Overgeared Guild and kingdom’s internal affairs for several years had only opened up political power after achieving the title of ‘prime minister.’ It was a stat that was difficult to obtain. Grid had believed that the political power stat would never open for him.

‘Good.’

The effect of the stat was absolute. In the future, Grid would be able to carry out the role of domestic affairs without any knowledge. He was moved by the fact that he finally became a king and moved. His destination was the smithy. It was to design Lantier’s mass produced cloak and to make a crown for himself. This was Grid’s next task.

“This is enough.”

Designing Lantier’s mass produced cloak wasn’t difficult. He solved it by using the original design of Lantier’s Cloak and replacing the materials with those that were cheaper and easier to obtain.

"Khan, please hand out this design to the blacksmiths. The advanced blacksmiths should be able to easily understand the design, right?"

“Um, I think so.”

Khan verified the contents of the drawing that Grid handed him and nodded. Grid’s expression was very dark. It was because the wrinkles on Khan’s face had deepened after a few months. He felt that time was running out whenever he looked at Khan.

‘Is there no such thing as medicine for eternal life?’

Human life span wasn't infinite and the lifespan of an NPC was even shorter. Grid was afraid of parting with Khan. He wanted Khan to live forever. Khan saw Grid's expression and struck his own chest.

"Do you see this steel body? This old geezer is still fine. Your Majesty doesn't need to worry."

"..."

His health gauge decreased from his own attack. Grid's sadness grew so large that it couldn't be controlled. But he tried not to express it on the outside. He was afraid that he would bother Khan.

"I'm not worried about your health. Why would I worry when I know how strong you are? I only feel bad because the smell of a widower is getting worse."

"Hoh, smell of a widower?"

Grid sniffed his body and struggled to look bright.

"Don't you want to remarry? Won't a family appease your loneliness?"

Khan had been alone for a long time since his wife and son died. Grid was worried that Khan would live alone and closed his eyes. There were many cases where elderly people living alone were only discovered after a long time. Did he know Grid's heart or not?

"How can I be lonely? I have a family."

"..."

Khan's cheery smile struck Grid's heart.

'How do I intentionally attach stats to items?'

Among the effects of the First King title, there was an item slot increase. Grid could wear a helmet and crown at the same time. He stood in front of an anvil before making a new crown and longed

for the stamina stat.

‘Stamina not only increases defense and health, but also the rate of health recovery. It seems to be directly linked to health.’

That’s right. Now Grid had a desire to present Khan with a stamina item. He had the vague belief that Khan would live longer if his stamina could be increased. In addition, Grid needed the stamina stat. His defense was already so high that it was hard to increase. However, the defense value wasn’t fully applied to those with higher levels and many people had a defense bypass skill. Grid felt the need to increase his total health.

In the end.

“Sticks!”

Grid left the smithy and ran to the Overgeared Academy. As always, he was dependent on the sage’s knowledge.

“What is a way to make a battle gear that raises stamina?”

"You must use alchemy."

"Alchemy..."

Grid frowned. He still felt negative about alchemy that attached the coolness option to Iyarugt.

"I’m aware that you don’t believe in alchemy. But alchemy is a field that has a high probability of failure, but a great effect when succeeding. Rather than unconditionally distrust it, you should depend on it. Of course, you need to invest a lot of money."

Typically, high risk gave high returns. This was alchemy. Grid was bound to have the worst luck.

‘But.’

It couldn’t be avoided indefinitely. In the first place, didn’t he invest a lot of money in the alchemy facility with the goal of making Reidan the second Talima?

‘I can’t avoid it forever. I have to use it.’

The determined Grid left the academy and he sent a whisper to Lael.

-What’s the level of the alchemy facility in Reidan?

-Intermediate level 8.

-Still? Wasn’t it intermediate level 8 a few months ago?

At present, Reidan’s alchemy facility had been steadily producing small quantities of the super restorative potions. Grid thought that the level of the alchemy facility would’ve gone up considerably. Now he felt confused and disappointed.

Lael explained.

-In order to effectively raise the level of the alchemy facility, we must focus on development rather than production. But a lot of money is required for development. Recently, we haven’t been able to fund the alchemy facility because we’ve been offering a tribute to the empire.

-The damn empire...

According to Sticks, the alchemy facility needed to be at least intermediate level 9 to have a high probability of attaching stats. The empire was always grabbing onto his ankle. Grid’s grudge against the empire gradually deepened.

-Is there a way to screw with the empire?

-There is one way.

As expected from Lael. He immediately responded to Grid’s emotional question.

-What is that method?

-Go to Valhalla. The emperor can’t forgive Ares, who dared to take in the descendant of the Undefeated King. He will certainly dispatch troops to Valhalla.

-Go and help? But then won't the problem become serious?

-The situation is different from when you joined the Belto Kingdom war.

-If we fight with Valhalla this time, we will become the enemy of the empire. I don't know what to expect after that.

-Go by yourself. Hide your identity.

-...?

-As Your Majesty said, the problem will become more serious if the Overgeared Kingdom officially helps Valhalla. The next target after Valhalla will be Overgeared. Thus, help Valhalla secretly. While you are gone, I will plan a strategy to attack the vampire cities.

-Kukuk... This should be interesting.

Grid's shoulders started shaking. He was glad that he had a chance to strike the empire in the back.

'I will do it properly.'

The excited Grid! Lael warned him.

-You do know that if you don't want to be found by the empire, you can't just cover your face, but Pagma's Swordsmanship as well.

-...? O-Of course. In the first place, can't I use a basic attack?

-...You didn't know. Act with moderation. Based on what's going on in the empire, Valhalla won't fall.

At the same time, Titan.

[Secret Mission]

Difficulty: SSS

You have received a secret mission from Sword Duke Limit.

In order to prevent Kyle from building up achievements, support

Valhalla and fight Kyle.

The imperial household has yet to identify the members of the Rose Knights, so you don't need to worry about your identity being discovered.

However, please avoid killing as many Red Knights as possible.

Quest Clear Conditions: Kyle's death or making him flee.

Quest Clear Reward: Death Ruler's Staff. Affinity with Sword Duke Limit will increase by 50.

"Kikikik, what type of quest is this? I have to help Ares fight the five pillars?"

"You should refuse. Kyle might be the weakest of the five pillars, but..."

"What if I don't want to~? Why would I refuse this interesting quest? Kikikik! Kuhahahahat!"

"..."

An unidentified person also headed to Valhalla.

Chapter 704

[The Saharan Empire has declared war on the Valhalla Kingdom!]

[The relationship between the Valhalla Kingdom and the Saharan Empire has become 'hostile'!]

[There are various restrictions on exchanges and activities of the people of the two countries!]

These notification windows appeared to all the players belonging to Valhalla. But few people were confused or frightened. From the time when the Ares Army rescued the descendant of the Undefeated King, or when they refused to give a tribute to the empire, the people of Valhalla were ready for this event.

"I don't wish for war!"

Chatter chatter!

Ares' powerful voice resonated in the capital's square. The outward appearance of Ares planted awe and trust in the hearts of the people.

"In the future, we will enter into an infinite war with the empire! This war won't end until one of us is destroyed!"

Ares was the god of war. The battlefield proved the reason for his existence. He planned to develop himself and his army, then Valhalla, through wars. The Undefeated King's descendant candidate, Oasis, had a question.

'What is behind this confidence?'

After joining Valhalla, Oasis was surprised when he grasped Valhalla's power. After absorbing the Belto Kingdom, the population of Valhalla was now around 700,000. There were only 50,000 troops. The difference in national power with the empire, which was known to have a 10 million strong army, couldn't be disputed. Valhalla couldn't survive the war with the empire. It

could be destroyed within as little as a few days.

Ares came down from the podium after his speech and explained to the questioning Oasis.

"The army that I command directly gains 200% more experience during a war. I also have the Plundering skill. I can take away the food, property, and troops of the enemies or enemy territory. If I use it well, Valhalla will be able to make a breakthrough in this war."

Ares was an existence that specialized in war. His army wasn't just strong, but boasted an extraordinary persistence.

"A base that can be hostile to the empire. Well, it would've been more ideal to grow step by step fighting against a small country rather than the empire."

Unfortunately, it wasn't possible. Most kingdoms on the continent were already tributaries of the empire. If they touched anything belonging to the empire, then they would become hostile to the empire. Therefore, the first place he tried to stare at was the Overgeared Kingdom. But Ares chose to become allies rather than enemies with Grid.

Oasis asked him.

"I understand your abilities. But your opponent is the empire. If they dispatch a large army to destroy you instantly, your ability would have no meaning."

Ares laughed. It was an excited laugh.

"I don't move without thinking. The reason why I chose a war with the empire is due to the instability of the empire. The empire is currently divided into several factions and doesn't have the capacity to focus on one place."

"But the Red Knights..."

Oasis knew the terror of the Red Knights. Solo number knights.

Among them, the fifth knight upwards was on a different dimension. Ares also knew this fact.

"The Red Knights right now aren't fearful." There was a meaningful smile on Ares' face. "I've received intelligence that the first and second knights are on probation. We know from experience that the Fourth Knight only emerges in special cases and the third and fifth knights alone can't stop my army."

There was another reason why Ares was confident. People needed to move through Liberon Forest to go from the Saharan Empire to the Valhalla. It was filled with a large number of doppelgangers and Ares planned to fully exploit the area with difficult terrain.

"The empire will just be my army's prey. Puhuhut!"

"Liberon Forest is visible in front."

The wave of 50,000 troops was spectacular. The best part was the Red Knights at the forefront of the great army. The Red Knights. The strongest knights of the continent, which symbolized the imperial power, were gathered at the front of 50,000 troops.

"Hmmm... Isn't it much bigger than I thought?"

The white-haired man looking at the exterior of the forest was the Third Knight, Lorex. He seemed to be over 40 years old and one of the five pillars, Kyle, was next to him. Kyle was white from head to toe. White hair, eyebrows, skin, even lips and eyes. It was a bizarre impression.

"The forest is a good place to set traps and ambushes..."

Kyle started to observe Liberon Forest. It was common sense since the bushes were thick and not one animal sound could be heard. Lorex laughed. A respectful attitude couldn't be found at all.

"Liberon Forest is different from ordinary forests. It's so infested with doppelgangers that it's difficult to place traps."

"But from the enemy's point of view, isn't Liberon Forest their territory? Won't they be more likely to figure out the terrain?"

"No. You will soon experience it but the most terrifying aspect of Liberon Forest is its high temperature and humidity. It is virtually impossible for ordinary people to work or wait in there. Especially if they are armored soldiers.

This was why Lorex stopped the march ahead of the forest. It would take around 4 hours and 30 minutes to break through the forest at normal speed. Lorex decided that it was important for the soldiers to recover their stamina prior to marching through the forest.

Clap clap clap!

Kyle nodded and firmly clapped. Then he laughed and praised Lorex.

"Sir Lorex is correct. I've heard a lot of stories about the Third Knight and there is a reason for it. You have a good grasp of the enemy's position and are careful. I admire you."

"Huh... This is really..."

Lorex made a cynical expression and scratched the back of his head.

Who was Kyle? He was one of the five pillars who hadn't been able to accumulate any achievements, but he had obtained the emperor's favor. The reputation of the five pillars was higher than the Red Knights, who had fought without rest, so Lorex really hated them. He perceived them as someone with the emperor behind them. He had been furious when he heard that Kyle would lead the Red Knights in place of Mercedes.

But what actually happened? Kyle was humble and knew how to respect the Red Knights. Despite being appointed as chief

commander of this war, he delegated all authority to Lorex and was gracious to the Red Knights.

‘Indeed, the five pillars don’t have direct experience. They are raised so high because of His Majesty.’

It was the will of the emperor to replace Mercedes and Kyle was just performing the command of the emperor.

‘Limit says I should be on guard. I won’t release my tension, but I won’t bother to hate him.’

Hum hum, Lorex coughed before giving an order to the army.

"The break is over! We will enter the forest!"

“They’re coming.”

Liberon Forest. It was a completely abandoned land when it belonged to the Belto Kingdom. But from the moment Ares considered a war with the empire after capturing the Belto Kingdom, he regarded Liberon Forest as an important base. The rest reason was that all the Valhalla soldiers had the ‘Climate Adjustment’ ability to adapt to the temperature of the forest.

That’s right. Ares’ soldiers had adapted to the temperature of Liberon Forest. In addition, they were able to grasp the terrain of the forest through training.

“The Red Knights’ ability to detect the presence of the enemy is the best. Wait for them to go deep into the forest. Attack as soon as you see them.”

Ares commanded the soldiers and they nodded silently. They were stationed all over Liberon Forest. They couldn’t make a sound to let the enemy know where they were.

“Now!”

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

The rear of Liberon Forest. The 50,000 imperial army were already exhausted from moving through the forest for more than three hours. At this point, the 50,000 large Ares Army led by Ares emerged from the bushes and attacked with arrows or swords. The imperial army couldn't cope.

“W-What is this?”

“E...enemy! Kuaaaak!”

“Ambush...!”

The imperial army were exhausted from moving through the hot forest. They moved without considering an ambush and were helpless in front of Valhalla's surprise attack. The empire soldiers turned to grey while the Valhalla soldiers were surrounded by golden pillars of light. It was the signal of a level-up and was the prelude to a fiercer onslaught.

“Keep the momentum up!”

Every time Ares attacked, the morale and stats of the Valhalla army increased. Due to the Valhalla army becoming stronger in real time, the confusion of the imperial army intensified.

"H-Hik...!"

“Kuaaaack!”

There was an unexpected ambush and the enemies became stronger as they fought? As the number of collapsing colleagues increased, so did the fear of the imperial army.

At this time.

“Areeees!”

Third Knight Lorex rushed towards Ares. He had fought Ares in the past and won. He thought he could subdue Ares in five strikes like before.

“This time I will have your head!”

He couldn't leave this mistake alone! Lorex was angry as he remembered the loss of the soldiers and leapt towards Ares, his large axe moving in a half-moon arc. In the past, Ares had commanded 10,000 troops and failed to defend against this attack, suffering serious injury. But Ares was currently leading an army of 50,000. This caused a 25% increase in his stats! In addition, there were a separate slight increase in attack and defense.

"I'm different from before!"

Peeeeeeong!

"What?"

Lorex's axe was stopped? Lorex was startled. He couldn't believe that the guy who had fallen to one blow of his axe a few months ago could now exert such power. Lorex wielded his axe in rapid succession.

"Let's see you stop this!"

"Oh my, isn't this disgusting?"

Ares' right hand was numb just from defending against a blow. He had no confidence in defending himself. Ares hurriedly avoided the axe and left it to Scott and Luck.

"Tie up the feet of that monster!"

"We'll both charge!"

Peeng!

Luck answered energetically! His small shield hit Lorex in the back of his head and attracted the aggro from Ares. Then it was Scott's sword. Both of them used high class skills.

"Silly things like this!"

It didn't even make a dent on Lorex's health gauge. The Third Knight. He was weak compared to the first and second knights, but he wasn't at a level that players could deal with.

Kwajak!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The axe swung by Lorex blew away Scott and Luck's bodies at the same time. However, the Ares Army didn't shrink back. Lorex's dance was in the range they had foreseen.

"Block it all together!"

The top rankers of the Ares Army started to help Scott and Luck. Lorex was preoccupied as dozens of third advancement users attacked at the same time.

"These people! Help Sir Lorex!"

The Fifth Knight and other Red Knights busy with the army belatedly tried to help Lorex. Ares saw the scene and shouted.

"Now! Activate the trap!"

"...!!"

The eyes of the Red Knights widened. The ground suddenly fell and they were swallowed up by a large pit. Ares held his belly and laughed from above them.

"Puhahat! You morons~ I wouldn't be unprepared against monsters like you...gasp!"

Ares screamed. The 20 meter deep pit that he had his soldiers dig. The Fifth Knight jumped up from the huge pit that had taken a fortnight to complete. It was a ridiculous physical ability.

"Hey, isn't this a scam!?"

It was bad. Ares, who tried to kill as many enemy soldiers as possible while the Red Knights were tied up, was frustrated since the physical abilities of the Fifth Knight surpassed his expectations. The moment Ares detected danger.

Peng!

Pepepepeok!

Large explosions were successively heard from the imperial army. The eyes of the Red Knights, Ares and everyone else on the battlefield turned in that direction.

“What is this...?”

Red lightning fell from the sky. It penetrated the bodies of the armored soldiers and broke through the empire’s military camp.

“Did a demon king appear...?”

Black flames swallowed up the entire imperial camp in the forest. There was constant splash damage and hundreds of soldiers were continuously destroyed. It was unbelievable attack power.

“W-What? A monster without mana restrictions?”

What type of crazy creature could kill a great army with infinite use of such skills? Ares gulped. He didn’t think such a boss monster would be sleeping in Liberon Forest.

“Ares! We can’t let our army get caught up! We should retreat!”

Scott escaped from Lorex in the turmoil and shouted. He expected the mysterious monster to reach here after cutting through the empire’s forces. It was the same for Ares. He was unable to visually confirm the appearance of the monster because it was hidden by the army, but he could imagine that it wasn’t ordinary.

“Full retreat! Retreat!”

Lorex and the Red Knights were busy trying to control their army. Now was the time to retreat. The moment Ares gave the order without hesitation and turned his horse.

“I am the Basic Attack King.”

The unidentified monster who penetrated through the imperial army appeared and introduced himself as the ‘Basic Attack King.’

Chapter 705

On the surface, the Overgeared Kingdom was neutral. Recently, they stopped giving tribute to the empire and even had two tributaries, so many people misunderstood the Overgeared Kingdom as a great power.

But what was the reality? They were surrounded by enemies on all sides. There was no statement more appropriate to express the reality of the kingdom. The Saharan Empire was a male lion and the Overgeared Kingdom was a deer stuck in a group of female lions. From the perspective of the empire, the Overgeared Kingdom was a meal to be cooked and eaten at any time.

Grid was resentful of this reality. The kingdom that he and his colleagues worked hard to build up was just like a sand castle.

Sigh.

‘Don’t look at me.’

Grid couldn’t miss the opportunity to weaken the empire’s power. He believed that every time he defeated an imperial soldier, he would save the life of one Overgeared resident. He abandoned any recognition.

[You have dealt 17,870 damage to the target!]

[The option effect of the Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires has added 5,000 fire damage!]

[You have dealt 20,100 damage to the target!]

[The target has died!]

[Your demonic power has increased by one.]

This was the result of combining Grid’s 3,000 points in strength and the power of the Enlightenment Lightning Sword. The imperial soldiers couldn’t withstand two of Grid’s strikes and

turned to grey. There was no meaning in the level that was over 230 and their armor.

The Enlightenment Lightning Sword increased physical attack by 20%, fire damage by 30%, dark damage by 30%, and lightning damage by 15%. In addition to the options, Grid's passive ability itself was very outstanding.

Weapons Mastery that was obtained in the Behen Archipelago was intermediate level 5 and added 17% attack power, Pagma's Swordsmanship Lv. 4 increase attack power by 34% when deactivated and the Dominion's Blessing on the pavranium increased attack power by 15%.

Bufs, buffs, buffs, and Pagma's Swordsmanship overlapped to give Grid's 'basic attack.'

Was that all?

[The option effect of the Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires has summoned a red lightning bolt!]

[You have dealt 44,900 damage to the target!]

[The target is caught in an electric shock for 1.2 seconds!]

[The target has died!]

[The option effect 'Black Flames' has activated from the Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires!]

[Splash damage equal to 300% of your total attack power has hit all targets in a 10 meter radius!]

[The target has died!]

[The target has died...]

[The target has died...]

[The target has...]

...

[Your demonic power has increased by 232.]

The various options attached to the Enlightenment Lightning Sword exploded out with Grid's basic attacks. It was the continuous manifestation of mythical skills that didn't consume resources. It was an invincible figure.

"Kuaaaaak!"

Pandemonium! Grid's 'basic attack' that was stronger than a player's skills instantly destroyed the camp of the imperial forces.

"The enemy...! The enemy is behind us!"

"Hundreds of people collapsed in one blast...! It must be a great magician!"

"When did a great magician come to Valhalla? Che! Be careful of large-scale magic!"

The imperial army was the strongest army on the continent. They quickly resolved the chaos from Valhalla's ambush and Grid's subsequent attack. What was the identity of the enemy that emerged in the rear, how many numbers, how to cope with it, etc. The imperial army moved quickly based on their good command system. They identified the explosion of red lightning and black flames in succession as part of a magic system. The soldiers set up special magic shields against magic in the front while the minstrels sang songs that slowed the casting of magic.

It was a foolish move.

"What? Why are you digging your own grave?"

Grid's sword swept across the sea of enemies. He felt that the battle had become easier because the troops had less armor than before. He wondered if there were spies hiding inside the empire that were helping him.

"I don't know what it is, but thanks!"

Puk!

Puuok!

Four times per second! Grid's attack speed when armed with Alex's Quick Gloves was like a flash itself. The soldiers targeted by Grid died within one second and dozens of those within 10 meters of the target were affected.

Peng!

Pepepepeong!

The terrain of the forest was rough. The explosion of the black flames was like a disaster itself from the viewpoint of the imperial army. Every time the black flames exploded, hundreds of people turned to grey. It seemed like it wouldn't take long for the 50,000 army to be annihilated.

Captain Beit of the imperial army couldn't close his mouth.

"W-What? What is that monster?"

It was five minutes after the enemy's surprise attack. Beit broke through the rear of the army and was able to visually confirm the approaching enemy. The opponent wasn't a magician like he expected. He was holding a sword in one hand and there was only one opponent. Every time he swung the sword once...

"Kuock!"

Blood would spurt.

Kwajijijik!

Peeng!

There was either a red lightning bolt or black flames. The camp of the imperial army that was as solid as a fortress? It didn't function in front of this monster.

"I didn't know there was such a talented person in Valhalla...!"

The opponent wielded the sword at a pace that was hard to follow with the eyes. How much infinite mana did he have to keep

using flames, lightning, and dark power? Beit saw the man whose face was covered with a straw hat as equal to the solo number knights. It should be worth at least the 5th one!

“Sir Lorex...! Ask for support from Sir Lorex!”

The distance with the swordsman was gradually narrowing. Hundreds of troops were slaughtered every time the man got closer. Beit felt a great crisis. He saw that the rear of the army would collapse if this kept continuing. He thought that the power of the Red Knights was necessary.

He cried out urgently. “The Red Knights have fallen into the enemy’s trap!”

"Lorex is being attacked by the enemy leaders...!"

Only desperate reports were heard in succession.

“This... Everyone retreat! I will stop him!”

In the end, Beit moved directly. He was a captain of the empire. It might not be comparable to the Red Knights, but he was confident in his ability. He didn’t doubt that he could tie up this monster for a brief time.

‘Lizzie, I’m sorry. I can’t keep my promise to return safely.’

Beit kissed the pendant around his neck before confronting the monster. It was a farewell to his beloved wife.

“For His Majesty!”

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

Captain Beit was determined to change the atmosphere of the battlefield. He wouldn’t cower against the monster and raise the morale of the soldiers...

Puk!

Puuok!

“Kuock!”

...Or he tried. Beit was running wonderfully on horseback. He was slain by the unidentified monster in the straw hat. It was eight strikes compared to the other soldiers but there was only one or two seconds of difference.

"T-The captain was so easily..."

"Hiik...! Run away! Run away!"

It was poison, since Beit was a person who was usually envied by the soldiers. The morale of the imperial soldiers fell and reached a point that couldn't be controlled.

"He isn't an ordinary person...! Not only are his skills excellent, he also knows our internal situation!"

The other captains were surprised when they witnessed Beit's death. They interpreted it as the intentional sniping from the enemy.

The enemy knew the army would fall into a bad shape after Beit's death and planned thoroughly.

"An amazing guy...! Shit! There's no time to fix the army! Retreat to where the Red Knights are!"

A player above a certain level couldn't be overpowered with numbers. The captains of the imperial army were aware of this grim reality thanks to watching the solo number knights. Therefore, they decided to quickly retreat. It was easier thanks to Grid's activities. He reached the head of the imperial army, cutting down the treating imperial forces.

Why did he move forward towards where the Red Knights were? Of course, it was to attack the Red Knights.

"I am the Basic Attack King."

It was the battlefield where the Ares Army and the Red Knights were fighting fiercely. Grid arrived there and declared after feeling attention on himself.

"The Red Knights of the empire. The empire is overpowering because you exist. Thus, I won't allow you to exist."

"..."

There was an awkward silence. There were two reasons for this. The Red Knights were overwhelmed by Grid's presence while the Ares Army...

"Grid...?"

"..."

A chuuni with the worst naming sense! Was there anyone in the world other than Grid? The Ares troops had seen the video of Overgeared King Grid shouting 100,000 Army Massacre Sword and were convinced that the monster's identity was Grid. Of course, Grid denied it.

"Grid is the Overgeared King and I am the Basic Attack King."

"...I-I see."

Ares nodded. He realized it wouldn't be good if Grid's identity was discovered here. He decided to follow Grid's actions. Then he felt excited at the same time.

'How strong is he?'

Ares admitted that there were many people stronger than him. There was Kraugel, Grid, Agnus, as well as Luck and Scott. He respected and admired many people. But unconsciously, he had the idea that Kraugel was unique. That was, until now.

'The one who reached the sky....'

The video of the 2nd National Competition passed through Ares' mind. Grid was the one who had pushed Kraugel to the verge of death. Now he was...

'Does he have the power to break the sky?'

Hwaruruk!

Ares gulped while the red color of the sword in Grid's hand heated up. The Enlightenment Lightning Sword. The best sword made by Grid aimed at Third Knight Lorex.

"Let's fight."

"Come!"

Lorex roared. He had no intention of forgiving the monster who suddenly appeared and slaughtered his soldiers. The opponent wasn't someone that the soldiers could overpower, so he knew he had to do it himself.

"In front of our Red Knights, you're just a frog in a well! I will paint despair on the face that is covered by that hat!"

Kurururung!

The red armor that Lorex was wearing became redder. It was the true power of the Red Armor that had the ability to amplify the wearer's stats. It meant that Lorex acknowledged Grid. At this time.

[A strong aura has been detected. Your fighting energy reacts and has started to boil.]

[From now on, fighting energy will naturally rise by 1 every 10 seconds.]

Grid smiled widely as he realized the true value of fighting energy.

"Let's see."

A knight who represented the continent and the hero of heroes. Who was stronger?

Chapter 706

'He isn't shrinking back?'

Lorex was startled. It was because he confirmed the smile that spread on the face of the enemy.

'Is he insane?'

Who was this person?

The Third Knight. As one of the powerhouses in the empire and the whole continent, everyone feared Lorex. However, the man in front of him was smiling. Lorex couldn't think he was anything but crazy.

"I've seen many people who are terrified and sick when they see me..."

Surprise turned into anger. The blood vessels on Lorex's forehead bulged.

"This is the first time I've seen someone smiling!"

Peeng!

Lorex didn't feel the need to speak for long. It was shameful that the man in front of him killed all his soldiers. He would erase this person from the world.

"You broke through 50,000 troops? I can also do that easily! I will let you know how wide the world outside the well is!"

Sukakak!

Lorex roared and the glow around his axe caused the atmosphere to shake. It was a shockwave generated by a mighty force. The stones became ashes in front of it. Ares saw it and shouted urgently.

"Don't take it head on! He has a strength of at least 5,000! You have to unconditionally avoid it!"

Ares was aware that his advice to Grid was pointless. Lorex wasn't a stupid fool. He was agile and clever. There was no avoiding it, despite knowing the attack was strong. It was too fast, the orbit was perfect, and it couldn't be defended against. The moment it was blocked, there would be a big shock that would lead to the road of destruction. Ares' evaluation of the Third Knight was 'overwhelming even at Kraugel's prime.'

'I don't want to admit it, but this is reality!'

The level of the players hadn't yet reached 400. The solo number knights were the top talents that couldn't be defeated unless the player had their fourth advancement. That's what Ares thought.

"How do I avoid this?"

Grid's hobby was destroying common sense.

Peeeeeeok!

Lorex's axe struck Grid's chest.

[You have suffered 14,300 damage.]

It was great damage despite the fact that Triple Layers greatly reduced physical damage. But he stood firmly.

Puk!

Puuok!

Four times per second. It was a counterattack against Lorex.

[You have dealt 6,900 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 7,630 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 8,400 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 9,390 damage to the target!]

[The option effect of the Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires has summoned red flames. Additional 5,000 damage will be dealt.]

That's right. He was overgeared and he struck harder with his items. It was the unique overgeared battle style.

“Kuk...?”

Lorex's eyes shook after being hit by the four blows. He felt strange anxiety for the accumulated damage on his side.

‘It's amazing that he survived my attack, but his attack seems to grow stronger with every hit...?’

Kwajajak!

Lorex was one of the strongest in the world. Despite being embarrassed by the counterattack, his body was constantly moving. While allowing Grid's attack, his axe struck Grid's shoulder.

[Critical!]

It was a proper hit. Lorex believed that Grid's body would naturally break apart. He tugged at the axe in Grid's shoulder and tried to tear the armor. However.

‘It isn't budging?’

An armor with multiple layers. The extreme sturdiness didn't fit its elegant appearance and Lorex's axe didn't crack it one bit. Well, there were no problems up to here. There were many excellent armor in the world. Lorex's axe was famous for tearing steel like paper, but he didn't always cut down armor.

The real problem occurred afterwards. The barbs of the armor started to damage Lorex's axe.

Kkirik!

Kiiiiikik!

“...!!”

The surprised Lorex wanted to retrieve his axe, but it was already too late.

Pasak!

Lorex's axe barely escaped from the gap in the barbs and cracked slightly. It was the effect of the 'Sword Breaker' option attached to Triple Layers.

"Hit me as much as you want. Let's see if I will die first or if your axe can't be used anymore."

Gulp gulp.

Grid declared to Lorex while drinking a health potion. He stabbed at Lorex's side without a break. Whenever he accumulated an attack to the same target, his attack power increased.

[You have dealt 14,300 damage to the target!]

"Huup!"

On the 10th blow, Lorex's side was slightly dented. It was a phenomenon caused by physical pain.

"This guyyyyy!"

Wuuong. Kwang!

Wuuong! Kwajak!

Lorex swung the axe successively and Grid couldn't escape. But every time he was struck by a counterattack, damage accumulated.

"..."

"..."

An awkward silence filled the battlefield as the confrontation between the two people deepened. Ares made a blank expression as he uttered.

"Isn't this a complete dog fight...?"

No high rated skills could be seen in the confrontation. It was like little kids fighting.

Nod nod.

Everyone nodded as if they agreed with Ares. It was friends and foes alike.

‘Well, I’m not joking.’

Ares’ expression became deeply shadowed. Grid and Lorex. The difference between the two was obvious to anyone. They were a player and NPC. The player’s health was decided by stats, titles, and items, but the NPC’s health level was adjusted separately. In particular, the health of a named NPC was as high as a boss monster, making it tens or hundreds of times higher than a player. While Grid’s health gauge dropped by 1/7th or 1/6th every time he allowed an attack, Lorex’s health gauge was still healthy.

‘In this state, Grid has no chance. Let’s get rid of the Fifth Knight and look for an opportunity to help...’

The moment Ares thought this.

“Eh...?”

Sounds of admiration were heard. Liberon Forest had a high temperature and thick water vapor. Now a red and purple aura started to be emitted from Grid’s body, which had been hidden by the thick water vapor. It was fighting energy. In fact, Grid was wrapped in fighting energy since he first appeared but other people couldn’t see it because of the blood and water vapor. But as the color became thicker, it became visible through the water vapor.

[Fighting energy has reached 50 points.]

Jjang!

Jjeejeeong!

"Kuoh...!"

Lorex’s eyes widened as he allowed an attack from Grid. He couldn’t believe how much stronger the attack was.

“I see...! You’re a berserker!”

He felt that Grid’s defense was too high for a berserker, but he

was forced to think like this. Grid shook his head at Lorex's shout.

"Berserker? No."

"????"

"It's a basic attack."

"Ik...! What nonsense does this guy keep saying!?"

Lorex was filled with anger. He was furious at Grid's response. He roared like a beast and unleashed an onslaught.

[You have suffered 14,600 damage.]

[Fighting energy has reached 60 points.]

[You have dealt 15,660 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 15,710 damage to the target!]

[You have recovered 1,885 health thanks to Elfin Stone's Ring!]

[The experience of Elfin Stone's Ring has increased by 0.3%!]

'This bastard, his endurance is monster-like.'

Two minutes had passed since Lorex started the battle. But it felt like Grid had been fighting for 30 minutes or 1 hour. It was a battle that allowed one hit per second and four counterattacks. Grid's stamina could afford it, but his mental power couldn't. He needed to focus his concentration and power every second.

That's right. Grid felt a strong sense of mental pressure.

Kwajak!

'I think he is equipped with a passive blood-sucking ability.'

Grid coughed up blood as his chest was hit by the axe and watched Lorex's health gauge. It seemed to be rising a bit.

'Damn bastard... It seems to be a passive skill since he doesn't use too many active skills. That makes it stronger.'

Grid was well aware that Lorex was stronger than him. It was because his flat damage was much stronger than Madra and the experience of items such as Elfin Stone's Ring, Tiramet's Belt, and the God Hands increased more than when he fought Madra. He thought carefully about it. He concentrated carefully in order to not miss anything. Then he reached a conclusion.

‘I don't have a chance of victory.’

It seemed virtually impossible to defeat Lorex, who had more than 10 million health, with basic attacks.

‘It might be possible with Pagma's Swordsmanship.’

This monster-like persistence? He would be able to neutralize it with the overwhelming offensive power of Pagma's Swordsmanship. But the current Grid couldn't use any techniques that symbolized the Overgeared King. It was because his identity couldn't be discovered.

So? Was he going to run away because there was no chance?

‘No.’

It felt different from when he met Yangban Garam and First Knight Mercedes. Lorex's presence fell far short of them. In addition, Grid had a high opinion of himself. It wasn't arrogance. A hero of heroes, was it an easy title to obtain? Grid trusted his skills.

‘Think about it, Youngwoo. How can I beat this guy?’

"Kuhahahahaha! You must be tired!"

‘This!’

He had been thinking too deeply. Grid blanked out for one second. He didn't strike back and in the gap, Lorex used a skill. The blue black aura around Lorex's axe flooded towards Grid. The ripple of energy at the end of the axe looked like it was about to explode. It was likely to be an attack in the form of splash damage

like the black flames.

‘I can’t stop it when I can’t even stop his basic attacks. Shit, I have to use Quick Movements for evasive purposes...!’

But it was better than losing the immortal passive. Grid determined and was about to use Quick Movements.

‘Wait? Explode?’

An object passed through his mind. As Lorex’s axe flew towards his face, Grid pulled out a large fabric.

Cloak?

No, it was a piece of cloth.

“Grid...! Eh?”

Ares judged that Grid was in danger when Lorex used the skill. He ran out to help Grid only to freeze in place. He felt something when he saw Grid pulled out a piece of cloth. Right then, Lorex’s axe hit Grid. No, he cut the piece of cloth before it hit Grid.

Lorex snorted.

‘This guy really is crazy!’

He must be crazy to block Volcano Axe that could destroy the whole area with a piece of cloth. Well, he could understand. Volcano Axe was a strong technique that couldn’t be blocked or avoided. There was nothing strange about doing something crazy when it was meaningless to resist.

“...Eh?”

A dark smile appeared on Lorex’s face as he imagined the man being killed by an explosion. His mind went blank for a moment. It was because his axe, which should’ve emitted a powerful energy, became silent the moment it was wrapped in the cloth.

‘What?’

He felt possessed! Lorex couldn’t understand it, but he retreated

because his vision was blocked. Grid's sword stabbed his side. A basic attack as usual? That's right. But this time, he immediately linked a skill between the basic attacks as usual.

“Unbreakable Justice!”

Peeeeeeong!

“...!!”

Lorex's eyes turned white.

Chapter 707

[Unbreakable Justice Lv.1 (93.1%)]

Deals 300% of your attack power.

Skill Mana Cost: 350

Skill Cooldown Time: 100 seconds

It was a skill Grid acquired due to the Apostle of Justice title. Pagma's Swordsmanship, Braham's magic, Madra's swordsmanship, etc. Unbreakable Justice was obviously a shabby skill compared with the legendary skills, but it was also classified as a top skill.

The damage coefficient was remarkable. A level 1 wide area skill usually had less than 100% attack power while Unbreakable Justice boasted 300% attack power. Unbreakable Justice was also a skill that activated immediately. It was easy to use because it wasn't a skill that required certain motions like Pagma's Swordsmanship. In fact, the Apostle of Justice's Partner Huroi had long since mastered the skill after obtaining it.

Why? Why did Grid neglect Unbreakable Justice? It was naturally because of Pagma's Swordsmanship. The aforementioned benefits of justice cannot defeat Pagma's swordsmanship and ended up second when compared to justice. The advantages of the above mentioned Unbreakable Justice were minor compared to Pagma's Swordsmanship.

Of course, this didn't mean that Grid didn't use the skill at all. Grid used Unbreakable Justice, Continuous Stab, and Spear Shot in the right place when needed. In particular, Spear Shot was useful in the Tiramet raid and the 2nd National Competition.

Peeeong!

[You have dealt 15,730 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 47,200 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 15,710 damage to the target!]

[Fighting energy has reached 61 points.]

[You have dealt 16,050 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 16,090 damage to the target!]

[The black flame explosion...]

[You have dealt 48,040 damage to the target!]

"Kuoh...!"

Unbreakable Justice was linked between basic attacks and once the black flames exploded, Lorex received over 160,000 damage in a second. Grid thought after being hit by Lorex's counterattack.

'It has supplemented some of my lacking attack power. If both the red flames and red lightning summoning options are activated at the same time, the maximum damage will increase to 200,000.'

This was the damage per second. Theoretically, Grid could inflict one million damage in 10 seconds to Lorex. If Lorex boasted tens of millions of health, it was meaningless in front of Grid. The problem was that Lorex wasn't a scarecrow. Lorex countered every time he was hit and Grid's health was less than 100,000. If they kept hitting each other like this, Grid would eventually fall first.

'If this was Kraugel...'

He could've avoided Lorex's axe. Grid was sure Kraugel would one-sidedly attack Lorex without being hit by a counterattack.

'...No.'

Grid shook his head and got rid of the thought. He was tired of comparing himself to Kraugel every time.

'I'm overgeared. The way I fight itself is different from Kraugel.'

He couldn't avoid it? Then it was fine. So what if it hurt? He would have to hurt them back. Grid abandoned the sword.

[You have equipped the Motley Flail.]

"...???"

Lorex was stunned beyond confusion. In the middle of a battle, abandoning the sword to pull out farming equipment?

‘Isn’t he a real idiot?’

Lorex got goosebumps. It wasn’t because the mutt was scary, but because it was dirty! Lorex unknowingly flinched back from Grid. It was apparent he didn’t want to associate with Grid. In the gap, Grid swung the flail a few times in the air.

Buong~ Buong~

‘Okay. Thanks to Alex's Glove, I can also wield the flail four times per second. I am expecting the debuffs.’

The buff expectation value was... Grid disregarded the worst situation.

[Motley Flail.]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 259/259 Attack Power: 143~191

* A special effect will occur every time the target is hit. The effect is unpredictable.

* Thrashing speed will increase by 150%.

* There is no guarantee how the condition of the thrashed grain will change.

It was a farming equipment he made a long time ago. No, a weapon. In the past, Grid determined he had no chance of winning against his clone and depended on the random ability of this flail.

‘I don’t expect the dramatic effect that occurred when I fought my clone. Just a little. It’s enough to drop the attack power for a short time.’

The health loss rate could be made up using potions, Doran’s

Ring, and the blood-sucking abilities. It was just enough.

“Go!”

Grid screamed and rushed at Lorex.

“You bastard...!”

Lorex instinctively moved back. Previously, he experienced being incapacitated by the mysterious cloth. He had no choice but to be wary of this farming equipment.

“Unbreakable Justice!”

“...I thought he was the Basic Attack King.”

Ares said as soon as Grid used a skill, but the members of the Ares Army felt admiration. It was because Lorex was greatly shaken by the new skill. Lorex’s health gauge was visibly reduced. The Ares members gulped.

‘Isn’t Grid’s damage crazy?’

‘The attack speed is a scam.’

The Ares troops had fought him a few times and knew how high Lorex’s defense was. Even Luck, who had the highest attack power of the Ares members, only dealt 5,000~7,000 damage to Lorex. Grid’s basic attack was at least two times stronger than Luck’s basic attack and it was twice as fast. It seemed to be even stronger and faster.

‘Overgeared...! Is this being overgeared?’

The eyes of the Ares members followed Grid’s weapon and gloves. It was the first time they saw both items. Scott trembled.

‘Making new items...!’

This was the unrivalled power of a legendary blacksmith. It was a wake-up call.

‘A presence that destroys the balance itself.’

There were two main types of players. One levelled up and the other experienced a jackpot. However, it wasn't easy to experience jackpots. In order to get better items, you had to go on more difficult raids. Even if you succeeded in the raid, you couldn't always get the items you want.

This was why there was a limit to the growth rate of players. Most players had a long stagnation period. Particularly for high level players whose level up speed was slow. In many cases, their combat power would be similar to what it was a month ago.

Then what about Grid? He could make and wear top quality items by himself, making the necessity of finding a jackpot obsolete. He could become stronger day by day. After not seeing him for a long time, he was incomparably stronger. Scott was really afraid of Grid.

'There's no answer if he's an enemy. Ares was clever when he decided to become Grid's friend. Huh?'

Scott, who was staring at Grid with awe in his eyes, became stunned.

Grid suddenly put away his sword and pulled out a strange item.

"What is this?"

It wasn't an item he had seen before. Scott frowned as he pondered on it. He realized that the item Grid pulled out was exactly like the tool that farmers used to thrash grain.

"Flail...? What is he doing when he was fighting so well?"

A confrontation with the strong. He suddenly pulled out farming equipment in an important match that would determine the situation? Scott couldn't understand Grid's actions at all. He wanted to dissect Grid's mind. The soldiers and Ares troops! Everyone had fallen into confusion when Ares shouted.

"I understand...! I know Gri... No, I know the Basic Attack King's intentions!"

“...?!”

Ares quickly figured out the intentions behind pulling out farming equipment during a battle?

“It truly is Ares...! Gri... No, you know the Basic Attack King’s intentions?”

The Ares troops admired it and asked questions. Ares made a meaningful look and explained to them.

“It’s a taunt. It’s taunting him.”

“A taunt?”

“Yes. The Basic Attack King is telling Lorex. I can beat you with a farming tool!”

“...No way.”

The Ares troops absolutely trusted Ares. But this time it was too much. It was impossible to accept Ares’ interpretation. Who was Lorex? He was the Third Knight. It was hard to find a presence stronger than Lorex. He was almost at the level of a final boss. How could Grid beat him with farming equipment? It was impossible, no matter how strong Grid was.

The moment everyone thought this. Grid struck Lorex’s face with the flail.

"What...?"

They didn’t know why but Lorex was shocked. His face was white.

At the same time.

“Quick Movements! Blacksmith's Rage!”

Grid used the saved buff skills and swapped back to the Enlightenment Sword after striking Lorex several times with the flail. It was the connection of basic attack, basic attack, and basic attack. But every time he was struck, Lorex’s health gauge visibly

fell.

“...”

Ares and the Ares members stopped thinking.

[The target will receive three times the damage due to the effect of the Motley Flail. This effect will last for one minute!]

“This much...!”

Grid had only hoped for Lorex’s attack power to be lower. It was in order to avoid being hurt in the process of repeating the hits. Conversely, Grid’s attack power itself could be increased. The fact that the damage Lorex received would increase meant that Grid’s attack power increased.

“This will hurt!”

There was a one minute debuff but the opponent was the Third Knight. Grid thought that Lorex would resist the debuff in 30 seconds and rushed. He increased his agility with Quick Movements and raised his attack and attack speed again with Blacksmith's Rage.

Peng!

Pepepepeng!

He was affected by the steadily rising fighting energy and could do six basic attacks per second.

‘I have reached the highest speed.’

“Crazy guy...! Now I see that you are an assassin!”

An attack speed reminiscent of a legendary assassin! Lorex was frankly frightened by Grid’s attacks, which were much faster than before. It was to the point of goosebumps. But he didn’t fall into confusion. So what if the attack speed was faster than before?

These attacks weren’t threatening. He could return it...

“Keeek!”

Lorex screamed as he was brandishing his axe. It was because the moment he was stabbed in the side, he felt pain that transcended the range he assumed. Grid smiled.

[Fighting energy has reached 70 points.]

[You have dealt 69,100 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 68,930 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 70,800 damage to the target!]

This was a ‘basic attack.’ It was a result of Grid’s attack power rising by 25% due to Blacksmith’s Rage and Lorex receiving three times the damage.

[The black flame explosion...]

[Critical!]

[The effect of the title ‘Death in One Shot!’ has been...]

[You have dealt 489,300 damage to the target!]

"Kuaaaack!"

So far, no matter how much Grid attacked, Lorex had only let out a small groan. But now he was screaming. He felt terrible pain and his health gauge fell rapidly. Even if he struck back, the amount of blood-sucking couldn’t keep up with the lost health.

‘Why did he suddenly become so strong?’

Lorex couldn’t imagine that this situation was caused by a farming equipment! A chill went down his spine.

‘Don’t tell me...! Has he been hiding his strength?’

Lorex couldn’t gauge the real ability of this freak. The anxious Lorex shouted at the Red Knights.

“How long are you going to watch? Help me!”

In fact, Lorex wasn’t a person suited for a one on one match. He

used a large axe as a weapon and was a war specialist with many skills to destroy the terrain and sweep away many enemies at once. It was disadvantageous for him to fight in a one on one match against an enemy equal to himself.

“Cowardly bastard...! We will help the Basic Attack King!”

“Yes!”

Once Lorex called the Red Knights over, Ares gave a command and the Ares members responded.

"No, don't come."

Grid restrained the Ares Army. He leapt up high, Lorex and all the Red Knights filling his vision.

"100,000 Army."

“...?”

"Blockade Sword!"

“...!!”

Peng!

Pepepepeok!

Dozens, hundreds of stems of fighting energy flooded down from the sky with a red and purple light, causing Lorex, the Red Knights, and Oasis to feel shock and panic.

“The Undefeated King...!”

Chapter 708

It wasn't a dragon or a great demon that the empire was most afraid of. It was the king of Lubana, Madra. The empire waged 97 wars against him, but never won once.

The soldiers who accumulated experience in the process of winning over the continent, the strategists who turned the world upside down with mysterious tactics, and the knights that caused the empire to dominate with strong force. All of it was nothing in front of Madra. They were just novices.

In front of Madra's valor, the empire's soldiers became cowards. In front of Madra's tactics, the empire's strategists were nothing, and the empire's knights couldn't endure Madra's strength. The empire's people didn't know this because a lot of information was concealed, but it was clearly described in the imperial history record books.

『 If Madra had lived for three more years, other nations would've sought to become Lubana's servants. If Madra lived for five more years, the empire would've lost half its territory. If Madra lived for 10 more years... The empire wouldn't exist. 』

The Undeclared King! The name had been imprinted with fear into the imperial royal family for hundreds of years. This was why the empire unusually oppressed the Lubana tributary. The empire was afraid of the kingdom that produced the Undeclared King. They were worried that the second or third Undeclared King might be born in Lubana and crippled Lubana and its people.

How surprised must they be? Once the news that a person who claimed to be the descendant of the Undeclared King appeared in Lubana, Emperor Juander forgot his dignity and his body shook.

"Destroy the descendant of the Undeclared King!"

The emperor immediately gave an order. The elite army of the

empire and the Red Knights advanced to Lubana. But they couldn't fulfill the empire's order. Due to the intervention of Ares, king of Valhalla, they lost the descendant. That's why the current situation was like this.

The Red Knights were given the responsibility. Punish Valhalla who dared to rebel against the empire and destroy the descendant that they took in. It was the new mission that Lorex and the Red Knights were assigned. Now Lorex was watching the mission fail. It was easy to punish Valhalla, but the descendant of the Undefeated King was hiding somewhere like a rodent. They thought it wouldn't be easy to find him.

However.

“100,000 Army Blockade Sword.”

The descendant appeared before their eyes.

“The Undefeated King's descendant...!”

Lorex's eyes widened and sweat flowed down. The identity of the strange man he had been fighting against was the descendant of the Undefeated King?

‘I can't believe it!’

Not long ago, Lorex had met the descendant in Lubana. It was highly likely that the descendant of the Undefeated King was fake. Unlike the legendary Undefeated King, the descendant's force was at an ordinary level. He didn't even use the swordsmanship that symbolized the Undefeated King.

Then what was this strange ghost? Only two weeks later, a person used the swordsmanship that symbolized the Undefeated King.

100,000 Army Blockade Sword. It was a cursed technique that had been spoken about through Lorex's family for generations. The Undefeated King pulled out his sword and tied up an army of 100,000?

"It's absurd!"

Lorex shouted and denied the legend. The legends of the Undeclared King were too unrealistic and Lorex couldn't accept them as fact. A sword that sealed 100,000 troops? Lorex was convinced that it wouldn't appear in novels of the third generation. He asserted that everything related to the Undeclared King was false and the man in the sky was just bluffing. But.

Peng!

Pepepeng!

The firecrackers of red and purple fighting energy that filled the sky and earth. Lorex realized it after him and the Red Knights were hurt. The legend was true.

[You have been blocked! You can't move for 3 seconds and can't use any skills or spells!]

"This...!"

It was a real story? Lorex paled and his legs weakened. It was the same for the Red Knights.

Supaak!

A sword of light descended. It was the sword that Grid wielded after using 100,000 Army Blockade Sword.

"You...!"

Lorex hurriedly tried to defend with the axe. However, Grid's attack speed had reached the peak with Quick Movements and Blacksmith's Rage. Lorex couldn't completely defend against the sword that struck six times per second.

Peeeeeeong!

A dark sword energy flew towards the center of the helmet.

Peeeeeeong!

Then black flames exploded. Lorex, who was the target of the

attack, and all those standing like stones around him suffered great damage and bloodshed. Ares and the Ares troops shivered.

The Red Knights. The strongest group in the Saharan Empire that dominated the continent. Grid was sweeping away those who caused fear and respect on his own.

"Nonsense...!" Ares gulped and squeezed out some words. "You...! You're the best!! You are the best, Grid!"

Grid. The first legend, the first king and also the hero of heroes. If he couldn't be called the best then who could be recognized as the best? Ares called out honestly. None of the Ares troops denied his cry. Then Grid...

'The best...!'

His eyes were red.

Duguen!

His heart was greatly affected by Ares' cry as he struck Lorex.

'I am the best...!'

He wasn't mistaken. Everyone acknowledged it. Grid acknowledged that at this moment, he was the best player. He lived a lifetime as a fool and suffered countless failures due to a lack of talent. Now he was given a title that geniuses had monopolized.

[Fighting energy has reached 60 points.]

Nothing was more pleasing to Grid, who had been ignored and ridiculed most of his life. Not to mention, it wasn't an ordinary person. Ares was the one praising him for being the best. Tears filled Grid's eyes as he was moved.

"Youuuuuu!"

Lorex escaped from the influence of the Blockade Sword and roared while wielding his axe. It was different from the forms of attacks he used so far. His axe was divided into three and hit Grid

from three orbits at the same time. The Three Point Axe was Lorex's persistent active skill. This was one of Lorex's symbols.

“You won't be able to avoid this attack just by being fast!”

Lorex shouted with confidence!

Grid retorted, “That's if you are correct.”

“...!!”

Lorex noticed his mistake. The person in front of him. No, the Undefeated King's descendant. He was a bit quicker and avoided Lorex's attacks. But in retrospect, hadn't the descendant been enduring the attacks up until now? Avoiding the attacks weren't necessary. Being hit by the attack itself was meaningless.

Peeeeek!

The moment Lorex's axe hit Grid's chest.

Puk!

Puuooooook!

Grid fiercely countered it. Lorex still had the debuff where he received three times the damage.

“Kuaaaaak!”

It was Lorex, not Grid, who felt a greater pain in their exchange of strikes. The Red Knights tried to help Lorex.

Pepepepeng!

An explosion of black flames stopped them.

“What the hell...!”

How could he keep using such a strong skill? Did this person have no limit on his mana?

A shaken Red Knight muttered. “This... This is the strength of the Undefeated King...”

“...!”

The Undefeated King. Yes, the enemy in front of him was the descendant of the Undefeated King. He couldn't be measured with their common sense. The moment everyone realized it.

[Fighting energy has reached 70 points.]

Grid's fighting energy, which had weakened after using 100,000 Army Blockade Sword, thickened again. It was the power of Quick Movements and Blacksmith's Rage. The speed at which fighting energy accumulated was much faster than before.

[Fighting energy has reached 71 points.]

[Fighting energy has reached 72 points.]

[Fighting energy...]

Fighting energy accumulated more quickly. The Red Knights who joined the battle to help Lorex was a problem. The several people surrounding Grid dealt more harm than good. Finally.

[Fighting energy has reached the maximum!]

There were only 10 seconds remaining on Quick Movements and Blacksmith's Rage. Notification windows appeared in Grid's field of view as he barely maintained his life with Doran's Ring, Tiramet's Belt, and the First King title.

"Push!"

Lorex and the Red Knights increased their momentum. They confirmed that Grid sustained his life with intermittent recovery skills and was on the verge of dying, so they determined it was time to put an end to this fight. Grid made the same judgment. Grid had a 50% increase in strength, agility, and stamina thanks to fighting energy reaching its maximum. He used a somewhat obscure, special power that symbolized the Overgeared King.

"Blackening."

Kuwaaaaaang!

Demonic power exploded. Then.

"100,000 Army Massacre Sword."

"...!!"

Chukak.

Chukakakakak!

30 times per second. The fastest swordsmanship poured out at a speed that couldn't be pursued with the eyes. The air darkened with the energy blades. Lorex and all the Red Knights were attacked.

[You have dealt 65,900 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 67,800 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 66,670 damage to the target!]

[The black flame explosion...]

[Splash damage equal to 300% of your total attack power has hit all targets in a 10 meter radius!]

[You have dealt 32,100 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 29,500 damage to the target!]

[The black flame explosion...]

[Splash damage equal to 300% of your total attack power has hit all targets in a 10 meter radius!]

[You have dealt...]

[You have dealt...]

The reason that Grid favored Link was because the opportunity of activating the black flames option of the Enlightenment Lightning Sword increased. Of course, this logic applied equally to 100,000 Army Massacre Sword. And unlike the single-target Link, 100,000 Army Massacre Sword was a wide area attack skill. It hit many enemies several times, meaning the probability of the black flames exploding was high. Much higher!

Kwang!

Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa! Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa!

“...”

The best magic that a player had yet to encounter, Meteor, was falling from the sky several times? Ares and the Ares troops were unable to close their mouth as black fire constantly exploding, destroying Liberon Forest. And on this day.

[The 23rd Knight Rove has been defeated.]

[The 26th Knight Kent has been defeated.]

[The 29th Knight Ordo has been defeated.]

[The 12th Knight Theo has been defeated.]

[The 14th Knight Shen has been defeated.]

[The 15th Knight Vio has been defeated.]

...

...

The knights from number 30 to 20 collapsed. In addition, the knights in the 10's also lost their lives. Then.

[The Third Knight Lorex has been defeated.]

[Your level has risen.]

[Your level has risen.]

[The Red Knights' Red Armor has been acquired.]

[Lorex's Red Armor has been acquired.]

[Lorex's Large Axe has been acquired.]

The Third Knight Lorex also met his end.

“U-Unbelievable...!”

“You! The Undefeated King's Descendant!

The surviving Red Knights gathered around the Fifth Knight.

They were relatively fine. Damage hadn't accumulated like Lorex and they didn't have the debuff of having damage increased by three times. Thus, they were able to protect their bodies with defense skills.

On the other hand, Grid was exhausted.

[The duration of Quick Movements is over.]

[The duration of Blacksmith's Rage is over.]

“Pant... Pant...”

He was in a state where all his survival skills were exhausted. His buffs had ended. His health had fallen by half due to the use of Blackening.

‘I can't keep fighting this way.’

It would be difficult to lose his immortality. The immortality was his last, last resort. Grid determined that he should leave the battlefield before the duration of Blackening was over. He tried to get as far away as possible from the Red Knights. But he couldn't move.

Pajik!

Pajijijik!

[A powerful lightning attack has paralyzed you!]

[You can't resist.]

[The effect of high composure has reduced the duration of the restraint.]

"I've never seen the Red Knights pushed so far. You are truly the Undeclared King's descendant. His Majesty will be very pleased when I give your head to him."

A voice was heard from empty space. The irresistible force caused a shiver to go down Grid's spine.

‘What?’

Grid was confused. A figure started to appear in front of his eyes. It was a person with transparent skin. The appearance of the skin gradually whitened while the owner also had wide hair, eyebrows, and even pupils.

"Hello? I am called Kyle."

One of the five pillars supporting the empire. It was the moment when the still unknown people emerged in front of Grid.

"Now, die."

Pajik!

Paiijjik!

"Kuk...!"

[There is one second left until the restraint is lifted.]

Kyle's hand became covered with lightning and he pointed it at Grid's face.

"Raising Corpses."

Peeng!

Behind Kyle. A death knight rose from the spot where Lorex died and attacked Kyle. Lorex had become a death knight.

"...Huh?"

Kyle flinched from the unexpected attack.

[You are free from the restraint!]

Grid shed the lightning energy that was holding his body. He hurriedly opened the distance from Kyle as he heard a familiar, unpleasant voice.

"Kik... Kikkik, you are mine. I won't let you fall to someone else."

"You...!"

Grid was astounded.

Dark eyes with dark circles. It was Agnus, a man with pale skin and green hair. Baal's Contractor had emerged.

Chapter 709

‘Why is he here?’

In fact, such a question was pointless. Agnus was also a player and it was unknown what quests he had. It wasn't strange for him to appear anytime, anywhere, or in any form. Grid always had to keep the possibility of encountering him in mind. At this moment, Grid should be having other doubts.

‘Why did he help me?’

Grid was caught by the unknown strong person called Kyle and this was a crisis for everyone. The Ares troops tried to help him, but it was hard since the imperial troops intervened while giving up their lives. At this time, Agnus helped Grid. It could only be interpreted as an obvious favor. Grid found it hard to understand. Even if there were no personal feelings, wouldn't the quest development make Agnus his enemy?

‘From Agnus’ perspective, he should welcome my death.’

Why?

‘Why did he help me?’

The moment Grid was feeling confused.

[The level of the corpse that you raised is too high.]

[Control can no longer be maintained.]

Death Knight Lorex turned grey after attacking Kyle's back. It was only three seconds after his appearance. A wide smile spread on Agnus' face.

“3,000 dominance was consumed just to control him for three seconds? Kilkik! Grid, you defeated this monster?”

“ ... ”

“Hero King...! Hero King!! I want to see how much stronger you

have become! Kihahahahat!”

“...!!”

Grid hurriedly backed away. Agnus laughed like a madman and started attacking him. Agnus helped and now he wanted to kill Grid.

"What the hell is this?"

Grid screamed wildly as he avoided the attack. Agnus chased after him and stabbed his sword.

“Kik! Kikikik! A last ditch effort! Do it! Give me more fun! Kihahahahat!”

“This crazy bastard...!”

Grid realized. It was impossible to understand Agnus. Yes, Agnus was just crazy. Grid must not make the mistake of feeling like he owed Agnus for his life.

'Saving me was just a mere whim...!'

Grid judged. Agnus' sword grazed his cheek. It was a sword made of bones.

[You have been cursed.]

[You have resisted.]

'A weapon that triggers a debuff...! Did he get a new item?'

“Kikikik! What are you doing staring blankly? Don't run away! Hit me! Kuahahahat!”

Agnus became crazier. He wasn't aware of the Red Knights and Kyle surrounding him and Grid. Fifth Knight Dia grinded his teeth.

“Treating us like a folding screen...!”

Dia was a person specialized in combat. His overall stats were inferior to Third Knight Lorex but he was better in a one on one match. The moment that he furiously tried to fly towards Grid and Agnus.

“Stop.” Kyle restrained Dia. “As you have seen, the descendant of the Undefeated King is strong. The same is true for the unidentified man who appeared late. It is better to induce the two of them to fight.”

“Kuhum...!”

Dia didn't like Kyle very much. He hadn't been seen at all when Lorex and the Red Knights were in a crisis, only showing up when the descendant of the Undefeated King was exhausted. If Kyle went out a bit earlier, then Lorex could have lived. But.

‘I can't criticize him!’

Dia also failed to save Lorex. He was no different from Kyle. Dia barely suppressed his anger at Kyle and nodded.

"I understand."

The descendant of the Undefeated King was strong and the man who showed up late didn't seem weak either. Dia thought it would be better for the two of them to fight each other as Kyle said. But the development didn't flow according to what they wanted.

“Agnus! Calm down!” Veradin belatedly arrived on the battlefield and grabbed Agnus' reason. “You can fight him at any time, but not Kyle! If you miss the chance today then you might not encounter Kyle again!”

Kyle and Agnus' factions were different, but they belonged to the same empire. Originally, they couldn't be hostile to each other. Depending on the story development, it was highly likely they would be allies the next time they met.

"...Kihi!"

Agnus, who was chasing Grid, barely regained his reason and stood in place. Kyle was classified as one of the strongest NPCs. Agnus thought that fighting Kyle would be much more fun than Grid who was running away.

“Well... I’d rather fight a tough guy than a weary coward... Kik.”

“Pant... Pant...”

Grid was relieved when Agnus stopped chasing him.

‘I almost died.’

It wasn’t just because he was tired. Grid was unable to reveal that he was the Overgeared King,. There was no chance of winning if he couldn’t fight Agnus with all his strength. There was no chance unless Agnus summoned Mumud and forced Grid to use Assimilation.

‘But Agnus won’t summon Mumud unless he is an idiot.’

Summoning Mumud would initiate the Braham VS Mumud quest and Grid would receive the level 400 correction. In addition, the assimilated Grid and Lich Mumud would be forced into combat. Grid was convinced that Agnus wouldn’t summon Mumud after being aware of this fact.

Indeed.

Kukukukukung...

Agnus summoning his death knights and liches except for Mumud. Then he ordered them to attack Kyle. The death knight that Veradin summoned also hit Kyle.

‘It’s dangerous.’

Grid wore Braham’s Boots and flew into the sky to move as far away from the battlefield as possible and anticipated Kyle’s crisis. He was familiar with how strong Agnus’ death knights and liches were.

‘Kyle is at least on the same level as Lorex.’

But he couldn’t endure the pincer attack of Agnus and Veradin. They were monsters who blocked both Grid and the Ares Army. Grid judged this, but Kyle laughed at this judgment.

Pajik!

Kurururung!

Kyle summoned a storm of lightning around himself. It was powerful magic. The death knights were swept away by the lightning storm and fell in all directions.

‘It is beyond Ashur’s magic?’

More than a great magician! Grid was taken aback when he realized that Kyle’s skills were more than imagined. He was reminded of one of the empire’s greatest powers, beyond the solo number knights.

“Don’t tell me, the five pillars...!”

Grid now noticed Kyle’s identity.

“I don’t know who sent the assassin, but it’s stupid. Do you think you can beat me with such skills?”

Pajijik!

Kyle, surrounded by lightning, disappeared from his place and reappeared. He appeared behind Agnus without anyone in the battlefield knowing, a dagger in his hand. He wasn’t just a magician, but a person specialized in combat itself.

Puk!

Puk puk puk!

Kyle’s dagger stabbed Agnus’ side again and again. Six times per second. Kyle reached the maximum speed that the buffed Grid was capable of.

“Agnus...!”

Grid flinched in the sky.

‘Should I help?’

He didn’t like Agnus. Grid was clearly enemies with Agnus and was in a position to desire Agnus’ death. However, he was aware

that Kyle was a much more threatening enemy than Agnus.

‘As long as the five pillars exist, the empire will maintain its power and pressure the Overgeared Kingdom forever.’

Maybe he should take advantage of this opportunity? It was a great opportunity to break down the five pillars and weaken the empire!

‘...I don’t want to have a debt owed to that crazy man.’

His health, mana, and stamina had recovered to an adequate level. Grid checked his condition and pulled out the Enlightenment Lightning Sword. At the same time, the Ares Army broke through the imperial army and joined Agnus. The Ares Army made the same judgment as Grid.

“Agnus! I know roughly what you are up to! But it’s okay! I will use it! If I can get rid of the five pillars, I will join hands with a mad dog!”

Jeeeong!

Agnus’ death knights had been swept away by the lightning storm and scattered all over. The members of the Ares Army attacked the rear of the Red Knights fighting them. Thanks to this, Agnus’ death knights were able to regain their freedom. Agnus kept up the onslaught on Kyle using all means and methods. He laughed on the battlefield.

“Okay! Good! Furfu’s Power!”

The moment a great demon was mentioned.

Swaaaaah.

The sky stained by the setting sun was filled with a white light. It was a change in landscape caused by the frost that started to pour down like rain.

Kiyaaaaah!

Kuoooooh!

This was the power of Great Demon Furfu! Agnus' death knights became more powerful and the isolated Kyle clicked his tongue.

‘How annoying.’

In fact, Kyle's goal was achieved the moment Lorex died.

‘As a result of the Third Knight leading the army, the imperial army was routed in combat and the Third Knight and numerous Red Knights died. It was proof of the incompetence of the Red Knights. ‘There's no need for the Red Knights.’

The emperor would be delighted when Kyle made this report to him. That's right. Kyle's real mission this time was the collapse of the Red Knights. As a result, the empress' power would be weakened.

‘It would be better if I could handle the Undefeated King's descendant here but...’

The two necromancers who unexpectedly appeared were difficult. In particular, the crazy necromancer was a skilled man who escaped from common sense.

‘The power of a great demon... I'd rather leave while the surviving Red Knights are serving as shields.’

Valhalla was a rural area from the standpoint of the empire. Kyle didn't want to make his official debut in this village. He felt this place was too small a stage to announce his dignity, so he decided to leave.

“Blue Dragon's Dance.”

Pajik!

Pajijijik!

Kyle used the power obtained from the East Continent to maximize his physical abilities. He planned to escape the death knights persistently sticking to him. But his plan was ruined by an unexpected event.

“Summon Lich! Mumud!”

"Hey, you crazy guy!"

“?!”

As soon as Agnus summoned Lich Mumud, Grid fell towards Kyle and his black hair turned white.

“Fireball!”

“Kiyaaaaaah!”

Kuwaaaaaang!

Braham and Mumud fired magic at each other at the same time. It was natural for Kyle in the middle to be caught in the blast.

Chapter 710

Kraugel was the first person to be mentioned when it came to geniuses in Satisfy. The whole world recognized Kraugel as a collection of talents. They thought the reason why he reached the peak of two billion users was because he was a genius among geniuses.

But what was the truth? The world was wide and there were many monsters. If Kraugel was a human only blessed with natural talent, he would never be the best. The reason he could be the best was because he worked hard. In order to be the best, Kraugel was also striving to keep his top position and to climb higher. Strictly speaking, he was a superior version of Grid.

On the other hand, this place.

‘Kikik, yes, the fool finally figured it out. Otherwise it wouldn’t be worthwhile saving him.’

There was a person who became the best with relatively little effort. Agnus. The person who stayed at 7th in the unified rankings despite being one of the first to obtain a epic hidden class. The world tended to underestimate him. He didn’t take first despite his epic class, so his talent was somewhat lacking. But those who knew Agnus’ disposition didn’t undervalue him.

Unlike other rankers, Agnus wasn’t afraid to die. He only pursued pleasure. He played this game in pursuit of the fun of the moment, rather than profit. Therefore, he received countless penalties and caused others to fear him. If an ordinary person played the game like this, he could never be a high ranker. Agnus not only held the 7th place in the unified rankings, he also had the title of one of the strongest. He had a collection of talents gathered in his body.

At this moment, Agnus saved Grid’s life and summoned Mumud based on instinctive calculations.

One of the five pillars of the empire, Kyle. He was the weakest of the five pillars, but his level was at least 450. Agnus determined that a special method was necessary to beat him and he instinctively grasped that particular method. It was the power of Mumud and Braham, who received the quest correction.

“Summon Lich! Mumud!”

[Lich Mumud has been summoned!]

[Mumud has detected Braham’s soul!]

[The quest Braham VS Mumud has been triggered!]

[Lich Mumud’s level is increased to 400. Some of the sealed magic will now be available. However, control is impossible.]

Mumud who was magician whose talent transcended legends. He pulled out some of his strength.

"Hey, you crazy guy!" Fireball!"

The magic of Braham, a top talent and legend, could also be used. What was the destructive power that would occur when these two powerful forces collided with each other? Agnus estimated it would be enough to kill Kyle.

Kuwaaaaaang!

Giant flames emerged from Lich Mumud and Braham and collided. The two spells exploded with Kyle in the center.

“Avoid it! Everyone avoid it!”

The panicked Ares hurriedly moved his army back. On the other hand, the imperial army was confused after losing their commander and didn’t escape. The result was terrible.

Kwarururung!

Kwa kwang! Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Liberon Forest was ruined by the subsequent explosion and the imperial army was swept away. Agnus burst out laughing as he saw

the blood and corpses all over the place.

“Kik...! Hahahahahat! Interesting! Interesting!! Go on a rampage! More! More! Rampage further! Mumud!”

“...Agnus, please don’t forget your original purpose.”

Veradin had a hard time calming Agnus, who was constantly losing focus.

[Braham’s soul has found Lich Mumud!]

[The quest Braham VS Mumud has been triggered!]

[Your level has increased to 400. Some of the sealed magic has been opened because of increased intelligence. You can’t control your body.]

[Braham has taken control of your body and equipped Belial’s Staff.]

“Fireball!”

After Agnus summoned Lich Mumud, Braham controlled Grid’s body and used magic. He targeted only Mumud and Mumud responded by releasing his unique magic power. At this time, Grid thought that things were ruined. But.

‘Eh?’

Kwaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaang!

There was a white man, Kyle, at the point where Braham and Mumud’s magic collided. He couldn’t escape the magic flying from both sides and experienced a catastrophe.

[You have dealt 3,250,900 damage to the target.]

This was the power of a legendary magician using Fireball with a myth rated staff! The heaven and earth shook as Kyle suffered terrible damage.

‘Don’t tell me...!’

A shiver went down Grid's spine as he experienced what happened with Kyle. He wondered if Agnus had deliberately induced this situation. He couldn't help thinking that the position of himself, Agnus and Kyle was exquisite. But that thought disappeared.

“Hahahahahat! Interesting! Interesting!! Go on a rampage! More! More! Rampage further! Mumud!”

'...No, that crazy person can't do such computations.'

Once again, this situation was dangerous. Braham and Mumud were only aiming at each other. There was no stopping Kyle if he recovered from his wound and started acting.

'Kyle can hit us in the back if we fight against each other. Braham, please calm down!'

Grid shouted.

“Mumud...! I will give you rest!”

It didn't reach Braham. His consciousness was focused only on his old disciple.

'...Damn troll.'

Grid cried out.

“Ugh...!”

On the burning ground. The entirely white man was lying with ragged clothes. It was Kyle.

“What are those monsters...?”

Kyle's eyes shook as he confirmed Braham and Mumud's appearance. He sensed that the magic coming from the two beings was comparable to himself. Kyle was confused. Since acquiring a magic power that was far superior to a great magician, he also prided himself on surpassing the legendary magician.

Then what on earth was this? There were two magicians as good as him? In particular, the descendant of the Undefeated King.

‘How can the descendant of the Undefeated King use magic...?’

The legend of the Undefeated King was so great that it was unbelievable. The absurd record of him killing hundreds of thousands with a sword wasn’t false. However, there was no record of the Undefeated King using magic. But now. The descendant of the Undefeated King was using magic! The magic power that transcended the magic of a great magician!

“Fireball.”

“Kiyaaaaaah!”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The descendant of the Undefeated King and the lich used magic against each other.

“Kuk...!”

Kyle was once again touched by the magic bombardment of the two monsters and moved away fearfully. He had no choice but to get out of here first. But there was a problem. The descendant of the Undefeated King and the lich were fighting around him.

Kwang!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

“Cough!”

Due to the clash between powerful magic, the radius of the explosion was huge. Kyle was swept up in the explosion and coughed up blood. He couldn’t believe it.

‘This is Fireball? It isn’t Meteor?’

Fireball was the lowest grade magic. The only advantage was that the casting speed was fast. The weakness in power and accuracy meant it could only be given the lowest rating. That’s right. The

original Fireball couldn't threaten Kyle. But the Fireball cast by the descendant of the Undefeated King was different from an ordinary Fireball. The casting speed was as fast as the lowest rated magic but the accuracy and power was as good as the best magic. It was reminiscent of the legendary great magician Braham... It contained such a force.

'No, it doesn't make sense to think of Braham in regards to the Undefeated King.'

Shake shake.

Kyle viciously shook his head and denied it. The descendant of the Undefeated King acquired Braham's magic? It was a ridiculous assumption!

"What... There's something I don't know.'

He needed to escape. Please, quickly. He needed to go back to the empire and analyze today's big events. Kyle barely moved his trembling body and opened the power of the blue dragon.

"Kyle, you have excellent natural magic power, but your ability to understand magic formulas is significantly reduced. It's useless for you to walk the same path. I will give up my hopes for you. Leave. Just looking at your face is hard."

Kwaduduk!

Every time the power of the sacred creature filled his body, he recalled the moment when he was abandoned by his teacher and father figure. The moment that Kyle was surrounded by lightning.

"Fireball! Fireball!"

"Kiyaaaaah!"

"...!"

Kwa kwang! Kwa kwang!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The Undeclared King's descendant and unidentified lich accelerated their magic casting. They continued shooting at each other, causing massive damage to Kyle in the middle. The result was terrible.

“Kuaaaaak!”

Kyle was surrounded by light. He was able to escape from the range of the explosion but lost an arm from the shock. He was a pillar that supported the empire. He couldn't be hurt like this.

“Ik...! Ick!”

Kyle's eyes were bloodshot.

Kwaduk, kwaduduk! His gaze focused on the descendant of the Undeclared King.

“Someday...! I will pay you back...!”

“What is it, smallfry?”

“Heok!”

Kyle would run away now but it would be different when they met again later! Kyle was in a hurry as he was making this resolution. It was because the descendant of the Undeclared King, who was watching only the lich, suddenly turned his gaze to Kyle. It was like Kyle was a bug. There were no emotions in the eyes. The moment he met the descendant, Kyle felt like a bug.

“A guy like you has an unusually violent temper. Do you want to die?”

The Undeclared King's Descendant. In other words, Braham borrowed Grid's body and threatened Kyle in his distinctive tone. It was towards one of the five pillars of the empire, Kyle.

“I-I'm really sorry!”

He bowed his head and ran away. Kyle wouldn't forget the face of the Undeclared King's descendant that he saw underneath the tip of the straw hat. Yes, it was Grid's face. Later, this would be a huge

variable.

[Kyle has retreated!]

[The quest Secret Mission has been completed!]

Agnus completed his purpose for coming to this place.

“Kill me.”

He ordered his closest subordinate, Veradin. He chose the extreme method of death in order to recover Mumud who had flown into an uncontrollable state. Was it because he didn't want to hurt Grid who he fought with for a while? No way.

It was because due to the intense attack from Grid and the Ares Army as he made his way through the forest, he was about to die. Agnus didn't care about dying, but it would be a huge loss if the Braham VS Mumud quest was considered a failure. It was a good idea to end his own life and stop the quest. Veradin also respected his choice.

"I'm glad your mind has returned."

“Kikikik!”

Puok!

Agnus died and Lich Mumud also disappeared.

“Then I'm going now.”

As Grid's black hair started returning, Veradin immediately left the battlefield.

Chapter 711

"Chase the enemy! Don't let a single one of them leave alive! Show no mercy! Carve fear into the empire!"

After Braham and Mumud turned up in Liberon Forest. The Red Knights and imperial army started their retreat without looking back. A last hurrah to destroy Valhalla and the Undefeated King's descendant? It couldn't be done. After the defeat of the Third Knight, there was nobody left to deal with the descendant of the Undefeated King, the monster who even chased away one of the five pillars.

"Kuack!"

"Hiiik!"

The imperial army wanted to escape from his hellish place as soon as possible. Unfortunately, their retreat rate was very slow. The rugged terrain and climate of Liberon Forest captured their ankles. On the other hand, the Valhalla soldiers had been trained in Liberon Forest. Their morale rose and they quickly caught up with the imperial army.

Puk!

Puk puk puk!

Chukakakakak!

A terrible sight! The Valhalla soldiers were like devils. They didn't spare the imperial soldiers begging him to live. They didn't accept the surrender. It was a warning to the empire not to take Valhalla lightly.

"These guys...!"

The Fifth Knight gritted his teeth as he witnessed his soldiers being slaughtered. He deeply hated Valhalla, who dared to go against the empire. But he didn't move to help the soldiers. He had

to take care of the Red Knights, not the soldiers who could be replaced at any time.

‘While Mercedes wasn’t here, our Red Knights suffered great damage. I don’t deserve to see Mercedes if I lose all these knights.’

Kwajak!

“Kuak!”

Dia blew away the enemies chasing after the Red Knights. He was relieved by one fact. It was regarding the emperor.

‘Kyle, who His Majesty so favors, couldn’t stop the descendant of the Undefeated King. It’s natural that our Red Knights would fail this mission.’

The emperor couldn’t punish the Red Knights. If he wanted to punish the Red Knights, he had to punish his favored Kyle.

‘...But it’s surprising.’

Dia recalled Kyle, who became helpless in front of the magic bombardment of the lich and Undefeated King’s descendant.

‘He’s weaker than the rumors. Even if he is the weakest of the five pillars, he is below Lorex.’

Kyle couldn’t defeat the Undefeated King’s descendant, who killed Lorex. It meant Kyle was weaker than Lorex. The reputation of the five pillars was exaggerated.

‘What about Mercedes and Lucas?’

The First Knight and Second Knight. Their reputation, which was incomparable high, was much weaker than the reality. It was the result of the emperor not acknowledging their achievements.

‘In fact, Mercedes is superior to the five pillars.’

Dia was running at the very rear of the Red Knights. It was a location where he intended to protect the Red Knights from the pursuit of the enemy. It was a dangerous situation and he had to

take responsibility.

"Look at the Red Knights running like rodents! Puhuhu!"

Luck of Valhalla. He held a horse's reins in one hand and a huge guandao in the other hand as he moved to Dia's side. (Guandao: type of Chinese pole weapon) Once the distance was narrowed.

Peeeeeeong!

Luck's guandao moved in an arc and Dia's upper body shook after blocking it with a sword.

"You...!"

Dia was surprised. He had fought Luck several times, but it had always been an exchange of swords on the ground. At that time, Dia had overwhelmed Luck. Now Luck's attack power was twice as strong when he was using a spear on the horse. Dia became alert. Luck laughed.

"My horse riding ability level is really high. And a sword isn't a weapon suited to being used on a horse!"

Jeeeong!

Luck's guandao fell at a right angle this time. It was with great power. Dia's balance slightly collapsed as he blocked it with his sword.

"Sir Dia!"

Once he heard a cry from behind, he turned his head towards the Red Knights. Dia called out as he saw them turn their horses around.

"Keep moving forward! You should go to Mercedes' side!"

"B-But...!"

The Red Knights knew the situation. Dia, who overcame thousands of Valhalla soldiers while Lorex was dealing with the Undefeated King's Descendant, was already weary. Now he was

facing the enemies with high morale alone.

The Red Knights were worried.

“I am the Fifth Knight! My duty is to protect you!”

Dia shouted.

He thought. A leader should be willing to protect his subordinates. Just like Mercedes.

“I will protect you! Go! Don’t think about anything and head to the capital!”

Jjang! Jjang! Jjeejeeong!

Dia groaned while defending against Luck’s bombardment. He gave up on survival. He turned around and stood in front of Luck. There were dozens of famous enemies, including Scott, supporting Luck. But Dia wasn’t afraid.

“The Red Knights are eternal...!”

Piario, whose name it was a sin just to mention. As a young man, Dia had been a member of the Black Knights and admired him. He dreamt of someday destroying the enemy in the front as a Red Knight and protecting his friends.

‘In the end, I couldn’t achieve my dream...!’

Jjejeong! Jjang!

His sword twisted and cut at Luck’s chest.

“Cough!”

Luck coughed up blood.

“I have no regrets!”

Dia roared. Scott leapt from behind Luck and stabbed Dia’s chest, but his sword didn’t stop moving for a moment. He kept cutting at the approaching enemies, keeping them firmly in place. In the end.

“...A brilliant guy.”

Due to Dia's skills actions, the Ares troops missed the Red Knights. The Red Knights had completely disappeared from view. There were even dozens of Ares troops killed. He was truly a solo number knight.

"Your last will?"

Ares admired Dia's outstanding dance and sacrifice and asked him. It was the greatest honor given to an enemy in a war.

"I..."

Dia's eyelids were growing heavy. His vision blurred.

Flop!

Dia, who endured to the last moment, finally fell to his knees. His legs were weak and he couldn't stand anymore. But he still didn't let go of the sword in his hand.

"...I... Believe in Piaro... I never once doubted you..."

One day.

"One day, your stigma as a traitor will be washed away."

Swaaah.

Who was this last will for? Dia coughed up black blood and his body turned to grey. Ares was silent.

Kyle fled and Agnus took his own life. Grid sat to one side and regained his stamina. He watched the strength of Valhalla's army end this war. Then Braham's heavy voice was heard.

-Grid.

"What, you're fine?" Grid grumbled at Braham. "You fainted the last time you saw Mumud. How did you hold on today? Oh my, how great."

Braham never helped in the critical moments. This time, the result ended up well, but Grid still didn't like it. Braham sincerely

said to the dissatisfied Grid.

-I'm sorry.

“...?”

A person who thought he was the best in heaven and earth! There was no phrase more suitable to describe Braham. Yet he was apologizing to a human?

“W-What? Did you eat something bad?”

Braham questioned the confused Grid.

-I failed to recover my body and went to meet you in the Behen Archipelago. Do you remember what I said when I borrowed your body?

“...?”

Unlike usual, Braham's voice was gentle. It was almost kind.

‘Why is he doing this?’

Braham was different from usual! Grid was feeling confused when he suddenly recalled a quest.

[Legendary Great Magician]

★ Hidden Quest ★

Braham has failed to recover his original body. He wants to stay in a safe space until he recovers his exhausted magic power, and has chosen your body as that space.

If you accept Braham's soul, you will gain a powerful force.

Quest Acceptance Reward: 50% increase in affinity with Braham, the legendary second class ‘legendary great magician.’

It was an ongoing quest. Grid got a legendary second class thanks to this quest and since then, he had been with Braham's soul. Then Grid realized one fact.

‘That's right... Braham asked to borrow my body for 1~4 years.’

Now it had been three years since they were together. This was in terms of Satisfy time.

“...Have you recovered your magic power?”

Grid's voice shook as he asked the question. Once he was reminded that he wouldn't be with Braham forever, he felt agitation and sorrow. Grid couldn't help feeling affection for Braham. He liked Braham. Despite being a troll, how much had Grid won thanks to Braham? There were many enjoyable days. Braham was a strong assistant and also a precious friend.

Braham read Grid's feelings and sniffed.

-Yes, I have recovered. It's something to be happy about. But what is with your reaction? Do you really like me?

“...”

Grid didn't deny it. Braham was too precious to deny just because he was ashamed.

-...

Braham remained silent when Grid didn't speak. In fact, this wasn't the normal Braham. After being expelled from the world of vampires and living as a human, he became aware of feelings of affection. He treasured Pagma, felt jealous and worried of Mumud, and now he liked Grid. In the midst of this awkward atmosphere, Braham spoke in a forced cheerful voice.

-This is a happy occasion. Now you and I are free. I will restore my body and you don't have to be hurt by my actions.

Hurt. Braham's words made Grid's chest feel numb. Grid noticed. Braham blamed himself for being out of control every time he met Lich Mumud. Grid hurriedly denied it.

"No, Braham. You have never done any damage to me. Think about it. Can't I be here now because of your presence? I was always happy and thankful to be with you."

-...Thank you.

Braham said with difficulty. His voice was also trembling. There was a lump in Grid's throat.

Paaaat!

A source of great power was nestled deep in Grid's chest. Braham's soul started to stir. He was going to leave.

Grid hurriedly exclaimed. "What? Why are you in a hurry? Take it slowly! Slowly leave!"

-Kukuk, I have been waiting for this moment for three years. I want to leave. I want to recover my complete body as soon as possible.

'But even so! It is too abrupt! Haven't we been together all these years? Unburden your innermost thoughts!"

Grid shouted tearfully. It was difficult for him to accept the sudden separation.

Brrururung.

Braham's soul shook. He was deeply moved by the fact that he became a precious person to someone.

-...I will give you a present. I will put my magic formulas into your body. Later, you will be able to learn new magic once you have sufficient intelligence. You won't feel my absence.

"Braham...!"

-Kukuk, don't be a girl. Didn't I tell you? I will reclaim my flesh. We live in the same age. We will meet again.

Paaaat!

Braham's soul emerged from Grid's chest. Braham's voice was no longer heard.

"Braham!"

Grid reached out to Braham's soul which had reached the sky in

an instant...

‘Stay well.’

Braham’s soul disappeared into the sky without looking back. A blue soul moved as a beam of light.

Jjejeok! Jjejejeok!

It cracked little by little.

‘In my current state, I can’t guarantee victory against Lich Mumud. I will drive Grid to death.’

Braham knew from the beginning. His presence was becoming disruptive to Grid. Of course, he didn’t care at first. Grid was just a vessel to stay in while his magic was restored. But it changed once they were together. He didn’t want to trouble Grid anymore.

‘Don’t worry. I will repay you, even if I die and fall into hell. Be well. Live life with no regrets.’

Jjeok! Jjejejeok!

More and more cracks appeared in the blue soul. But Braham didn’t care. He focused on saying goodbye to Grid.

‘New legend, I praise you, feel awe towards you and love you.’

Chapter 712

[Braham's soul has left.]

The friend he built up many memories with had left him, but there was only a short notification window.

The system didn't understand the friendship between the two of them.

“Braham...”

Grid was left alone and felt depressed. He could no longer feel Braham's soul in his chest, causing him to be overwhelmed by a sense of loss that was difficult to describe.

“...”

His legs wouldn't fall. Grid stood firmly in place, looking at the blue trail that Braham's soul left in the sky. He continued for a long time after the trail had completely disappeared.

Oasis. He became a candidate to be the Undefeated King's descendant, but he was gradually moving away from his dream. He was stunned in this war. Pagma's Descendant, Grid. The hero of this era who became the first king with natural talent (?). Wealth, fame, and women. Having secured everything, now he used the Undefeated King's swordsmanship.

Oasis felt a sense of deprivation. Why was the world so unfair? This world was for main characters only! The awful reality made Oasis sad. He felt that Grid was dominating all the luck in the world and resented the world's unfairness. But now.

'...He is truly an amazing person. Yes, like Ares said, good luck doesn't exist. Grid was qualified, so he could become a main character.'

Oasis no longer blamed the world. He couldn't envy Grid. The

five pillars. Oasis shook as the Ares Army dealt with the remnants of the empire and observed Grid.

‘Grid... He has been locked in thought for five hours...’

Why was Grid staring up at the sky after the battle?

‘He’s replaying the fight.’

Oasis was convinced. Grid was like this all the time.

‘After experiencing some incidents... Grid always spent hours replaying the situation. Then he would use it as food for growth to develop constantly.’

Replaying the battle. It was easy to say, but who could do it every time? In particular, Grid invested a few hours.

‘Amazing... Really amazing. I can’t even be jealous. Grid is different from me.’

Well, of course. While he was an ordinary person, Grid was the best ranker who achieved countless great feats. No, he was one of the best. He couldn’t be compared.

Kkuok.

Oasis gripped the Undeclared King’s old sheath tightly. He was conflicted. Could he really keep this sheath? He had lost his qualification to become the Undeclared King’s descendant. After much struggling.

‘I can’t.’

The Undeclared King. It was impossible for Oasis. He realized reality.

‘The rightful owner of the sheath is Grid.’

Grid already had the Undeclared King’s swordsmanship. If he obtained the old sheath, he would be immediately chosen as the Undeclared King’s descendant.

‘He is already Pagma's Descendant... He has a second class.’

Step, step.

The determined Oasis approached Grid.

Dugun dugun!

He looked like a tycoon from afar. Oasis' heart beat like crazy. Finally.

“H-Hello?”

Oasis was so nervous after greeting Grid that he bit his tongue. Grid glanced at him.

“...!”

The moment he met Grid's black eyes, Oasis got goosebumps all over his body. Grid's eyes were so deep that he couldn't believe they were the same age. It was a totally different feeling from looking at a distance or through the screen. Oasis was confronted with the reality of Grid and gulped.

“What can I do for you?”

Grid asked politely. If someone who knew Grid was in this place, they would be shocked. Why? It was because originally Grid wasn't polite. Since a long time ago, Grid rarely used honorifics on his opponent. In fact, this wasn't a problem of Grid's nature.

It was an overall feature of Korean gamers. Korean gamers lost politeness due to the AOS genre game 'rules' in the past. Since a certain point in time, informal conversations in game was a basic culture. But at this moment, Grid's thoughts changed. It was a change that occurred when he looked back at himself and regretted that he had never been polite to Braham, who was hundreds of years older than him.

Grid didn't know if he would develop a relationship with the person in front of him in the future, but he shouldn't make this person disgusted with him. He came to know the concept of 'respect.'

“Ah, t-that...”

Oasis was confused and nervous, since the image of Grid that he knew was different than the one he faced. He was in a muddled state.

“I don't know what's going on, but feel free to speak your mind.”

Grid smiled kindly. He could see his past self in the obscure Oasis. He always lacked confidence so he bowed his head and was afraid of even meeting people's eyes a few years ago. Now Grid knew. Even pathetic people deserved respect. He had wanted to be respected in the past.

'But now I am.'

He had never respected the weak. He never harassed anyone unless they were an enemy, but he only helped his allies if they were in distress.

'I never thought about the position of that person.'

He was vigilant and suspicious of everyone before he got to know them. Yes, it was the same with Braham. He was wary and didn't feel respect because Braham was a demonkin.

'Just once.'

If only he talked to Braham about being betrayed by Pagma, if only he said words of warm comfort. When Braham encouraged him, Grid could also give Braham hope.

'Why didn't I show any interest in Braham?'

Grid knew his position. He could try to help Braham with his resurrection. But Grid didn't. He just treated Braham the way he wanted. Nevertheless.

“Nevertheless, you... You liked me...”

Kkuok!

Grid bit his lower lip hard. He was trying to stop himself from

crying. Oasis had a great misunderstanding after seeing Grid.

‘I don’t know anyone who is so kind and looks at me with such friendly eyes...?’

King Grid. It wasn’t just limited to Satisfy. He had a reputation and power to reign like a king in the real world. But rather than being arrogant, he was such a warm person. It was surprising.

‘He can control his mind... That’s how he was able to succeed...!’

The arrogance exposed through various types of broadcasts was a false production. He didn’t want his true self to be seen by potential enemies. It was indeed admirable. ‘Yes, this is the ideal Undefeated King’s descendant.’ Oasis’ tension was released once he saw Grid as such a big person. He had a warm heart like believers in front of a Buddha statue.

"Please accept this."

Oasis handed the old sheath of the Undefeated King to Grid. Of course, it wasn’t without good reason. He wasn’t a fool. In any case, if he made Grid the descendant of the Undefeated King, he might get a separate reward in return.

‘It might be a few legendary items.’

He would be able to live a different life. The moment that Oasis thought so.

“Hey, sh... Is this a joke?”

"?????"

Grid frowned after being given the old sheath of the Undefeated King. The gentle atmosphere had completely disappeared. His eyes looked like he was going to curse at Oasis.

‘W-What? Why so suddenly?’

Oasis panicked. The angry Grid threw the old sheath back to him.

"A person is trying to suppress his emotions. Why are you giving

this japtem to me? What is wrong with you? Eh? What is it?"

"Jap...tem?"

An item that provided a legendary class change quest was called japtem? It was impossible. Oasis thought that something was wrong with the Undefeated King's old sheath. Then he heard a voice that hadn't been present since he failed the quest in Lubana.

-Do you think you can surrender ownership at will? The choice isn't your burden.

"...I didn't lose my qualifications?"

Oasis asked in a quivering voice. The voice from the old sheath hummed.

-It's a problem for me to judge. Don't think about it.

"..."

Oasis' eyes turned red. Deep emotions flickered as the dream he thought was long gone appeared again. Grid's eyes were flat when they looked at Oasis.

'Talking alone in front of a person... He is completely crazy.'

Once again, he shouldn't be kind to anyone. This was just a strange and twisted person. Then someone on a horse ran towards Grid. It was Ares returning after the war. Ares got down from his horse and bowed deeply to Grid.

"I really appreciate it this time. Thanks to your help, I was able to achieve a bigger victory than I expected."

In the war that Ares planned, Liberon Forest was just the 'first interception.' Despite taking advantage of the terrain and climate of Liberon Forest, Ares knew that this line of defense would eventually be overcome. He prepared other traps in various places, but was able to get rid of the imperial troops before they were exposed. It was a tremendous benefit in the long run. Ares was truly thankful and grasped Grid's hand.

"No, I didn't do it for your thanks."

"I know."

The reason that Grid participated in this war was for the future of the Overgeared Kingdom, not Valhalla. Ares also knew this fact.

"But it's clear that Valhalla greatly benefited as a result. Allow me to repay you."

Clap clap.

Ares clapped and 500 soldiers ran over. At a glance, they were clearly well-trained.

"They are elites who have been given top attributes. The war raised their level to 270. Maybe they can grow into knights?"

"...?"

"I will give them to you."

"Huh?"

"These soldiers, please accept them."

"..."

Valhalla would supply troops to the Overgeared Kingdom, while the Overgeared Kingdom supplied items to Valhalla. This was the ideal alliance that Ares dreamt of.

"I hope that the exchanges between the two kingdoms will be more active from today."

"...I understand."

The grateful Grid left Valhalla with the soldiers. Oasis looked at his back and questioned the old sheath.

"Isn't he a fit for the ruler you're looking for? Honestly, won't he fulfil your wish?"

The answer he received in return was:

-He is already a ruler. His vessel is too big for the small part of my

soul in this sheath to handle.

“ ... ”

An amazing person who was recognized by an arrogant ego item. Oasis' eyes filled with envy as they looked at Grid's back.

‘Someday, I will stand side by side with you... No, I will become a person you will be aware of. Until then, please win.’

The footsteps left by a hero of heroes, countless people followed them. Now Grid was someone else's goal. Just like Grid's goal was Kraugel.

Chapter 713

Name: Hail

Level: 271

Occupation: Soldier

Strength: 1,090/1,700

Stamina: 1,047/1,700

Agility: 600/1,000

Intelligence: 306/800

Skills: Intermediate Sword Mastery Lv. 1, Intermediate Spear Mastery Lv. 1, Beginner Bow Mastery Lv. 7, Beginner Shield Techniques Lv. 7, Beginner Horse Riding Lv. 3, Beginning Swimming Lv. 1.

Hidden Attributes: Terrain Adaptability Increase, Climate Adaptability Increase, Increased Amount of Experience Gained, Recover all Resources at Level Up, Status Resistance Correction, Decreased Morale Drop Rate.

Status: Depressed (I was abandoned by King Ares... Did I do something wrong?)

Name: Kan

Level: 275

Occupation: Soldier

Strength: 1,290/1,400

Stamina: 1,347/1,500

Agility: 810/1,100

Intelligence: 106/500

Skills: Intermediate Sword Mastery Lv. 2, Intermediate Spear Mastery Lv. 2, Beginner Bow Mastery Lv. 9, Beginner Shield

Techniques Lv. 9, Beginning Horse Riding Lv. 5, Beginner Swimming Lv. 1.

Hidden Attributes: Terrain Adaptability Increase, Climate Adaptability Increase, Increased Amount of Experience Gained, Recover all Resources at Level Up, Status Resistance Correction, Decreased Morale Drop Rate.

Status: Confused (It is an honor to serve the famous Overgeared King... My family is left at home...?)

‘...Crazy.’

On the way to the Overgeared Kingdom. Grid was astonished as he observed the 500 soldiers with the King’s Sword. Was it due to the outstanding talents of the soldiers? No, that wasn’t it. The measure of a NPC’s talent was the maximum number of stats they could obtain and their special skills. From a general point of view, these 500 soldiers were all had plain talent. That’s why it was even more amazing.

‘Being able to raise the ordinary soldiers to this level...’

The more talented the NPCs, the better their learning ability. In other words, ordinary soldiers were slow when it came to increasing their skills. The 500 soldiers that Ares gave him had a very high skill level despite being ordinary. Moreover, the separate attributes they possessed were also the best.

‘In particular, all resources are recovered when levelling up. This is the reason why Valhalla soldiers show great fighting ability in a war.’

It was hard to give original attributes.

They reason why the Overgeared soldiers had the Increased Adaptation in Rice Fields attribute was the result of steadily training there. The Overgeared soldiers did intense drills all day but unlike the Valhalla soldiers, they didn’t have a wide range of attributes. Recovering all resources when levelling up... Grid had

no idea how to give that attribute.

‘How strong is Ares’ Fostering Strong Soldiers skill?’

Imagine it. The appearance of Ares as he commanded one million soldiers.

‘...Scary, scary.’

Grid never wanted to be hostile to Ares. If they had to be enemies...

‘I have to hit while Valhalla still isn’t developed.’

Grid was confident. If he, Asmophel Chucksley, Maxong, and the best members of Overgeared devastated the enemy while Kasim and Faker assassinated them in the turmoil, they could conquer Valhalla. But instead...

‘Our damage will be big and we will show a gap to the empire.’

Eventually, they would be destroyed.

‘I don’t want to be enemies with Ares in the first place.’

Grid had a great deal of liking towards Ares. How many people in the world would hate Ares’ straightforward and bold personality?

‘...He has the candidate for the Undefeated King’s descendant by his side.’

Oasis. The man who came to him and handed him an old worn-out sheath. Grid was reminded of him and cheered him on.

‘Don’t be discouraged.’

In fact, he had been confused when a man he didn’t know came up to him and handed him the sheath. Then he used the Legendary Blacksmith’s Appraisal on the sheath and felt anger and sympathy at the same time.

[Undefeated King’s Old Sheath]

★ Quest Item ★

A sheath used by the Undefeated King when he was alive. A part of the Undefeated King's will is contained in it.

Conditions of Use: A player. After changing to the current class, unable to have died once.

A quest item associated with the Undefeated King. Grid quickly grasped Oasis' identity. He was the rumored descendant of the Undefeated King. No, he was a candidate to be the descendant.

'It is a precious opportunity you have won for yourself. You shouldn't give it to other people.'

Why did Oasis try to hand over the sheath to him? Grid grasped the reason for it.

'He wanted to give up.'

It could be seen in the eyes and the shadows on the face. Oasis didn't have any confidence. Just like Grid in the past.

'I used to talk to myself all the time...'

That's right. Grid was projecting himself onto Oasis. Thus, he hated Oasis while at the same time, felt sympathetic and wanted to cheer him on.

'Right now, the quest is difficult and you want to run away. But don't give up. Hang on.'

Setting his private emotions aside, wasn't Grid greedy for the Undefeated King's old sheath? Didn't he want it? Certainly not. Grid and his colleagues were people who weren't afraid of failure. There was no one among them who met the conditions to use the old sheath.

'Well, there is nothing free in the world. If I received the sheath, I would have to give something else instead.'

Rather, it was more urgent to get rid of the depression in the 500 soldiers. Grid reassured the soldiers.

"Don't worry if your family is in Valhalla. In the name of the

Overgeared King, I will take all your family members into the Overgeared Kingdom.”

Of course, Ares would willingly cooperate if he knew. The soldiers were thrilled when they saw Grid’s trustworthy face.

‘Unbelievable... Despite us not saying anything, he saw our anxiety and prepared a solution...’

‘He’s truly great... As expected from the famous Overgeared King.’

Grid used items to build up the people.

"What?"

50,000 soldiers wiped out, many Red Knights died, and Kyle’s left arm was gone. Emperor Juander was upset when he heard the report. He wanted to suppress the Red Knights and the soldiers could be replaced at any time. But the fact that Kyle was hit was a problem. It became impossible to pass the responsibility of this war to the Red Knights and the position of the five pillars would become weaker. As a result, Juander was unable to achieve his intended purpose. His prestige even dropped.

“Kyle...! Kyle, this guy! I believed in you!”

Kuwaaaang!

The energy of the Saharan imperial family passed down through generations filled the area. Once Juander became angry, the powerful red energy exploded and shook the great hall. Kyle’s face became paler.

"I'm ashamed..."

Kyle couldn’t lift his head. He was ready to die. The emperor’s plan was broken because of him and his position was weakened. However, Juander was cold. No matter how angry he was, he wouldn’t be stupid enough to cut his own flesh.

“Confinement...! Don’t show yourself until I call for you again!”

“...You are sparing my life?”

“Don’t flatter yourself! I’m only leaving you alive because it’s necessary!”

“...I will surely make up for this one day.”

Kyle bowed deeply to Juander and left the great hall. Once left alone, Juander’s body started to tremble.

“The Undefeated King’s descendant...!”

He destroyed half of the Red Knights and damaged Kyle with magic? It was something that couldn’t be compared to what was witnessed in Lubana!

‘He can even use magic?’

Magic was an area that even the Undefeated King in the legends didn’t use. Juander became uneasy.

“Don’t tell me... The descendant of the Undefeated King is stronger than the Undefeated King?”

Many people knew that the East Continent had a higher level of difficulty than the West Continent. It was no surprise that the people from the East Continent brought over by Grid to the Overgeared Kingdom performed better than the existing Overgeared Kingdom’s residents.

By default, their level was high and they were distinguished in each field. A prime example was the four blacksmiths, the Red Phoenix Group, Sua, and Han Seokbong. Additionally...

“Uh, it’s time to water the garden. I have to hurry.”

“Don’t worry. Yang Fei has already watered it.”

“Ugh! Prince Lord’s snack hasn’t been completed yet!”

“Don’t worry. I already brought him a homemade pie made by

Yang Fei.”

“I’m in big trouble. Tomorrow is cleaning day, but I can’t find the supplies.”

"Don't worry. Yang Fei has already figured it all out."

"Prince Lord's escort, Sir Chucksley has asked for a vacation because of back pain. I will summon Jude, who will temporarily be in charge."

"No, Sir Chucksley withdrew the request. His back pain was gone after Yang Fei gave him a massage."

“Yang Fei...”

“Yang Fei...”

Super maid! It was the nickname attached to Yang Fei. Grid's hand techniques... No, after moving to the Overgeared Kingdom, she was truly very versatile. It was possible because she had to support a large family alone. She was able to cope with any situation and became a senior maid representing the Overgeared Palace. She was from the common people and became a royal maid!

‘I will devote myself even more!’

Yang Fei was very motivated. Being able to show off all her skills was a vocation for her. This was like heaven compared to working in Idan's restaurant.

"If I work hard... One day King Grid will..."

“What about Father?”

"Come to me at night like the old days..."

"At night?"

“Massage... Kyaaack!”

Yang Fei blushed as she spread her imagination. She belatedly realized and screamed. The cause was the 5 year old boy standing next to him. The black hair and high nose resembled his father. On

the other hand, the eyes that resembled his mother was as blue as the sky. His eyes were gentle. The face was a perfect oval shape. It was an amazing small face with that nose and mouth!

“P-Prince Lord...!”

That’s right. The smiling boy whose eyes were shining like lanterns was Lord. As usual, he was covered in grease and dirt. It was incredible that he was the prince of a kingdom. It was inevitable since he worked in the fields in the morning, did martial arts in the afternoon, and royal business in the evening.

“Hello Yang Fei.”

“...”

A bright expression. Yang Fei was absorbed in Lord’s beauty and was stunned for a moment. Lord’s beauty was so perfect in all respects that even the great Yang Fei was amazed. This was despite the fact that he was only 5 years old. Lord asked an innocent question to the staring Yang Fei.

“Does Father massage Yang Fei every night? Is it good?”

“N-No! It was only a few times in the past! It hasn’t happened in recent years!”

It was just a normal massage. But what Yang Fei felt was different. Therefore, she felt guilty for some reason. She couldn’t deny it completely. A strange smile appeared on Lord’s face. The innocence disappeared like it was washed away. He felt more like a sly uncle than a 5 year old boy.

“Teach me how to give a massage. I want to give my girlfriends massages.”

“...”

“I will keep it a secret from Mother. Yes? Shall we go to my room?”

Lord smiled again like he didn’t know anything! Yang Fei, who

was known for always been calm and impersonal, couldn't help feeling embarrassed in front of Lord. Lord was enjoying her reaction when a voice was heard.

“King Grid has returned. Prince Lord, please change clothes and greet him.”

The voice heard from the ceiling came from the King of Shadows, Kasim. Since the situation with the empire became uneasy, he devoted himself to escorting Lord and handed over leadership of the Overgeared Shadows to Faker.

“Father!”

Lord's face brightened. He was delighted to be reunited with his father, who he respected and loved most in the world. He really looked like a child when this happened.

Chapter 714

‘Where did it go wrong?’

Recently, Kasim’s worries had been deepening. It was because Prince Lord was quite wicked at age 5. His actions were gradually becoming perverse. Was it a cause for concern? Yes, it was. If Lord was a normal child, his spiteful nature wouldn’t be a problem. What 4~8 year old didn’t act out? Lord was the same as children of the same age.

The problem was that Lord wasn’t normal. His innate intelligence was extraordinary enough to understand when taught and his talent was outstanding enough to adapt quickly to any field. Looking at him, Kasim was convinced that Lord would become a legend in the future. Was that all? He even had power. It was a serious problem for such a smart and influential person to have a spiteful nature.

Look at what happened just before. He had Yang Fei in his hand and Yang Fei wasn’t able to resist simply because Lord was a prince.

‘It is still at the level of a joke.’

But what if Lord became eviler?

‘A prince’s joke can ruin a person’s life.’

The King of Shadows had made assassination as his business and knew the dark side of the world. He saw how dangerous crooked power was.

‘I worked hard on his emotional education but...’

Kasim wasn’t Lord’s only teacher. The legendary farmer Piaro, Sage Sticks, Blacksmith Khan, and occasionally Pope Damian all taught Lord. They all tried to instill the correct way of thinking into Lord. Piaro taught him how to understand the minds of farmers and soldiers, Sticks taught him the moral sense of the

whole species, Khan the unassuming spirit of a craftsman, and Damian the spirit of faith. Nevertheless, Lord was gradually becoming distorted.

‘This is a serious problem.’

Kasim had started guarding Lord right after he was born. He no longer recognized Lord as a means of going against the empire and thought of Lord as his own child. That’s why he was more worried. However, he didn’t have an idea of how to fix Lord’s crooked character. Fortunately, his worries were quickly resolved.

“Huh? What? My Lord. Did you suffer from studying today?”

King Grid returned from a war. He saw the sweat and dirt on Lord and anxiously hugged him.

“It’s good to study hard, but I would rather you make a lot of friends and play around. Lord is still young. You don’t have to live with excessive responsibility.”

“Father...”

Lord’s eyes turned red as he was hugged by Grid. The best genius of the continent, the only successor to the Overgeared Kingdom, a legend’s descendant, etc. Lord had the expectations of millions of people on him since he was born and had always been compelled to fulfill these expectations.

It was always stressful. He felt resentment that he was overworked just because of his father and his natural talent. But Lord wasn’t able to express this to anyone. He was afraid of disappointing the people around him and didn’t want to disgrace his great father. Yet at this moment...

"I will be happy if Lord is healthy and happy. I want Lord to make a lot of good friends rather than being alone. It would be great if my Lord is always happy and makes other people happy."

“ ... ”

The most respected and loving father in the world was revealing his heart.

Kkuok...

Lord buried his face in Grid's chest and bit his lip. He was trying to stop himself from crying. At the age of 5, Lord had started to become skewed from his burdens. This little boy was getting his act together today.

'Father, I'll study harder from today onwards. I won't make other people embarrassed. I will be a great person like Mother.'

The smell of iron from his father's arms was too good. The feeling of his father's large and rugged hands stroking his head made Lord feel happy. Lord barely managed to hold back his tears and smiled. Kasim gave a warm smile from where he was watching in the shadows.

'I can't fill a father's role.'

"You're safe."

Grid's office.

Lauel came to see Grid. He was still unfamiliar with the sight of Grid whispering to Lord in his arms. Wasn't it just a few months ago that Grid was trying to teach Lord everything? Grid laughed bitterly.

"Whenever I see a sweaty young child, I'm reminded of Sehee."

"Do you mean Ruby?"

"Yes."

A child who received the expectations of their parents due to her terrible brother. Sehee went to all types of private academies and would come home late at night. Grid knew how hard it was.

"There is no reason to be overworked just because a person is

talented. Well, he needs the minimum level of education as a prince, but...”

“It’s not that I don’t understand your mind. But Prince Lord will be the biggest power in the future of the Overgeared Kingdom. Stopping the gifted education will directly lead to weakening the power of the Overgeared Kingdom...”

"Do I have to rely on my son? This time, I have obtained the political power stat. I will try harder, so let’s stop putting the burden on Lord.”

“...”

Grid was trying to be more responsible since Braham left. At this moment, he realized he hadn’t been trying his best. He made up his mind to do even more.

"Have you decided on the strategy to attack the vampire cities?"

The named bosses sleeping in a vampire city dropped the best items. It was important to raise the power of the Overgeared Kingdom by occupying the vampire cities.

"Yes, I have excluded the 2nd city, which is believed to contain Marie Rose and the 1st city, which is estimated to have the highest level of difficulty, from the attack list. We will clear the remaining seven cities sequentially.”

“The raid group members?"

"A party will be formed with Your Majesty and the viscount members.”

The viscount members included the top members of the Tzedakah Guild: Jishuka, Pon, Regas, etc. There was also Peak Sword, Euphemina, Chris, and Katz.

“It’s great...”

"At first, I thought to include a wider variety of people in the party. But I thought an overall power boost was necessary.”

The empire failed to destroy Valhalla and the cause of the failure was placed on the Undeclared King's descendant. Right now, they were afraid to approach Valhalla and might detour to the Overgeared Kingdom first. Lael thought it would be better to raise the power of the Overgeared Kingdom.

"If the third advancement users don't grow now, they won't have the ability to deal with the solo number knights. I think it would be better to focus on raising the high level members in preparation for going against the empire."

Grid had directly witnessed the skills of the solo number knights and agreed.

"That's true..."

In particular, the growth of Chris, Faker, and Regas were necessary. If they became more powerful than they were now, maybe they could fight one on one with a solo number knight. Grid nodded and Lael added.

"Ah, Ruby and Sexy Schoolgirl will also go with you."

"...Do they have time?"

"The two of them have decided to focus on Satisfy rather than their studies."

"Y-Yes..."

Grid felt sorry for the vampires. And at this moment, Grid's misfortune was triggered.

"..."

The national cemetery of the imperial capital, Titan. The Red Knights were gathered where the empire's lords were sleeping. They were dressed in black mourning clothes. It was to honor their colleagues who died in the war against Valhalla.

"A moment of silence."

The black outfit made her white skin more noticeable. Mercedes bowed her head and everyone followed her.

"...Sir Lorex, I will surely avenge you."

"Sir Dia... I won't forget your sacrifice."

"..."

The Red Knights started to sob. Pain filled their chests. However, their leader Mercedes was silent and didn't shed any tears. Her role wasn't to share in the sorrow, but to get revenge.

"Prepare to leave."

After the funeral. Mercedes broke through the heavy mourning and gave an order to her aide, Sky. At this moment, a quest window appeared in front of Sky.

[Blood Revenge]

Difficulty: SSS

First Knight Mercedes wants to honor her deceased colleagues. She's determined to go to Valhalla and find the Undefeated King's descendant in order to kill him.

As Mercedes aide, you have the obligation to act with her and help her achieve her goal.

Quest Clear Conditions: The death of the Undefeated King's descendant.

Quest Reward: Join the Red Knights. Once you join the Red Knights, you will gain benefits such as increased stats and new skills.

Quest Failure: Level -5.

'Finally...!'

He was the first player to receive the opportunity to become a Red Knight. The ambitious Sky had been working only for this moment.

'...Climb up the ladder step by step."

One day, he would become a solo number knight and stand side by side with Mercedes.

'Then I will make you my girl.'

An ugly smile appeared on Sky's face. His gaze swept over Mercedes' white neck.

"Three brothers have died."

The nine direct descendants of Shizo Beriache. Among the vampires, they had transcendent power, but were under the Curse of Idleness. They spent most of their life sleeping. They belatedly received the news that Elfin Stone, Tiramet, and Latina had died.

"I don't know about Tiramet and Latina, but I can't believe Elfin Stone..."

Earl Elfin Stone. The nine. No, if Braham was included, then Elfin Stone was one of the top members among the ten direct descendants.

"But to be killed by humans..."

"Is it one of the rumored legends? People like Muller."

"Hasn't it been a few hundred years? Muller and the other legends are long dead."

"Eh...? Then who killed Elfin Stone...? Um... Ummmm..."

"...Kuooh... Kuoooh..."

"...Drrrool!"

The direct descendants gathered after hundreds of years. Apart from Duchess Marie Rose and Marquis Fenrir, all of the direct descendants gathered in one place started to fall asleep. It was the fearful Curse of Idleness.

Chapter 715

There were a total of 15 vampire cities. The Overgeared Guild had already conquered cities 10~15.

“The bosses who protect each city are true blood vampires or direct vampires. Everyone here has faced the true blood vampires a number of times, right?”

The entrance to the 9th city. Lauel’s briefing started before they entered.

“The direct descendants are super named bosses. Once killed, they won’t respawn again. Instead, a true blood vampire will appear as a boss.”

Chris nodded.

“Since taking over as lord of Reidan, I have hunted the true blood vampires 53 times. They are all named bosses and are strong.”

“53 times...? You have attacked the cities 53 times in just three months?”

Pon was amazed when he heard Chris’ words. He knew how high the difficulty of the vampire cities was. Unless Grid was with them, it took at least three days to capture a city once. Of course, this was a story for when the top members set up a party.

Chris modestly responded to Pon.

“It’s thanks to the actions of my captains.”

The five captains of the Giant Guild! They were the best talents, including the 1st ranked swordsman Zirkan. They were comparable to the top players of the Tzedakah Guild.

‘If we form a party with them, it will be easier to conquer the cities...’

The convinced Pon nodded.

“Wasn’t Chris hunting alone before?”

“ ... ”

Grid was the one who asked the question.

Pon was shocked.

Hum hum. Chris coughed and explained.

"That day, I specifically challenged myself. Up to that point, I had always been with the captains. I built up my know-how and was able to challenge it by myself."

"No, stop. You don't have to be so considerate." Pon interrupted Chris' words. "There's a large gap between us. I will try to narrow the gap in this raid."

Chris was 1st on the unified rankings and Pon was currently 7th. He didn't think he was lacking so much. His provocative words stimulated Chris.

"...I will be looking forward to it."

Chris realized how much he had grown. He had never once won against Jishuka, Regas, and Pon during the days of L.T.S. Now their positions were reversed. Regas' eyes were blazing as he watched the two people.

"I hope to see a direct vampire. It will be a lot of fun."

Regas was always longing for a fight with the strong!

"...What fun? It would be awful."

Vantner clicked his tongue. He was nervous because he had experienced fighting a direct descendant.

"At this point, Elfin Stone would be comparable to Belial."

Monsters also grew. Just like Satisfy players levelled up over the passage of time, a monster's level also rose significantly. Once he recalled Elfin Stone's presence in the past, he wouldn't be surprised if the current earls were as strong as Belial a few months

ago.

Lauel nodded.

“It’s a reasonable reasoning. From now on, the direct vampires we meet will be tough. But...”

Suook.

Lauel examined the Overgeared members. Overgeared King Grid, 1st ranked Chris, godly archer Jishuka, god of killing Faker, Asura Regas, White Knight Pon, bald-headed Vantner, Blood Warrior Katz, conditional powerhouse Euphemina, Peak Sword, Paladin Toban, Huroi, etc. The best people who deserved to be praised were gathered together. There was also Saintess Ruby, who had the strongest healing ability, and the Saintess’ Knight Sexy Schoolgirl, who protected her.

"Even if we meet Belial again, we don’t have to be afraid with all the members here. Although Yura’s presence would be nice."

“Yura...”

It had been a few months since Grid had seen Yura. Her beautiful face was like a drug and he sometimes deeply missed her.

"Yura still hasn’t returned from hell?"

"Yes, I haven’t been able to communicate with her."

"I’m looking forward to when she comes back."

In contrast to the smiling Grid.

"She has to come back before the National Competition."

Peak Sword was worried.

Then.

"Our stamina has recovered."

Saintess Ruby and Saintess’ Knight Sexy Schoolgirl reported. They had just reached level 200 so they were exhausted from crossing Reidan’s desert.

“Okay.”

Grid nodded and got up. Then he took the lead with the strongest rankers behind him.

"This is the Overgeared Guild.”

“Ohh!”

“Let’s go!”

They were the ones with the highest pride. Even the 1st ranked Chris was willing and happy to follow Grid. They all recognized Grid as the best. It had been from the time when Grid wasn’t recognized by the world.

The 9th vampire city.

"When is Earl Cray coming back?”

"I don’t think he’s coming back...”

“ ... ”

One year ago. The master of the 9th city and descendant of Shizo Beriache, Earl Cray had left the city. He left for a ‘short’ meeting and said he would be back. Yet he still hadn’t returned. The vampires of the 9th city had half given up. The Curse of Idleness had a stronger effect on the top ranking vampires. The vampires if the 9th city knew that Earl Cray had fallen asleep during the meeting and wouldn’t wake up for decades.

"What will happen if the humans that kill Earl Elfin Stone attack at this point?”

"At that time."

"We should have the true blood vampires go out.”

“True.”

“Blood.”

"Vampires."

True blood vampires. Vampires made by the direct descendants. They had high pride. In particular, Earl Cray was better than Earl Elfin Stone, so they believed that they could stop the enemy invasion. At that moment, intruders appeared in the city as if to prove that belief.

"Around 20 humans have entered?"

"Heh, humans are crazy. Invading our city with such a small number of people."

The true blood vampires who were the guardians of the 9th city! Three of them barely shook off their sleepiness and raised themselves from their coffins.

Shaaaaaah—

The flesh of the vampires scattered into smoke and flew through the city where sunlight didn't enter. Then.

"There they are."

"How long has it been since I smelt human blood?"

"Dinner, dinner! Kihahahahat!"

The true blood vampires discovered the intruders and regained their original bodies. Their red eyes watched from the sky in the position of a hunter. The humans surrounded by hundreds of vampires were just good prey.

"The vampire who eats first will be the owner!"

The three excited true blood vampires descended to the ground. It was fast enough to exceed the ridiculous speed of a griffon descending to snatch prey. Usually humans couldn't follow along with their eyes!

Sukakak!

Puok!

Peeng!

The true blood vampires rapidly descended and attacked the humans with their claws, magic, and weapons. The humans buried their heads in the cold floor without being aware of it. The true blood vampires believed so and smiled coldly. However...

Kwajak!

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

‘Keok... Huh?’

‘Ugh... Eh?’

Those whose faces were on the cold floor weren’t human, but the true blood vampires. All of them were attacked without noticing and crashed into the ground.

‘...What?’

A technique? The confused true blood vampires raised their bodies.

--!

---!

----!

Three sharp flashes of light moved silently in the darkness. At the same time, blood rose from the back of the true blood vampires. The god of killing, Faker. Despite having a normal class, he was a master of swiftness who won against the sun-grade Black. His master level Assassination skill exerted maximum power due to his exquisite control skills.

“Kuaaaaak!”

“Kuk...!”

They felt pain in the necks. The true blood vampires grasped the situation late and screamed. The moment they noticed Faker’s existence, Faker’s assassination skill was already lifted.

Chwarururuk!

A man with cold eyes appeared in the darkness. There was no fear on his face despite standing alone among three true blood vampires. It was enough to disturb the true blood vampires.

“You’re crazy!”

“Damn humans!”

“You son of a bitch.”

Due to the assassin’s surprise attack, the anger of the true blood vampires pierced the sky. Their feelings were evident in their attacks.

Peng!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Brilliant magic aimed towards Faker. The true blood vampires were planning to slaughter the assassins in front of them and then the humans fighting fighting the vampires in the rear. But their plan didn’t work. The assassin was so fast that 70% of the magic bombardment missed.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.” The power was enough to remind them of Earl Cray’s magic. It was due to the strong aura. “Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle.”

Chukak. Chukakakakak!

Pajijijik!

Kurururung!

"Ke...ok."

“Kuaaaaak!”

“Hiik!”

The true blood vampires. As long as a direct descendant wasn’t present, they were the head of the general vampires. They forgot their bodies and gave a terrible scream. They were embarrassed by

the acute pain.

‘These humans...!’

‘They are well prepared...!’

After they were surprised by the assassin, a powerful person attacked. Indeed, humans were smart. The moment the true blood vampires barely endured the pain by using the unique resilience of the species to counterattack.

“Your parents are sloths! You are lazy and don’t care about food, only sleeping!”

“What...?”

Someone cried out the truth that couldn’t be denied and the defense of the agitated true blood vampires fell. At this time.

“1,000 ton Sword!”

“Rail Spear!”

“Fly Up!”

"Draw Sword, Extinguish!"

It was the skills of the most powerful members of the team after they received the Overgeared Guild’s buffs.

"Kuaaaaack!"

The 9th vampire city was conquered in just two hours.

[The party ‘Let’s Obtain Loot!’ has succeeded in capturing the 9th vampire city!]

[The party leader ‘Grid’ has acquired a intermediate vampire ring.]

[The party leader ‘Grid’ has acquired a strength elixir.]

[The party leader ‘Grid’ has acquired 21 weapon enhancement stones...]

...

...

[The level of party member 'Ruby' has risen!]

[The level of party member 'Sexy Schoolgirl' has risen!]

"...I didn't have to do anything."

Toban and Vantner, the tankers of the party, felt isolated. It was because the vampires died without giving them a chance to tank the monsters. They just stood still and ate experience! It was like a meal.

Chapter 716

Among the players, there was one party called the ‘all-time best grade.’ It was the Belial Raid party. The party contained Grid, the top rankers of the Overgeared Guild, Sword Saint Kraugel, and Pope Damian. It was the evaluation of most people that the strongest party wouldn’t be born again twice.

But now, breaking the expectations of people, another strongest party was born. The name of the radiant party was ‘Let’s Obtain Loot!’ party.

[The party ‘Let’s Obtain Loot!’ has succeeded in capturing the 8th vampire city!]

[The party leader ‘Grid’ has acquired two advanced vampire rings.]

[The party leader ‘Grid’ has acquired a stamina elixir.]

[The party leader ‘Grid’...]

...

...

1 hour and 48 minutes. After capturing the 9th city in two hours, the Let’s Obtain Loot! party set a new record again. It was the advantage of the guild party. There was great teamwork because the party gathered people who shared the same ideals.

"Wow, aren’t we invincible?"

"That... We can’t lose with these members."

The power of the current party was comparable to the Belial raid party.

Kraugel’s space was filled by Chris, and Damian’s space was filled by Saintess Ruby. In particular, Ruby’s percentage heal, great heals, and divine power abilities exerted a unique power in party play. The only areas where Ruby was inferior to Damian was that

her personal combat power was weak and she couldn't use various buff skills. This was despite the fact that she was only level 200.

In addition, compared to the time of the Belial raid, the average power of the members was very high. It was natural, since most of them were equipped with weapons made by Belial's items.

“As Lauel says, the current members can raid Belial.”

“Yes.”

Haha hoho!

The 9th and 8th cities were easier than they expected, so the Overgeared members had a friendly atmosphere among them. They were especially delighted with the drops of the vampire rings and the elixirs.

Advanced vampire's ring. It had a longer cooldown and less effect than Elfin Stone's Ring that Grid possessed, but that was when compared to Elfin Stone's Ring.

A vampire item with a healing effect; the value of the vampire rings in Satisfy was so rare that it was hard to find an alternative. Among them, the Advanced Vampire's Ring was the most effective. The drop rate was so low that only a few members of Overgeared had them. The vampires rings were popular with the Overgeared members, but most of them had inferior ones.

What about the value of the elixirs, which increased a stat permanently by 10? The elixirs had the worst drop rate. Since becoming lord of Reidan, Chris had only drank an elixir three times. The value was astronomical. But the elixirs dropped continuously in two cities!

“Luck is following us. We will be able to grow tremendously during this expedition.”

All the party members were excited. All of them were hopeful for the future. Except for Grid!

‘...I’m anxious.’

Grid was gripped by an anxiety that couldn’t be expressed in words. The reason? He was too lucky. The elixirs that he never found dropped in succession in two cities? Unfortunately, Grid was fortunate enough to experience it.

‘It’s unusual... In the 9th city, three true blood vampires appeared at the same time.’

Originally, it often happened. Looking back at the city that Tiramet guarded, the direct descendant Tiramet and several true blood vampires appeared at the same time. Yes, Grid’s anxiety didn’t have a clear basis. But Grid’s emotions didn’t dissipate.

‘What if Marie Rose appears in a city other than the 2nd city...?’

No, he wanted to believe that wouldn’t happen. Grid trusted Braham.

‘...Or will several direct descendants appear at the same time?’

Was it because he experienced so much misfortune? Grid was getting better and better at anticipating it.

Chill!

As Grid got goosebumps, the morale of the party members rose into the sky.

"Next is the 7th city! Number 7 is lucky in South Korea! Haha! As the chairman of the South Korea Patriotic Society, I will confidently say that two elixirs will drop in the next city! Puhahat!"

“Ohh! You’re feeling good? Okay, let’s move onto the next city!”

“...”

Don’t be too excited. Grid wanted to say this, but he couldn’t open his mouth. He didn’t want to lower the atmosphere for no reason.

‘It’s sad that I haven’t played around with friends... There’s no need to unnecessarily worry them.’

He could worry about it alone.

Shake shake.

Grid shook his head and headed to the next city with his colleagues.

As it became two months to the National Competition, the attention and expectations of the world focused on it. What countries would be active this year and what types of scenes would be produced.

『 Once the new rules are applied, it’s clear that the United States will win an overwhelming number of gold medals. It can’t be denied. The United States will be number one. 』

『 There are so many players from the United States... Zibal’s whereabouts are still unknown, but won’t Kraugel fill his empty seat? 』

『 Yes, it’s the most noticeable part of this National Competition. Kraugel’s nationality changed from Russia to the United States. 』

『 In interviews with the Russian people, it seems that Kraugel had suffered considerable racial discrimination in Russia. It’s understandable that he moved countries. But why the United States instead of South Korea? Considering his Korean background, shouldn’t he move to South Korea? 』

『 There’s a lot of speculation about this part. Among them, the most likely speculation is... 』

Kraugel was dreaming of a rematch with Grid. He deliberately avoided South Korea with the aim of fighting Grid.

...Many people guessed this. However, the credibility was low because it wasn’t what Kraugel himself said.

-There are rumors that it is because of his mother's illness. It seems that the United States promised to fix his mother's illness. Well, it might be tricky.

-It's much more realistic than the speculation that he is conscious of Grid and avoided going to South Korea. Didn't Kraugel already win against Grid last year? Does he need to be conscious of Grid?

-Right. Kraugel doesn't seem to care about Grid.

The confrontation between Kraugel and Grid was so gorgeous and fierce that it was always in the top 3 best scenes of the National Competition. Regardless of nationality, countless people watched the video of the confrontation between the two. Again and again, repeatedly again and again.

There were many people expecting the reunion between the two and the S.A. Group recognized this fact. It was enough to insert the confrontation scene of the two people from last year into the opening video of the 3rd National Competition.

But people knew the reality. This year, there wouldn't be a great showdown in the National Competition. It was clear. Last year, Kraugel was praised as the sky above the sky, but he was still a normal class. Nevertheless, he beat Grid, who had a legendary class.

What about Kraugel of this year? A legend. He was also a Sword Saint, the strongest among the former legends. It was clear that this year's Kraugel would be several times stronger than last year's Kraugel and Grid wouldn't be able to endure it. If there was a rematch between the two of them, it would be a one-sided fight.

-It isn't that Grid is weak. It's rare to find someone stronger than him.

-Who doesn't know this?

-Just.

-Kraugel is too strong.

-He's the sky above the sky!

-Kraugel is special among the special people. The most outstanding of all.

-It doesn't make sense that he would avoid South Korea because he's aware of someone he defeated.

-The issue this year isn't the confrontation between Grid and Kraugel. It's which country will take second place in the overall medals rank.

-Right. The United States will certainly be number one.

After the United States, Canada and China were emerging as Satisfy superpowers due to their population. Which country would take second place? Attention was focused on this. South Korea wasn't even mentioned and the interest in Grid was very faint compared to last year.

There was a person who was stimulated by this.

"...South Korea isn't a country that could be ignored."

The protagonist was Dungeon Maker Eat Spicy Jokbal. Recently, he'd been going through many internal changes while drinking with Peak Sword. He contacted the three friends who he set up Blood Carnival with.

[You have entered the 7th vampire city.]

"It's the same everywhere."

The vampire cities all had one thing in common. It was dark without any light. 10 minutes after entering, they couldn't see anything. And this was a tremendous risk.

Kkiiiiiii!

Kwaaaaah!

It was before the party members' eyes had adapted to the

darkness. The wild beasts hanging around the city came to them. The vampires' familiars. This timing was one of the most dangerous moments. Most of the first time visitors to the vampire cities were unable to resist the familiars and died.

On the other hand, the Overgeared members had a lot of experience. They had already attacked the vampire cities several times and were aware that they would be attacked by the familiars, so they could cope with it. Even if they couldn't see in front of them, they could estimate the enemy's path and use a skill.

Yes, the familiars at the entrance of the city couldn't threaten the Overgeared members. This was normal. But the 7th city was strange.

"Kuk...!"

"Why are they so strong?"

"Shit! Don't relax and be alert!"

From the thick darkness, numerous familiars came from all directions. They were different from the other familiars. Their level was well over 50 and there were many of them. The Overgeared members became aware that they weren't ordinary familiars.

Kwang!

Kwarururung!

"Ugh! Take your formations!"

"Stay close until you adjust to the darkness! Be careful not to attack a teammate!"

It was a crisis! The Overgeared members were passive in front of the familiars' onslaught.

"Ahaha! Finally it is our turn!"

It was Toban and Vantner, who didn't have anything to do in the 9th and 8th cities.

“Sun Guard!”

Flash!

Splendid light poured from Toban and Vantner’s shields. It was a bright light that caused catastrophic damage to the familiars who had adapted to the darkness for tens and hundreds of years.

Yelp! Yippppp!

Grrrrrr!

The wolf and bat familiars became blinded. They completely lost sight from the two shields and Vantner’s brightly shining head. The Overgeared members started the onslaught and barely overcame the crisis. But the real crisis was just beginning.

"Hrmm... I guess they aren’t the ones who killed Elfin Stone if they’re having trouble with the familiars.

"They’re trivial. Let’s handle it quickly.”

“....!!”

The party members were astonished at the voices that came from the sky.

[Earl Cray]

[Earl Yetima]

[Earl Ruson]

[Earl Noll]

The best monsters with gold names shining brilliantly...

Four Elfin Stone level vampires gathered and were looking down at them!

“XX...”

Why was it always him? Grid could only curse.

Chapter 717

Flash!

The remnants of light flashing off Vantner's bald head was still dazzling. Due to this, he felt eyes focused on him from four directions.

“Hahaha... The helmet designs these days...”

“...”

There was an awkward silence. Pon, who would've normally laughed at Vantner, could only gulp. The appearance of the four direct descendants was still shocking.

“...Seven is a lucky number?”

“...”

Peak Sword couldn't react to someone's comment. Four direct descendants in one city. The four earl-class vampires appeared at the same time? It was the worst case scenario that no one expected. How could Peak Sword imagine it?

“How did this happen...?”

Lauel's eyes were shaken. According to the results of his research, the direct vampires were strongly affected by the Curse of Idleness. They didn't leave their cities and slept in the coffins for tens or hundreds of years. It was against the setting for them to leave their cities and gather in a certain area.

‘The four of them are all city owners?’

Lauel started to get a headache. He was stressed because the plan changed with unexpected variables.

“I'm sor...ry.”

Lauel opened his trembling lips and apologized. As the initiator of the city conquest plan, he thought he should bear all

responsibility. He wanted to sacrifice himself to give his colleagues time to retreat. But in order to escape from the vampire city, they had to defeat the owner of the city. Until then, they couldn't leave the city. Lael's sacrifice wouldn't solve the problem. The party's chances of survival were zero.

‘This is bad...!’

His carelessness weakened the power of the Overgeared Kingdom. Lael's face was white and stricken. Someone placed a hand on the shoulder of the guilt-stricken Lael. It was a big and warm hand. Lael couldn't not know the owner of this hand.

“King Grid...”

Lael turned his gaze and met Grid's cool eyes.

"Use your brain if you have time to apologize. Isn't this the time to be calm? Try it. Regain your spirit."

“...”

Yes, Lael was aware of his weakness from a long time ago. If things flowed differently from his thoughts, he lost his composure and the ability to deal with it. This was a fatal weakness for a strategist. A strategist should be able to cope with any variable calmly and do their best.

"Don't look like it's over."

Four earl class direct descendants? There was no possibility of fighting and winning. But he didn't have the slightest intention of being helpless. This was Grid.

"Think while we buy some time. That's the best thing we can do right now."

The morale of his colleagues had fallen to the bottom. Regas, who desired fighting against the strong, and Katz, who had a strong spirit, were fine. But not all members of Overgeared were the same. In particular, Ruby was terrified.

‘I promised to be a dependable person.’

A leader had responsibilities. Especially in a tricky situation!

Teong!

Grid looked up and flew into the sky. He would confront the four direct descendants alone.

“Grid...!”

This was the end. They would all die. Some Overgeared members were frustrated and desperate at the thought of losing experience and items. They belatedly noticed Grid soaring into the sky. Black demonic energy covered Grid’s body as he reached the four direct descendants.

“Blackening. Quick Movements.”

[Your black magic power has increased.]

[You don’t have any black magic power. It will be replaced with demonic power.]

[While Blackening is activated, your species will change to half-demon.]

[As a half demon, your maximum health is reduced by 50%. Your attack power, magic power and agility will increased by 30% each.]

[All attacks will be converted to the dark attribute.]

[Your evasion rate is increased by 30% and your agility doubled for 1 minute.]

Grid would directly confront the four direct descendants alone! He put a lot of effort into survival. He was determined to grasp the power of the direct descendants and show the way to his colleagues.

Pit!

Pipipipipit!

“Hoh.”

The eyes of the four direct descendants, looking down at the humans with no inspiration, widened slightly. They thought a trivial human was coming to commit suicide but he was as agile as a flying squirrel.

"Interesting."

Pit!

Pipipipipit!

A storm of dark energy blades poured out! Blood started to appear on the skin of the four direct descendants. They weren't able to avoid the attack of Grid who had reached the highest speed.

'Not even fighting back or defending? Okay, there isn't completely no answer.'

Grid slightly grasped the agility of the direct descendants and performed a sword dance. This time he intended to measure their defense.

"Link!"

Chukak.

Chukakakakak!

The 20 strikes per second, which was more powerful than normal, cut at the body of Earl Cray. The God Hands firmly guarded Grid against the counterattacks of other earls and Grid identified the notification windows that came into view.

[You have dealt 16,900 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 18,780 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 20,600...]

...

...

'Not bad!'

The defense wasn't at a very good level. It was slightly less than the defense of Third Knight Lorex. Grid had hope.

‘If we all join forces, we can hunt two of them.’

In the end, it was okay to fail in attacking the city. If they took out two out of four, they would unconditionally succeed in attacking the city in the next challenge. The moment Grid thought this.

“Ohu, that's right. That ring shows that you're the human who sealed Elfin Stone.” Earl Cray smiled at Grid after being hit. His gaze was focused on Elfin Stone's Ring. “Looking at this, Elfin Stone must be pathetic. Well, unlike me, he wasn't a candidate to be a marquis.”

Paaaat!

“...?”

Time stopped? Grid fell into an illusion for a moment. The blood that flowed from Earl Cray's wounds rejected the laws of gravity. The drops of blood floated in the air.

"What are you doing?"

“...!”

Time hadn't stopped. Grid heard Earl Cray's voice and tried to swing the sword again, but it was already too late.

Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa! Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa!

The large amount of blood shed by Earl Cray. The massive amount of blood gathered in the air and shot towards Grid.

Peeeeeeong!

“Kuk...!”

Grid's face distorted with pain and shock once he was struck by the blood.

[You have suffered 19,500 damage.]

[All of your lost health is absorbed by the target.]

A powerful blood-sucking ability! Earl Cray's bloody attack didn't stop at massive damage to Grid. 100% of the damage done to Grid was restored as Earl Cray's health.

‘Shit, this is a direct...!’

Earl Cray wasn't an intimidating opponent because his physical ability was relatively normal. Just as Elfin Stone specialized in swordsmanship and magic, and Tiramet specialized in physical abilities, Cray specialized in the ability to absorb blood. He wasn't an easily dismissed opponent. As Grid was hit in the chest and started to fall to the ground, Cray's hand grasped Grid's face.

Next.

“Blood Tornado.”

Puhahahak!

Pillars of blood uncoiled around Earl Cray's body like living serpents. They started to swirl in response to Earl Cray's order. Grid's body started to be torn apart.

[You have suffered 17,500 damage.]

[You have suffered 15,900 damage.]

[A great king puts his safety first. Due to the First King title effect, a shield with all the health lost in the last minute will be created.]

[All terrain adaptability has increased by 100% while movement speed and defense has increased by 10%.]

“Um...?”

The pillars of blood wouldn't stop until the target was completely dead. Earl Cray, who was convinced that the man trapped inside would soon die, was amazed. It was due to the strong shield created around the human's body.

Kukwak!

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

The human body, which should've been torn easily in the bloody storm, suddenly started to resist the storm. This was because Grid swapped from Triple Layers to the Holy Light Armor set.

“Linked Kill!”

Puk!

An energy blade shot through the storm. The terrible attack hit Earl Cray's chest.

Puk puk puk!

Two times, three times, and four times.

“Cough!”

Earl Cray coughed up blood and hurried away from Grid.

“Hahahat! This is too interesting!”

Unlike the others who suffered from the appearance of the four direct descendants, there was one person who was happy.

"Black Lightning Ascension!"

Pajik!

Pajijijik!

It was Asura Regas, who wished to fight strong opponents at any time. He couldn't fly in the sky like Grid, so he climbed the wall of one building and jumped from the roof towards the four direct descendants. This was the point where Earl Cray moved away from Grid.

"A pincer attack...!"

Earl Cray was surprised when an enemy appeared in an unexpected place!

Puaaaaaaaah!

Regas' punch struck his face. At this time.

“Fly Up!”

“Rail Spear!”

The other Overgeared members responded by starting the attack. 20 attack skills that killed the true blood vampires at once hit Earl Cray.

Sukakak!

Peeng!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Hit, hit, hit, and hit again! The Overgeared members' attacks caused Earl Cray's wounds to increase, as well as the amount of blood shed. It was the prelude to a disaster.

“Hmmm... I'm surprised that humans are so strong.”

Earl Cray sincerely felt admiration. The number of blood pillars around his body increased from one to four. The more blood he shed, the stronger he became. This was the reality of Earl Cray. All of the Overgeared members, including Grid, tensed up. They couldn't imagine how much stronger he had become now that he had four blood pillars.

“Cray has made four ‘tails’ after a few hundred years.”

“Isn't it the first time since he fought Braham with six tails and was beaten up?”

“These humans are pretty good.”

All three direct descendants, who hadn't yet participated in the battle, were assured of Cray's victory. Until a crazy person came forward.

“Kuk...! Kukukuk! Using blood as a weapon in front of me?”

Blood Warrior Katz. He had complained about why they had to all gather together to hunt. He had sat with folded arms when the

party conquered the 9th and 8th cities.

“I’m the master of all the blood in this world.”

Kwaruk!

Kwarururung!

“...!!”

The eyes of all four direct descendants, including Cray, widened. It was because the four blood pillars around Cray’s body started to run wild.

Chapter 718

Kurururuk!

The large amount of blood shed by Earl Cray. The four 'red tails' moved away from Earl Cray's control and moved according to Katz' will. The tails that should've killed Earl Cray's enemies bit at his body instead.

Kwajak!

Peeng!

Earl Cray was nervous as the tails squeezed him and dug into his neck. He felt that the flow of blood wasn't under his control! It felt like he was going to be crushed into powder.

"Damn human...!"

The vampires who perceived humans as a subspecies. In particular, Cray was a direct descendant, so the situation was very shocking and humiliating.

"These humans dare trifle with my noble blood!"

Earl Cray was someone who showed little emotion, despite being attacked by Grid and the Overgeared members. He just treated them like livestock playing around. But now he was different. His face was furious like a demon. The other descendants watched him being threatened by his own tail and laughed.

"Hahaha! Cray! What is this pathetic state? A descendant of the blood ruler is humiliated by a human?"

Blood ruler. It was one of Shizo Beriache's numerous titles. In her lifetime, she was the master of all blood. She could even use the blood of the target to control them. She showed the transcendental ability to control the blood in the body of any living creature.

The person who claimed to be the descendant of the blood ruler was none other than Cray. Earl Cray was especially prideful among

the earls and felt tremendous pride in the fact that he inherited one of Beriache's abilities. But now he was suffering from humans. The other earls thought it was funny and ridiculed him.

"Shut up!"

Earl Cray screamed at his laughing brothers. Two of the four tails moving from left to right were destroyed. The two remaining tails no longer reacted to Katz and followed Cray's will. It was a scene proving that Earl Cray was still incomplete. The reason he didn't become a marquis was because he could only control two tails perfectly. Once he grew three tails, he could exert a higher destructive power, but he couldn't control it.

"You...! This garbage dares to give me such shame!"

Earl Cray looked shabby with only two tails wrapped around him. He glared at Katz on the ground.

"Die...! I will remind you that you are just prey! I will bite your neck, suck your blood, and eat all your flesh and hair!"

A cruel declaration of murder!

[Vampire Earl Cray has used Direct Suppression.]

[It's a force that mortals find difficult to resist! You have fallen into the 'fear' state.]

"Kuk...!"

The Overgeared members started to tremble. Their stats declined dramatically as they felt a strong sense of anxiety. At that moment.

"Purification!"

Saintess Ruby's warm light covered the Overgeared members. The Overgeared members were able to overcome the fear and felt fine. Earl Cray and the other descendants were surprised.

"What is that strength?"

Every creature had a natural role. Just as livestock like pig were

destined to be eaten by humans, humans were destined to be eaten by vampires. It was natural for humans to feel fear towards direct vampires. But what was this power that twisted destiny?

The direct descendants shifted their gaze from Katz to Ruby. The aggro shifted from Grid to Katz and now to Ruby. Regas, who fell to the ground after dealing a big blow to Earl Cray, felt alienated.

"No, pay attention to me..."

Was he a small fry that the direct descendants didn't even care about? Regas was stimulated.

"Haha... I must devote more time to training."

Pajik!

Pajijijik!

While the direct descendants were staring at Ruby, Regas' body started to transform. It was the precursor to the descent of an Asura.

Katz said to him, "Why are you turning into an Asura when you can't even fly in the sky?"

"..."

As with most transformation skills, Asura had a time limit and a penalty. And Regas only had a high jump. He couldn't fly in the sky. On the other hand, the vampires had the ability to fly. A normal vampire could fly by transforming into bats or smoke, but the direct descendants had a passive flying ability. They moved in the air with no restrictions. Regas and most of the Overgeared members couldn't exert their full strength while the direct descendants were floating in the sky.

Katz decided to change this. He took advantage of the fact that Earl Cray had a big grudge against him.

"Hat!"

Katz snorted as loudly as possible for Earl Cray to hear. He

shrugged at Earl Cray, who proclaimed that he would kill Katz.

"You have a big mouth for someone who's so scared that you're hiding in the sky. Aren't you talking so far away because you are scared?"

Katz was famous for his personality in the past. He also spoke provocative words. But there was a fact that shouldn't be forgotten. He was also a top ranker aiming for the top and had always been competing. Unlike his outward behavior, his thinking ability was always keen and calm. On the other hand, Earl Cray was born naturally strong. There were few competitors and he wasn't used to fighting. He had a high pride and quickly lost his cool.

"Who's afraid of whom?"

Earl Cray roared! His eyes moved from Ruby back to Katz.

Kuwaaaaaang!

As soon as Earl Cray fell to the ground, it was shattered by the magic power he emitted. The entire city was shaken by the powerful shock, including Katz and the Overgeared members.

[Vampire Earl Cray has used Magic Power Emission.]

[The earth is turbulent and the mana in the area has reversed!]

[You are affected by the 'balance loss' condition. There is a big restriction on your behavior.]

[You have fallen into the 'mana containment' state. Mana can't be used as a resource.]

"First I will tear off your mouth!"

"Kuk..."

Sweat trickled down Katz' cheek as he faced the angry Earl Cray.

'It's a tremendous pressure. It's the absolute difference in species in Satisfy.'

Hidden classes had a special concept. Most of them were specialized in one trait. This was sometimes a weakness, but it was mostly a strength. The ultimate concept of the epic class 'Blood Warrior' is 'master of blood.' He had the ability to control the flesh of anyone, including himself. This was the greatest strength that Katz boasted.

But Katz had realized from the time he controlled Cray's tail. His epic rated ability wouldn't work against the direct descendants. This was sufficient evidence. This was because his special resource 'Blood System,' consumed when capturing the blood of a target, had fallen rapidly the moment he took control of Cray's tails.

According to Katz' calculations, the maximum time that Katz could control Earl Cray's tail was only one minute. Yes, even if Earl Cray hadn't reduced his tail to two, the tails would've eventually reverted back to Earl Cray's control. But Earl Cray didn't know this. He reduced his tails to two and Katz looked big.

"Well, I don't have to use blood magic." Katz barely moved his trembling hands and pulled out the sword at his waist. "I'm a warrior. Kukuk! I'll kill you!"

Shuaack!

Katz flew forward with his sword that contained a powerful blood-sucking ability. The attack speed was around three times slower than Grid's full buff state. However, Earl Cray wasn't specialized in physical abilities. He couldn't avoid Katz' attack and was stabbed in the chest. No, in the first place, he had no intention of avoiding it. It was just like humans showing no fear towards puppies.

Kukwak!

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

Katz' sword penetrated Earl Cray's heart. Earl Cray's two tails spread out like a net and swallowed Katz' body, squeezing tightly.

It was a lasso of blood. Katz was unable to counterattack. His health was cut by two thirds with a single strike. But Katz knew.

"This should be enough right?"

Earl Cray reduced the number of tails and came down to the ground because of Katz. He had abandoned his strengths. Katz now believed that his colleagues could take care of it. It was a strong trust. Katz was now melting into the Overgeared Guild. His colleagues repaid his trust.

"Katz! Hide behind me!"

Toban and Vantner rescued Katz from the blood lasso and hid him behind their shields. Then Regas transformed in Asura, Chris raised his sword energy to the limit, and Pon rode on a white horse before simultaneously attacking Earl Cray. This wasn't the end.

Peng!

Pepepepeok!

Jishuka's arrows, Zednos and Laella's magic, and Lauel's qigong skills assisted their colleagues.

"Aren't I the most reliable in a boss raid?"

Puooook!

Ibellin's 'thorn', which inflicted damage to the target in proportion to their health, moved at the perfect timing and struck Earl Cray's heart. All of this was possible due to the healing abilities of Saintess Ruby.

"Pant... Pant..."

The best healer in Satisfy who gave a heal whenever her colleagues were hurt and a cleanse whenever they were affected by a status condition. The three direct descendants were still watching her. They could feel her mental and physical pressure as she sequentially used magic.

"This isn't good. It's a dangerous presence."

"I agree."

No matter what happened to Earl Cray, the direct descendants just laughed and watched. But their reaction was different towards Ruby. There was no room for it. The vampires instinctively sensed danger from the Saintess, who could even destroy the souls of great demons.

"I will surely kill her."

The three direct descendants moved to the ground and surrounded Ruby.

"I will protect Sehee!"

Saintess' Knight Sexy Schoolgirl always tried to protect Ruby.

"Bah."

However, it was impossible for the level 200 Sexy Schoolgirl to protect Ruby from the direct descendants who were stronger than the top rankers. She could block a few attacks with the Sacrifice skill but that was the limit.

"Die."

"I don't want to drink your blood. Turn into ashes."

Chiiiiing!

Dark magic power flowed from the hands of the direct descendants towards Ruby's small face. Ruby sensed death while the Overgeared members sought to rescue her, but they were caught by Earl Cray.

"Where do you want to go?"

Kwa kwang!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

"Kuaaaack!"

"S-Shit...! Miss Ruby...!"

The two tails swirled in all directions and swept through the Overgeared members. The Overgeared members were turned into rags but didn't care. They only reached out to Ruby. Everyone in the Overgeared Guild knew she was the most important person in this raid. But unlike their eagerness, the distance between them and Ruby was too far. The hands of the Overgeared members didn't reach Ruby.

On the other hand.

"I will guard my sister."

Grid was already next to Ruby. He felt hope the moment Katz appeared and played an active part. He had been sitting in a corner and using Item Combination. He combined the Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires with Failure.

"Revolve."

Pepeng!

Pepepepeok!

He returned the dark magic aimed towards Ruby back towards the direct descendants with greater damage.

[Fighting energy has reached 80 points.]

In the process of fighting Earl Cray, his fighting energy increased and his purple and red aura became thicker. Grid's fighting energy exploded as he shouted.

"God Hands! Noe! Randy! Iyarugt!"

Kwarururung!

It was the God Hands armed with Mjolnir, Noe the best demonic beast of hell who temporarily took away the highest stats of the target and transferred it to his master, Randy who transformed in Grid, and the best swordsman of hell, Iyarugt. Everyone appeared at the same time and tied up the feet of the direct descendants for a while.

“Open Rune of Darkness! Blacksmith's Rage!”

Grid maximized his damage. Then.

“Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle.”

He used the strongest skill in Satisfy on Earl Cray, who already had large wounds. Earl Cray's eyes widened. No, it seemed he was trying to figure out why he was attacked when the other three direct descendants were nearby.

Huroi shouted instead of Grid, answering the question.

"I always hit the weakest one!"

“What...?”

He was weak? Earl Cray became agitated and his defense fell!

Kurururung!

The consecutively exploding red lightning bolt and black flames combined with the option of increasing attack power in the dark and the option of increasing skill damage hit him.

Chapter 719

Puk!

Puk puk puk!

The union of Link and Kill led to a new state. It was the appearance of Linked Kill which was the precursor to Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle. Earl Cray was struck four times in a row! Black blood poured out from him. He was overwhelmed by the terrible pain.

‘How can a human exert such power?’

Earl Cray’s eyes shook. Grid opened the Rune of Darkness, used Blacksmith's Rage, and his fighting energy had reached 80 points. His attack power when he wielded the ultimate weapon made with Item Combination was so high that the direct vampires were dismayed. The more desperate thing for them was that Grid still had a lot of power remaining.

[Fighting energy has reached 83 points.]

[You have hit the target with Linked Kill more than four times! The damage of Linked Kill is increased by 200% and Wave is summoned!]

Puk! Puk puk!

‘Kuk...! He is getting stronger?’

Earl Cray was hit by the Linked Kill of Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle seven times. Earl Cray coughed up blood again after he was hit another three times by Linked Kill.

Kwaruk!

Kwarururung!

Then a turbulent energy started to rise from the end of Grid’s sword. The energy soared and seemed like it was blow everything away in the sky and on the ground. It was the usage of Wave. This

was something not even Yangban Garam could avoid. The wide area skill Wave was aimed at only one person, making it unavoidable. It was a definitive attack.

Kurururung!

“Kuk...! Kuaaaaak!”

Earl Cray was trapped by the energy and gave a terrible scream. He felt his skin being peeled and his flesh and bones separating.

[Critical!]

[The effect of the title ‘Death in One Shot!’ has been activated, adding 30% critical damage!]

[...The option effect ‘Black Flames’ has activated!]

[Wave has reduced the speed of all targets hit by 60%.]

[The target has resisted.]

Kwarung!

Pepepepeng!

Strong damage continued to accumulate. Earl Cray had just been hit by the Overgeared members’ pincer attacks and now his health fell down to 40%. Was this the end? No. There was still the final blow.

Supaak!

The energy around Earl Cray started focusing above his head.

Sakak-!

It was Pinnacle, which ignored 80% of the target’s defense and deals 1,800% of his attack power as physical damage. It was aimed exactly at the crown of Earl Cray’s head.

[Fighting energy has reached 90 points.]

[Critical!]

[The effect of the title ‘Death in One Shot!’ has been...]

[The black flame explosion...]

[A red lightning has been summoned...]

“Kuock!”

Earl Cray let out a scream as he was hit on his head. Earl Cray became stronger when bleeding and could absorb 100% of the damage done to the target. The concept of health wasn't important to him in everyday life, but now it was different. This was why Earl Cray's combat method was to summon as many tails as possible and use the blood as a wide range weapon, inflicting damage on the enemy and absorbing their health. This was now useless.

Why? It was purely due to Blood Warrior Katz. Earl Cray was unable to summon any more tails because of him. He feared that the damage would be bigger if he summoned more than three tails and lost control of them. As a result, he couldn't exert his unique combat power.

‘Should I run away?’

After being hit by all stages of Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle, Earl Cray only had 20% of his health left. The image of him becoming a dog with his tail tucked in filled him with rage.

‘Run away...? I...! A great earl has to run away from humans?’

Braham's ridiculing words echoed in his head.

"A person who believes in the power of his mother and has become a big sloth. You're insignificant compared to Elfin Stone, who's full of trivial emotions. You're someone who shouldn't have become an earl, let alone a marquis candidate."

‘Braham...!’

A lunatic who murdered his kin using the excuse of getting rid of the Curse of Idleness. Earl Cray having to flee despite all the taunts and humiliation from Braham remained a strong trauma. Earl

Cray swore to never run away again. He firmed up his heart and faced the crisis.

"Innate power is also my strength...! I will prove that I'm better than Elfin Stone!"

The unlucky guy who looked down on Earl Cray despite not even being a marquis candidate. The vampire who talked about love. The vampire, who due to the awful Curse of Idleness, fell asleep in front of Braham, who killed his lover!

"I...! Don't look down on me!"

He was above all of them. He would prove it by tearing apart the human who killed Elfin Stone!

Kwaduk!

Kwadududuk!

Earl Cray roared and summoned six red tails. Power. It was proof that he would no longer pay attention to Katz. He was worried that he might lose control of the tails, but he would rather use his whole power to resist than to run away. No matter what the consequences might be, he wanted to leave with no regrets.

'Six?'

Grid's eyes widened after driving Earl Cray to the extremes. Earl Cray had previously overwhelmed Grid with four tails, and now there were six? It was a frustrating situation for Grid, who didn't know that Earl Cray had such hidden strength.

"Grid!"

Peeng!

Pepepepeng!

The Overgeared members continued to support Grid. All of them made an effort to attack Earl Cray. This was possible because the other three direct descendants were once again taking the attitude of a bystander.

"A memphis and Iyarugt? This human really isn't ordinary."

"I'm not...curious about his identity. Everything is annoying."

"Nyang..."

"Shit... Once I regain my power of the past, you vampires...!"

The four God Hands, Noe, Randy, and Iyarugt were defeated by the three direct descendants. Yet they still didn't help Earl Cray. They forgot their purpose of destroying Saintess Ruby and stood idly in place. It was due to the Curse of Idleness. Not only were they annoyed, they felt a strong desire to sleep.

Right now. The Overgeared members judged that they couldn't miss this moment to kill Earl Cray. In particular, Lael was eager.

"We must get rid of him!"

Grid and the Overgeared members only attacking Earl Cray was due to Lael's plan. It was unlikely that the four direct descendants would rule one city. The owner of the 7th city was just one vampire and if they could kill the owner, they would be able to retreat.

In addition, the owner of the 7th city was likely to be Earl Cray. He was the one who took the most active position among the four direct descendants who appeared. In other words, killing Earl Cray would open the possibility of escaping from the 7th city.

That's why the Overgeared members and Grid focused on Earl Cray. Until a little while ago, they felt hope. Then Earl Cray roared and summoned six red tails.

"I'll show you the difference between us!"

Kwarururung!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The six red tails summoned by Earl Cray. Some of them unfolded like a net and captured several Overgeared members, while some of them acted like a whirlwind and blew several Overgeared

members into the sky. Some of them struck the earth, causing a lot of damage to all members of Overgeared. Based on this, Earl Cray's health was recovering.

Peeng!

The tail shot like a missile and caused a serious injury to Grid.

[You have suffered 29,000 damage.]

[All of your lost health is absorbed by the target.]

“Kuock...!”

Grid barely refrained from screaming as a red tail pierced his heart. He feared that if he looked weak, the morale of his colleagues would fall. Therefore, he had to push through the pain.

-Katz, can you control the tails like before?

The pain Grid hurriedly sent a whisper and Katz replied gloomily.

-I'm sorry. As mentioned earlier, it's impossible with my remaining resources.

-I understand. Don't worry.

Rather, he was in a position to be grateful to Katz. He gritted his teeth and started thinking.

Peeng!

Due to the God Hands attacked the attention of the three direct descendants, Sehee's heal managed to fall on Grid who was defending himself against the red tail.

[Saintess Ruby has restored 18,900 health.]

A warm light. The pain became blurred. However, Grid wasn't misled by it.

"Heal the others!"

Grid felt how powerful Earl Cray's attack power was after he used

his full strength. Even Sehee's percentage heal couldn't cope with Cray's attack power. Also.

"I'm immortal!"

Grid was currently the only legend among the party members. He was the last fortress remaining.

'Focus the aggro on me!'

Grid was prepared! There was around 40 seconds left on the duration of Item Combination so he flew into the sky. Earl Cray floated in the sky with six tails and welcomed him.

"Come human! I'll pay you back for the shame from before!"

Earl Cray was several times more stronger than before. This was his true appearance. The confident tails of Earl Cray shot towards Grid.

Flap.

First, one tail spread out as a net.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The two tails behind it shot forward like missiles. It was to capture Grid and then deal a powerful blow. But Grid avoided all it with Freely Move.

"You...!"

What was this perfect movement compared to the past? Earl Cray was amazed and made the three tails around him into a blood tornado. It dominated the field by expanding three large-scale zones at the same time. It was a perfect decision to neutralize Grid's 'no-targeted skill and approach the target.'

Kwajak!

Kwajajak!

[You have suffered 8,900 damage.]

[You have suffered 8,730 damage.]

[You have suffered 9,100 damage.]

[All of your lost health is absorbed by the target.]

‘Shit...!’

Blood tornadoes spread all around Earl Cray, grabbing Grid and tearing his body apart. Grid’s vision started to flash red. It meant his health was depleted.

“Grid!”

“Oppa!”

The Overgeared members did their best to help Grid, but once Earl Cray’s focus was on Grid, it didn’t shift to any other place. He only aimed at Grid.

“Kukuk...! Kuhahahaha!”

Earl Cray burst out laughing. He was thrilled watching Grid be trapped in the blood tornado.

[A legend doesn’t die easily. You can resist all attacks for 5 seconds with a minimum of health.]

Then Grid pulled out his last hand.

"Ohhhhhh!"

“What...?”

Grid believed in his immortality and broke through the blood tornadoes.

“Pinnacle Kill!”

Sakak-! Puook!

The most powerful combination of Failure + the Enlightenment Sword was stabbed. Then he tried to grab a way to win.

Teong!

The problem was that the damage of Pinnacle Kill was too high. Earl Cray was wary and threw his body higher into the sky,

opening the distance from Grid.

“Che...!”

Grid hurried to catch up with Earl Cray.

“I won’t allow you to approach!”

Earl Cray’s six tails spread out like a net.

“...!”

[The duration of immortality is over.]

The worst notification window came up as Grid evaded the net in a breathtaking way with Quick Movements, whose cooldown had run out.

“Die!”

The six tails that scattered in the air without being able to restrain Grid was changed to missiles and hit Grid.

“No!”

“Grid!”

Everyone. Everyone thought it was the end. They all predicted Grid’s death. At that moment.

[You have entered the Ecstasy of Desire state.]

Sururuk.

Grid’s black eyes turned purple.

Chapter 720

Grid was able to have an even match with Earl Cray not because he was as strong as Earl Cray. It was only possible due to the support of the Overgeared members.

"Peacock Shield!"

Flash flash!

Vantner put away his axe and launched an aura in the shape of a peacock from his very large shield. The purpose was to attract Earl Cray's attention.

"Holy Roar!"

Toban's cry that caused distress to evil beings slowed down Earl Cray's reactions by paralyzing his ears.

"Your mother...!"

Huroi kept up a barrage of insults against Beriache, who was long dead. There was an unbroken connection between provocation and debuffs. The three of them used various skills without a break in order to help Grid. Earl Cray's resistance was so high that he resisted most of the provocations and debuffs. Despite being provoked and debuffed, he recovered within seconds, but even that short gap was an opportunity for Grid.

"Flower Lance!"

Pon saw that Earl Cray paused in attacking Grid due to Huroi's attack and threw a spear. It was an attack that perfectly captured the moment when Earl Cray's rear was unprotected.

Puok!

The spear pierced Earl Cray's back.

Supaak!

A flower bloomed. It was a skill that caused massive bleeding and

an inability to recover by simultaneously tearing apart the target's whole body. Pon judged that it was the key to blocking Earl Cray's blood-sucking ability. But the more catastrophic the effect, the lower the accuracy rate.

[The target has resisted.]

"Fuck."

Pon had become proficient in cursing during his time spend with Grid. Many female fans attracted to his noble and handsome appearance on a white horse would be disappointed if they saw him now.

"Cowardly western ghost! Come down here! Draw Sword, Annihilate!"

"Rising Sword!"

"Dagger Throwing."

"I have to throw one rock..."

The close combat members such as Chris, Peak Sword, Faker, and Ibellin. The Overgeared members were restricted the moment Earl Cray had fled 15 meters into the sky. But once the cooldown of a few mid-range skills returned, they used those skills without stopping. If the skills weren't available, they picked up chunks of rocks and threw them at Earl Cray to accumulate damage.

"It's ridiculous!"

At first, Earl Cray ignored the small damage.

Suook-Puook!

Puuooooook!

"Kuk...!"

Earl Cray's relaxation disappeared from his face as the overwhelming damage from Jishuka's myth rated Red Phoenix Bow came constantly. Zednos and Laella's magic was also a great

threat. But.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

Earl Cray was only focused on Grid. Grid could fight evenly due to the Overgeared members, but the scene suggested that Grid was the most threatening person.

“Die!”

Shortly after being attacked with Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle and Pinnacle Kill. Earl Cray resisted the Overgeared members by summoning six tails and eventually won. He failed to constrain Grid with the net of blood and the tails changed to missiles. It created a situation where Grid would be hit from all directions.

“Kuk...!”

“Grid!”

“No!”

Grid was isolated in the threatening onslaught at the same moment the duration of his immortality was over. He felt a sense of crisis and the Overgeared members also expected his death.

Earl Cray. In many ways, he was weaker than Elfin Stone, but his abilities were enormous. Looking back, he had an extensive range of CC that was as threatening as Elfin Stone. Without Katz and Ruby, it would’ve been a much tougher fight. Indeed, an earl was an earl.

Syuooooook!

The powerful attack caused the God Hands to stiffen and six red tails reached Grid!

“Oppa!”

Ruby’s scream reached the sky.

Sururuk.

Grid’s black eyes were purple.

[The option effect 'Ecstasy of Desire' has activated from the Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires!]

Susuk.

Sususuk.

"...!!"

"What?"

The eyes of Earl Cray and the Overgeared members widened. They couldn't help feeling surprised that Grid avoided the six attacks with an exquisite orbit. Every time he moved, the purple light in the darkness caught everyone's eyes.

"What's this?"

The circle lens were the representative item of millions of people in real life. The circle lens weren't just loved as an item. They made a person's pupils very large. Just enlarging the pupils by 1mm made a person look better. It was also noticeable if the eyes changed color.

"What type of transformation is this?"

That's right. Now all the Overgeared members noticed Grid's change. Inside the dark vampire city without any light. It was inevitable that the purple light scattered by Grid would be visible. Anyone who didn't recognize this change must have severe colour blindness.

Earl Cray was furious.

"A trivial human...! How many times do you want to humiliate me?"

The fight was full of disgrace and Earl Cray wanted to finish it quickly and believed it was finally over. He didn't doubt that his tails would kill Grid. But Grid survived once again. In the past, vampires called humans 'walking cockroaches' and there seemed to be a reason for it.

"Why won't you die?"

Kuwaaaaaang!

Once Earl Cray roared, everyone on the ground was affected by a status condition. The cooldown time of Direct Pressure had returned. However, Grid was a legend. He resisted abnormal conditions.

Chukakakakak!

Grid's strongest weapon cut at Earl Cray's heart.

Peeeeeeong!

The black flames exploded. They swept over Earl Cray. He let out a rare loud scream. It was the power of Ecstasy of Desire, which raised fighting energy to 100 and attack power by three times. The current Grid was three times stronger than before.

Supak!

Peeeeeeong!

Grid wielded the sword again and Earl Cray was caught up in the black flames. He spread two tails over himself as a net in order to restrict Grid's movements, while the remaining four tails attacked Grid from all directions. It was the same technique as before. Grid's purple eyes shone like jewels.

"It's a simple battle."

Obvious ridicule! Did he ever think there was a day where humans would laugh at him?

"...!"

The furious Earl Cray was amazed.

Susuk.

Sususuk.

It was because Grid avoided all six tail attacks in a single action.

‘It wasn’t a coincidence?’

Grid’s movements were projected into Earl Cray’s eyes. A dance. He was dancing. He avoided all the red tails coming from everywhere.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Link.”

Pit!

Pipipipipit!

Pepepepeng!

It was 20 strikes with the 100 points in fighting energy and the triple attack power of Ecstasy of Desire, exerting havoc that surpassed Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle.

“Ugh...! Yes...! I see...!”

Earl Cray just noticed.

A dark sword with red flames flashing. There was also an intermittent blue light coming from the weapon whose attack power transcended common sense.

“That’s a dragon’s weapon!”

Dragon. The strongest creature on the earth that could threaten a god. Ironically, there were times when the absolute beings became interested in trivial human culture. At one time, they transformed into human form and travelled around the world, equipping humans with weapons and armour. It was a legacy left behind.

Yes, Earl Cray was trying to rationalize the current situation. It was a rationalization that originated from a firm belief that he wouldn’t be hit by a human unless the human was armed with a dragon’s weapon. Grid gave him a cruel reality.

"A dragon’s weapon? No, I made this.”

“Nonsense! I don’t believe you!”

As expected, there was no limit to a human’s bluff. Earl Cray

determined that this conversation was pointless and produced a tornado with all six tails. It was to create an inevitable despair for the human who couldn't escape anywhere.

“It will soon end.”

“I'm sleepy. I will go to sleep.”

"Me too.”

The direct descendants watching the battle with blank expressions started to leave. They were convinced of Cray's victory once they saw the six blood tornados that controlled the entire area.

Kwaduk!

Kwadududuk!

The vicious tornadoes started swallowing the ancient structures, barren trees, and towering cliffs.

“This...!”

“Avoid it!”

The blood tornadoes fused together and the increased momentum swallowed up the Overgeared members on the ground. It was a gigantic whirlwind that would undoubtedly destroy the entire city. The Overgeared members couldn't do anything. Laella was especially scared and fell into a panic. It was Jishuka, leader of the Tzedakah Guild, who calmed and led them.

"Earl Cray is also in a critical condition. If Grid can endure this blow, we will be able to counterattack. Understood? We must protect Grid.”

In this situation, they had to succeed in the Earl Cray raid. They had to kill him here. Then once they re-challenged the 7th city in the future, their odds would increase.

"Guard Grid with all your power!”

“Good!”

Jiing!

Paaaat!

The Overgeared members’ defense magic and skills started to focus on Grid. At the same time, explosion magic and skills were used to slow down the momentum of the whirlwinds hitting Grid. The whirlwinds covering the Overgeared members? Nobody cared. Everyone was preparing to sacrifice themselves for Grid.

“Grid! Be sure to kill Earl Cray!”

This cry was delivered. The Overgeared members had doubts as they shouted towards Grid inside the whirlwind.

Then.

Chukak.

Chukakakakak!

[You have suffered 12,430 damage.]

[You have suffered 11,650...]

The whirlwind started to hit the bodies of the exhausted Overgeared members. Death had arrived.

Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa! Ku kwa kwa kwa kwa!

The Overgeared members heard the roar of the giant whirlwind swallowing the city. They felt resentment for always relying on Grid at important moments and closed their eyes. At the same time.

---!!

The whirlwind that tore at their flesh and the roaring sound in their ears disappeared like a lie.

Hwaduuk.

Shaaaaaah—

Rain fell. No, it was blood. The blood that had been moving with force fell like rain.

“...?”

The Overgeared members didn't understand the situation. Then they saw it. Earl Cray was started to turn to grey and Grid held a sword that pierced his heart. Grid's hair was raised from the effect of Transcend.

"Tornado? I can avoid it."

He wanted to reassure his colleagues. The ragged Grid laughed brightly as he endured the suffering in his entire body. His purple eyes were returning to black.

Chapter 721

‘The direct descendants are outstanding.’

Grid was reminded of one person throughout his fight with Earl Cray. It was Elfin Stone, the former owner of Iyarugt. Earl Cray was strong enough to remind him of Elfin Stone. Tiramet and Latina were no comparison. Grid had a question once he remembered Elfin Stone.

‘What if Elfin Stone appeared in the present time?’

Ruby’s one-shot Purification skill couldn’t resolve Blood Field and most of the Overgeared members would be neutralized. Grid wouldn’t have benefited from the instantaneous skills and would’ve lost his immortality.

‘He might’ve even summoned Iyarugt...’

Grid had suffered several crises during the Elfin Stone raid and eventually died. From Grid’s perspective, the Elfin Stone raid was one of the most difficult raids. But now he thought it was fortunate that he met Elfin Stone at an early stage.

Grid broke through the widespread Tornado. The blood tornadoes were a magic that dominated the field itself by overlaying with each other. The field magic that disarmed all ‘avoid non-targeted skills’ was useless in front of the present Grid. Grid’s evasion rate in the Ecstasy of Desire state reached 99%. Grid’s consciousness left his body and evaded all the winds of blood.

But.

[You have suffered 8,700 damage.]

“Kuk.”

After all, 99% wasn’t 100%. Furthermore, the higher Earl Cray’s accuracy rate, the more likely it was for the 99% evasion rate to fall

further. Grid's skin started to tear as he broke through the area of blood tornado. Immediately after avoiding the red tails that became six pillars, his potions cooldown had ended. Otherwise, Grid would've died at this moment.

“Transcend!”

His health was so dicey that approaching closely was difficult. Grid judged and entered transcendent mode. It was the Pagma's Swordsmanship technique that raised attack power by two times while converting basic attacks to ranged attacks.

Pepeng!

Pepepepeng!

The more powerful Grid started aiming ranged attacks towards Earl Cray beyond the blood tornadoes.

“Youuuu!”

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The blood tornadoes responded to Earl Cray's emotions and became wilder. But this momentum didn't last long. Thanks to the Enlightenment Sword, Grid's basic attack displayed a power that could kill an army and it wasn't inferior in the Transcend state. Earl Cray continued to be hit by red flames and black flames and his health soon reached the bottom.

“Keook...!”

Beyond the bloody whirlpool, Earl Cray's face was white. At the same time, the blood tornadoes' momentum weakened and Grid didn't miss this gap. In the end, he used Ecstasy of Desire to reach Earl Cray and fired Pagma's Swordsmanship, Pinnacle and Kill.

Shaaaaaah—

The blood tornadoes that had grown to devour a city started to disappear. Earl Cray shed tears of blood as he was stabbed by Grid's sword.

“Cough! Kuhuk...! I...! To a human, I...!”

“...”

Grid’s face was full of compassion as he stared at Earl Cray, who had started turning to grey. The moment that Earl Cray transformed all six tails into a whirlwind, Grid had interpreted it as manifesting an obvious need for survival. It seemed to be an obstacle disallowing access to Grid and to remove all risk factors to the city. In other words, Earl Cray felt a crisis from the beginning.

Nevertheless, he didn’t ask for help from his brothers. Pride? No, it was probably because they wouldn’t help in the first place.

“How poor...”

People couldn’t live alone in the world. Grid had always been alone, so he knew this fact.

“It’s not because you are weak. I just have companions and you don’t. That’s the difference.”

Was he reminded of himself in the past? Grid gave a meaningless and uncomfortable comfort to Earl Cray. Oh my god, was there anyone other than Grid who would sympathize and comfort a monster at the end? If someone saw this scene, they would be scared or laugh.

“...A human is taking pity on me. You should be careful of Marquis Fenrir and Duke Marie Rose. Fenrir inherited two powers from Mother and Marie Rose is the second coming of Mother...”

As he stared at Grid with eyes that were losing light, Earl Cray gave him advice. Braham and Elfin Stone, who ignored and degraded Cray, despite being kin. Compared to them, he thought Grid was better. It was the unexpected result of combining the Qualification of a Blood King title and Pangea’s Duke of Virtue title. At the end, Earl Cray felt favorable towards Grid.

Swaaaaah!

Eventually, Earl Cray scattered as ashes.

"...Your personality seems to be similar."

Grid gave a bittersweet smile as he was reminded of Braham.

[Owner of the 9th city, Vampire Earl Cray is forced to sleep after exhausting all his powers.]

[The level of the party members including 'Grid' has risen by 1.]

[The level of party members 'Sexy Schoolgirl' and 'Ruby' have risen by 3.]

[The party leader 'Grid' has acquired the Cray's Bracelet.]

[The party leader 'Grid' has acquired the the Finest Opals.]

[The party leader 'Grid' has acquired 12 blessed weapon enhancement stones.]

[The party leader 'Grid' has acquired 16 blessed armor enhancement stones.]

[Cray's Strength is engraved on the Rune of Darkness possessed by party leader 'Grid.']

[Party member Chris' 'Rune of Supplementation' has been engraved with 'Direct Descendant Resistance,' 'Blood Magic Resistance,' and 'Blood-sucking Capabilities.]

"..."

The raid's difficulty was naturally rewarded. Grid confirmed the rewards and became filled with joy and bitterness. In particular, he noted the power attached to the rune that Chris had recently acquired.

'As the name suggests, it is a rune that compensates for lacking parts?'

It was a rune that would have tremendous value over time. Grid felt proud. He was glad about combining strength with his colleagues and sibling and knocked down one of the strongest. But

that joy was brief.

“What...? He isn’t the owner of the 7th city?”

Grid belatedly confirmed it. Earl Cray was the owner of the 9th city, not the 7th city!

“This!”

The Overgeared members, including Grid, fell into shock. They hoped the exit would open when they raided Earl Cray and this unexpected reversal was confusing.

“Wait! Everybody, calm down!” Lael exclaimed urgently. “All the direct descendants have left this place. We still have time to recover. And just like Earl Cray, the rest of the direct descendants will deal with us on their own without cooperating.”

Yes, it meant there was hope. So what if there were three direct descendants? Each one fought separately. Everyone expected that they could escape the 7th city safely if they defeated the direct descendants individually. But this expectation was broken. Coincidentally, it was due to Grid.

[You have sealed four of Shizo Beriache’s direct line. The title Qualification of a Blood King has been promoted to ‘Blood King Candidate.’]

[Blood King Candidate] Lv. 1

You have become a candidate to be a blood king.

You will give a sense of pressure to ordinary vampires. All general vampires hostile towards you will have their stats decreased by 15%.

You will give a sense of hostility to true blood vampires. All true blood vampires hostile towards you will have their stats decreased by 8%.

Direct vampires will be interested in you. Any direct vampires facing you will temporally awaken from the Curse of Idleness.

"Ah...?"

Qualification of a Blood King reduced a general vampire's stats by 10% and a true blood vampire stats increased by 10%. It also had the effect of making the direct descendants interested in him. Thus, Earl Cray liked Grid at the last minute. However, the influence of Blood King Candidate was completely different. It created a vigilance in the direct descendants that caused them to overcome the Curse of Idleness.

"XX, this sucks..."

The moment Grid cursed.

"Cray was defeated?"

Earl Yetima. He was one of the three direct descendants who took a bystander's attitude throughout the attempt to fight Earl Cray.

"This damn thing!"

The Overgeared members were exhausted in the aftermath of the Earl Cray raid. All types of skills were on cooldown and their stamina was lacking. Given the fact that Earl Yetima was the same rank as Cray, the probability of the Overgeared members' survival was 0%.

Huroi came forward.

"Your Majesty! I will buy time so take the others away!"

Always, always. Huroi sacrificed himself every time there was a crisis in order to guard Grid.

Grid looked at him and pledged. He wouldn't sacrifice his colleagues again. In order to do that, he had to be stronger.

"Huroi, it's my job to protect you from now on."

Step.

Grid took a big step in front of Huroi. His fighting energy was still at 100 points so he pulled out the trump card he had been

saving.

Hwaruruk.

Grid's body was surrounded by flames. It was from head to toe. The red flickering covered Grid's eyebrows and hair. Belial's Power, the power of fire was opened.

"I'm certain. You're weaker than Cray. Isn't that right?"

Cray had said that he was a marquis candidate. He had warned Grid to be careful of Fenrir and Marie Rose before he died. On the other hand, he didn't even mention the remaining three direct descendants. It was clear that Yetima was weaker than Cray.

"Kukuk, what does a human know? Even if I'm weaker than Cray, what can you do now?"

Yetima noted that Grid's body was injured. He was like an intense flame in front of the wind. At that moment.

Peeng!

Grid flew up. He was like a comet.

"Item Transformation!"

Paaaat!

The hands behind Grid transformed into Lifael's Spear.

"Trivial humans!"

In the sky, Yetima pulled out a greatsword. Yetima aimed an overwhelming horizontal slash towards Grid. He believed that the human was injured and attacked Grid without fending off his strike. It was to tear flesh off bones. This was the first step.

"Linked Kill!"

The Power of Fire boasted overwhelming resilience, so Grid had already regained a considerable amount of health.

Puok!

Puk puk!

[You have dealt 539,000 damage to the target!]

[You have recovered 100% of the damage deal to the target due to the effect of Cray's Power, attached to the Rune of Darkness.]

[Cray's Power]

Passive.

Cooldown Time: 5 minutes.

Absorb 100% of the damage done to the target. Once the blood volume exceeds the maximum health, a red tail will be summoned with a duration that is proportional to the amount of health exceeded. You can have up to two red tails and can't control them.

In addition, Grid had a new power. It was a mighty force that couldn't be met by Yetima, who was less than Earl Cray.

“Kuk...! What?”

The moment Earl Yetima was struck by Grid's Linked Kill. Unlike his expectations, Grid didn't die. Then Earl Yetima found two red tails behind Grid and was shocked again.

‘Stupid Cray! Your power was absorbed by an inferior human!’

Teteng!

It was a matter of being conscious of Earl Cray's strength. Yetima defended against the red tails with the greatsword, but couldn't defend against the four Lifael's Spear that came after him. It was the second cause of his defeat.

Puk!

Puuok!

“Keok!”

The deadly power of one of Rebecca's three divine artefacts. Yetima flinched as he was skewered by four spears. Grid whispered to him.

“Small fry.”

Hwaruruk!

Gigantic spheres of fire rose before Yetima’s body. It was Queen’s Flames of Hell which dealt damage proportional to the target’s health.

Puaaaaaaaah!

The explosion shook the ground. Then it was followed up with Pagma’s Swordsmanship. Due to the influence of the power of fire, the flames that repeatedly came from Enlightenment Sword struck Yetima. He was also assisted by Jishuka, who boasted infinite stamina thanks to the Red Phoenix Bow. The other Overgeared members also started to join the battle.

On the other hand, Yetima was alone. It was the third cause of his defeat.

After a while.

[The owner of the 7th city, Vampire Earl Yetima is forced to sleep after exhausting all of his powers.]

The entrance to the 7th city, where the Overgeared members were trapped, was opened.

Chapter 722

[The owner of the 7th city, Vampire Earl Yetima is forced to sleep after exhausting all his powers.]

[The level of party member 'Faker' has risen by 1.]

[The level of party member 'Jishuka' has risen by 1.]

[The level of party member 'Ruby' has risen by 2.]

[The level of party member 'Sexy Schoolgirl' has risen by 3.]

[The party leader 'Grid' has acquired Yetima's Greatsword.]

[The party leader 'Grid' has acquired Yetima's Gloves.]

[The party leader 'Grid' has acquired the ??? Piece.]

[Party leader 'Grid' already knows the information of the ??? Piece. The ??? Piece has been updated to the Red Mirror Piece.]

[The party leader 'Grid' has acquired 7 blessed weapon enhancement stones.]

[The party leader 'Grid' has acquired 10 blessed armour enhancement stones.]

[Yetima's Strength is engraved on the Rune of Darkness possessed by party leader 'Grid.']

[Party member Chris' 'Rune of Supplementation' has been engraved with 'Cutting Attack Resistance' and 'Vampire Swordsmanship' techniques.]

[The entrance to the 7th city has opened.]

"Pant... Pant..."

Yetima was an easier opponent than Earl Cray. Yes, he was easy compared to Earl Cray. However, he was a strong and demanding opponent infinitely more powerful than other normal named bosses. It was a relatively quick raid due to Grid's overwhelming attack power. But in the process, the damage caused to the

Overgeared members was great.

In particular, Grid was physically and mentally exhausted. It was strange if he wasn't tired because he played the role of tanker and damage dealer in two consecutive raids. Grid was very tired because he had to keep up his high concentration. He wanted to log out and rest right away.

“Isn't it always too hard?”

No matter how strong he became, it was hard every time. It would've brought a deeper despair to the average player. But it wasn't enough to frustrate Grid.

"It's good that it's always rewarding."

A dark smile appeared on Grid's face as he checked the items he acquired.

[Cray's Bracelet]

Durability: 8/30

Rating: Epic (Growth)

* If you are in the 'bleeding' state, your magic damage and defense will increase by 19%.

* The lower the health, the faster the magic casting speed.

* If this bracelet grows to a legendary rating, the wearer can summoned Vampire Earl Cray.

A bracelet that contains Earl Cray's unique magic power.

The more that the wearer falls into crisis, the more power that can be achieved.

Weight: 5

[Yetima's Greatsword]

Rating: Epic (Growth, Set)

Durability: 609/1,300

Attack Power: 500~2,890

Attack Speed: -5%

* When the maximum damage is achieved, twice the damage will be applied.

* When worn in a set with Yetima's Gloves, the critical damage will increase by 100%.

* If this greatsword grows to a legendary rating, the wearer can summoned Vampire Earl Yetima.

A greatsword favored by Earl Yetima.

It is safe to say he had no sense of aesthetics based on the crude appearance. In addition, it is very big and difficult to handle.

However, if you can bring out the function perfectly, you will achieve ultimate attack power.

User Restriction: Level 320 or higher. More than 3,000 strength. Advanced Sword Mastery level 6 or higher.

Weight: 3,200

[Yetima's Gloves]

Rating: Legendary (Set)

Durability: 29/100

Defense: 65

* There is a low chance of activating 2 Joint Attacks.

Attack speed will increase by 1.8 times.

* When worn in a set with Yetima's Greatsword, the chance of a critical hit will increase by 10%.

Leather gloves loved by Earl Yetima.

It is easier to swing a greatsword when wearing them.

User Restriction: Level 320 or higher.

Weight: 20

[Red Mirror Piece]

Pieces of a round mirror made of blood stones.

The exact function of the mirror isn't known.

The third prince of the Saharan Empire is looking for this mirror. It is recommended that you gather all the pieces and give them to him.

* If you collect two more pieces in the future, the Red Mirror will be completed.

This was the list of loot from the raid. In addition, he obtained 19 blessed weapon enhancement stones and 26 blessed armor enhancement stones. The rewards were tremendous since it was a tough raid. If he converted the value of the items he received today into cash, it would've easily passed billions of won. It was obvious but the distribution of items was a sensitive and important issue since it had substantial economic value. The party members couldn't take unjust gains or losses. It must be carried out fairly.

"If you need the dropped item, please raise your hands."

In the past, Grid would've kept them due to his pure greed. But not now. He felt a strong sense of responsibility since he was in charge of the party. Despite them being items that could summon a direct descendant vampire, he didn't have the desire to monopolize them. Once Grid started to distribute the items, Euphemina, Zednos, and Laella raised their hands.

The item they coveted was naturally Cray's Bracelet. Cray's Bracelet gave the magician the necessary magic power and the lacking defense. It was natural for them to covet it. The condition that they had to suffer from 'bleeding' was difficult, but the increase in magic casting speed when health declined was a reliable and stable function.

"Well, is there anyone else who needs Cray's Bracelet?"

Grid was conscious of Lael and asked again, but Lael never raised his hand to the end. It was because it was more suitable for damage dealers like Zednos, Laella, and Euphemina than Lael, who adjusted the weather and environment. It was similar to why Grid didn't covet Cray's Bracelet.

Despite the fact that Braham had left, Grid still maintained his second class of great magician. He could use magic and as his intelligence increased, he could learn new magic. But for him, magic was just a secondary concept. In particular, the stronger the opponent, the less he tended to rely on magic.

Just look at this raid. Grid didn't use magic throughout the battle with Cray and Yetima. No, he couldn't. Grid wasn't able to calculate magic one by one against opponents who unleashed an offensive without rest.

'They didn't give me any room, just like Kraugel in the National Competition.'

Well, in the first place, he was unlikely to fall into a bleeding condition. Even if he had Cray's Bracelet, he wouldn't be able to bring out the functions completely. Grid knew this and gave up ownership of Cray's Bracelet. In the end, only Euphemina, Zednos, and Laella seriously competed for ownership of the bracelet. Everyone watched as they focused intensely.

"Rock, paper, scissors!"

"I won!"

"Ugh. I lost."

"Sob... Congratulations."

It was truly a fair fight...

As a result of the game, the owner of the bracelet was Euphemina. There was a cute smile on her cute face as she spoke to her teammates.

"After deciding the value of the bracelet, I will divide goods worth the same value equally."

"Yes, take your time."

The next item to be distributed was Yetima's Greatsword and Gloves. Grid also didn't covet these items. It was natural. First, there was Yetima's Greatsword which had the strongest conditional attack power. Grid didn't want it because it was only strong in attack power and lacked separate options. It couldn't compare to the Enlightenment Sword. There was no reason for Grid to covet it.

'In the first place, my luck is too bad.'

Grid was sure that if he swung it, he wouldn't be able to achieve the maximum attack power. On the other hand, Chris greatly desired Yetima's Greatsword. The average stats were definitely below Grid's Greatsword, but the maximum damage value was too high. In addition, Chris prided himself in being the best with the greatsword. He believed he could easily achieve the maximum damage.

All the Overgeared members gave up ownership to Chris. The problem was Yetima's Gloves. There were no warriors who didn't covet the 1.8 times increase in attack speed and 2 Joint Attacks. Apart from Grid, who had the Holy Light Gloves and Alex's Quick Gloves!

The conclusion.

"This must be a set with the greatsword."

"Chris, you take the gloves."

"Thank you!"

All the Overgeared members yielded the item to Chris. Chris was grateful to his companions.

"One day I will pay you back."

“It’s natural to have the right type of items.”

A warm sight! As Chris and the Overgeared members smiled at each other, Pon was squatting in a corner with a dreary face.

"Please have a spear come out next time... Please a spear..."

“ ... ”

He kept repeating ‘spear.’ Vantner clicked his tongue and asked Grid.

"The Finest Opals is an accessory? Grid, can you handle it?"

"No, it isn’t my field. I can handle it with my dexterity, but the items won’t be good."

“It’s a pity that there are no jewel craftsman in the guild...”

Most production class players were based in the empire. It was difficult to bring over those who greatly benefited from the empire.

"I will keep the jewels safe. Someday I will find a jewels craftsman. The only thing left is the Red Mirror Piece..."

If he collected two more pieces in the future, the Red Mirror would be completed. There was also the Amethyst Shield. Why was 3rd Prince Benoit looking for such items? There was no way of knowing his ulterior motives.

“Well, I will know someday.”

Grid put the Red Mirror Piece into the inventory. Then it was the turn of the blessed weapon and armor enhancement stones.

"Let’s share this fairly."

At this moment, Lauel came forward.

"Your Majesty, why don’t we share the armor enhancement stones while you keep all the weapon enhancement stones?"

“Me? Why?"

They fought together. Of course, looking at the achievements, Grid was the most brilliant. But Katz, Ruby, and Jishuka also played a role. If even one of the party members hadn't been present, the Cray raid wouldn't have succeeded.

"I don't need such consideration. I'll share it fairly."

Until now, Grid had always monopolized the best items in each raid with the Overgeared members. A typical example were the items from the direct descendants. Every item that could be useful to Grid was given to him by the Overgeared members. Grid couldn't forget that favor. He didn't want to take all the necessary items like the blessed enhancement stones.

Katz snorted as Grid rejected it.

"I don't need japtem that I can buy with money."

"..."

Grid and the Overgeared members would've once been offended, but they now knew Katz' personality. Katz took care of Grid in his own way.

"You have a weapon to enhance. You have been suffering the most and we want to see you enhance your sword."

[Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires]

The myth rated weapon that Grid produced. The Overgeared members hadn't forgotten. The weapon still hadn't been enhanced. That's right. Grid's weapon hadn't been enhanced at all, yet it had killed the imperial army, the Red Knights, and even the direct descendants. It clearly showed the fraudulent ability of the myth rated weapon.

"Then I should share with Jishuka..."

Jishuka's Red Phoenix Bow was also at o. But Jishuka frowned and refused.

"Are you going to make me even more in debt? I won't accept it."

Don't make me owe you anymore.”

“...”

Jishuka still needed to pay Grid off. She wanted to use this opportunity to pay back a bit of her debt and give Grid a boost. In the end.

“Okay, I understand. Thank you.”

Grid agreed. He was eager to see the brilliantly glowing Enlightenment Sword after it had been enhanced. Of course, he needed to succeed.

[The enhancement has failed.]

“Sigh.”

Chapter 723

[The enhancement has failed.]

[The enhancement has failed...]

[The enhancement...]

Fail, fail, fail in a row! Grid kept failing in his weapon enhancement. Every blessed enhancement stone was worth 1,200 gold. The Overgeared members started sweating.

"...Doesn't he have a passive that increases the probability of enhancement?"

"That's right. Therefore, every time I need to strengthen an item, I asked Grid to strengthen it instead."

Ibellin replied to Vantner. It wasn't just him. Most of the Overgeared members ran to Grid when they needed to enhance something.

"But looking back..."

"...I feel like the probability when Grid enhances it is similar to when I enhance it..."

"..."

It was a fact that was hard to deny. He had the 'increased probability of enhancement' passive and was the first to succeed in the ultimate enhancement, but looking at his total experience, his enhancement ability wasn't very good. His probability of success wasn't much different from a regular player.

The reason? Grid believed that the probability of the 'increased enhanced probability' itself was bad. Otherwise, it was hard to understand why he was so bad with enhancement. Now the Overgeared members dimly noticed it. The real reason why Grid didn't do well.

'...A poop hand.'

The Overgeared members' interpretation wasn't wrong as another blessed weapon enhancement stone vanished.

Shake shake!

Grid's eyes were bloodshot as he started shaking. He thought he would cry at any minute. It was natural since a huge amount of money was disappearing into thin air. It was a normal Grid reaction, since he didn't have money like Katz.

"G-Grid, wouldn't it be better to take it easier?"

"Do as Toban says. I don't think this is the time."

There were countless myths about enhancement. Many people believed that a particular time or place had an impact on enhancement probability. An average person would give up on the enhancement and wait for a better time. But not emotional people like Grid. Having failed so far, he couldn't stop the unfounded belief that he would succeed next time. He was too angry to make a reasonable judgment.

"Uwaaaaaah! Let's see who will win!"

Grid cried at the expense of destroying the enhancement stones while continuing to try enhancing the Enlightenment Sword.

[The enhancement has failed.]

[The enhancement has failed.]

There was no reversal. The odds hit Grid in the back of the head as usual. Goosebumps crept over the skin of the Overgeared members as they watched Grid failing continuously.

'Grid has no luck. We should leave now.'

'Maybe the probability of enhancing myth rated items is lower than expected?'

Normal items could be enhanced up to +6, while myth rated items had a probability of failure from +0. In addition, every time an item failed to be enhanced, the enhancement value would drop.

This was what Grid and the Overgeared members knew.

Nobody knew the percentage of successful enhancement for a myth rated item. They vaguely guessed that it would be a similar probability to a +7 normal item. But now they realized it wasn't +7. The odds were more similar to a +8 enhancement.

"Jishuka, haven't you already tried enhancing the Red Phoenix Bow?"

Once he saw Grid's stress, the worried Peak Sword asked Jishuka. His expression was reproachful since she could've given Grid information about enhancing myth rated items. Jishuka shook her head.

"I only attempted a few enhancement attempts."

"Why?"

It was a myth rated item. It would have explosive growth even at +1. Why didn't she try to enhance the Red Phoenix Bow when she knew this? Jishuka explained to the confused Peak Sword with a depressed expression.

"How can I afford to buy enhancement items when I'm so busy paying Grid off?"

"Ah..."

It was rare for anyone to live in this world comfortably. Peak Sword once again realized this timeless truth.

* If this bracelet grows to a legendary rating, the wearer can summon Vampire Earl Cray.

* If this greatsword grows to a legendary rating, the wearer can summon Vampire Earl Yetima.

As Grid was drinking a bitter cup of hardships, Euphemina and Chris couldn't help looking at the information of the bracelet and greatsword they obtained. Items that could summon a vampire

lord! Putting aside their performance, Cray's Bracelet and Yetima's Greatsword had tremendous value alone as a summoning tool.

That's why Euphemina and Chris appreciated the fact that Grid gave them the items. They fought together and succeeded in the raid. Didn't they have the right to claim ownership of the items? Why did they thank Grid? The reason was simple. Grid acted modestly, but he clearly was 1st in this raid. Grid had the strongest right to claim ownership over items. If he claimed the items, Chris and Euphemina could only give up. But Grid didn't claim ownership of the items. He wanted his companions to use the dropped items more appropriately. This was despite the fact that it was a direct summoning item.

‘As expected, not just anyone can become king.’

When Chris was leading the Giant Guild, he had monopolized the small number of elixirs dropped in his castle's dungeon. In fact, most organizations benefited from this structure and Chris thought he was exercising his right as a leader. But Grid was different. He gave a lot of concessions despite being a leader. As a typical example, he created, enhanced, and repaired items for his colleagues.

‘Respect.’

‘Thank you.’

There was a strong feeling of trust in the eyes of Euphemina and Chris, who were looking at Grid. Like their other teammates, they knew that Grid had the Qualification of a Blood King title (although they didn't know it would be promoted). There was the possibility of him becoming the king of the direct descendants. From Grid's viewpoint, it was better for him to possess as many direct descendants summoning items as possible. The fact that he suppressed his desires for the sake of his colleagues caused Euphemina and Chris to feel respect. They vowed.

‘I will raise the item rating to legendary.’

‘Then I will return it to His Majesty.’

They weren’t just thinking and acting for Grid’s sake. Items could be replaced from time to time. As time passed, it was natural to get stronger items. By the time the bracelet and greatsword grew to the legendary rated, Euphemina and Chris would be armed with superior items.

‘Even if it isn’t the case, Grid will make me a better item. Isn’t that right?’

They had faith because the other person was the legendary blacksmith Grid. They thought it was really good that they joined the Overgeared Guild. A wide smile appeared on Chris and Euphemina’s faces.

“It’s better to stop for a while.”

Laeul said as he came up to Grid, who was still busy strengthening.

Grid just snorted.

"If a man pulls out the radish, he has to slice it. I won’t stop until I use all up the enhancement stones.”

"What if you don’t have a knife to cut it?”

Laue! who knew Korean better than an actual Korean! He spoke without hesitation and gave Grid a warning.

"I’m worried about the two direct descendants left.”

“Ah.”

Grid came to his senses. The two direct descendants who disappeared with Yetima and didn’t return. If one of them came back, the party would be completely annihilated. It was impossible for the currently exhausted party to deal with the direct descendants.

‘I’m relieved that the city’s entrance is open.’

Grid put the remaining six enhancement stones back in his inventory and told his teammates.

"Let’s leave the city first. Today we’ll rest and tomorrow will be an expedition..."

Before Grid finished speaking.

Peeng!

A bloody magic power aimed at Grid’s face.

“Grid!”

The surprised members were still relieved. It was because the God Hands guarded Grid. Everyone turned their heads in the direction of the magic. They saw the earls floating in the sky next to each other.

‘Che, it’s too late.’

The reason why the direct descendants left Earl Cray earlier was purely to sleep. Lael didn’t miss this. The possibility of the direct descendants reemerging was very low. He knew that the direct descendants wouldn’t wake up for a long time after they fell asleep. However, Yetima appeared directly after the Cray raid and now the direct descendants appeared after the Yetima raid. Lael thought that Yetima overcame the sleep because he was the owner of the city. But that wasn’t the case.

"After Cray, you defeated Yetima?"

“They’re insidious bastards. We shouldn’t go out alone, so why don’t we hunt half each?”

“It’s a good idea.”

“...!”

Once the vampires in the sky talked about cooperation, the faces of the Overgeared members paled. Assuming that they were at

least Yetima level, it would be impossible to defeat both of them at the same time. In particular, it was hard to deal with both of them at the same time when they were exhausted.

“I will buy time while you run away.”

Step.

Grid stepped forward. He was ready to die. He planned to sacrifice his life to open the path for his companions. But the plan wasn't needed.

“No. Just retreat. The escape route has already been made.”

Lauel had secured a retreat route while Grid put on a strong show in front of their colleagues. Grid had a confused expression.

“That... Really?”

Grid scratched his head and Lauel reassured him.

"I don't want to repeat my mistakes. Now, let's go."

“You! I won't let you escape!”

The direct descendants followed as the Overgeared members started escaping with Lauel. They tried to narrow the distance to the Overgeared guild members, making full use of their ability to fly. Originally, they would've caught up with the Overgeared members. But it was strange.

‘What?’

‘Why is it so hard to catch them?’

The direct descendants couldn't catch up with the Overgeared members. It was because their flight path was full of stalactites so it was difficult to speed up. It was Lauel's plan. He had observed the terrain since he entered the city and resorted to this route to block their flying capabilities. Thanks to this, the Overgeared members were able to escape from the city without any sacrifices.

“Good! Well done Lauel!”

“We’re alive thanks to you!”

The sunny desert. The Overgeared members escaped through the city’s entrance and started to praise Lael.

Lael covered half his face with one hand and laughed.

“Kuk... Kukukuk, the residents of the night are helpless in front of this body, who is master of the darkness. They are small fries. Hut.”

“...”

It had been a long time Lael contributed.

"Hum hum, let’s split up here and gather tomorrow.”

Grid settled the atmosphere and logged out. It was the same with his colleagues.

“Eh?”

The laughing Lael realized after a while that he was left alone. He missed Damian and the evil eyes. It was less than two months before the National Competition.

Chapter 724

Who came to mind when thinking about assassins? From a 3 year old child to an 80 year old person, most people would think about the shadow protecting the Overgeared Kingdom. The killing god, Faker. Despite having a normal class, he showed the strongest PK skills and his stage was increasing every day. It was natural to think of him first among assassins.

However, the story changed when it became ‘assassin who plays in the National Competition.’ Since Faker had never made public appearances other than the Overgeared Kingdom’s founding ceremony, people naturally thought of Tarma.

Assassin Tarma from the dark gamer group, Blood Carnival.

At the time of the 2nd National Competition, he entered for money and showed off his skills. At least, until he met Grid.

‘I will avenge my loss in the National Competition.’

Since Blood Carnival was destroyed by Grid, Tarma had hid in a sandy kingdom of the East Continent. Over the past few months, he performed all types of quests, learned to deal with sand and wind, and realized how much stronger he was. He was able to easily hunt the creatures that he couldn’t three months ago, so it was impossible for him to not realize. Grid, who felt so strong every time he looked back, now seemed inferior.

‘If I have this power, even Grid...!’

The fox’s sword was caught in Tarma’s hand and it instantly turned to sand. It was the power of Erosion, a racial special skill that Tarma had obtained. It was the ability to decompose’ objects classified as ‘things.’ Items that monsters or players were armed with were classified as ‘things.’ It was an ability that was the perfect counter for Grid’s items.

‘The duration of Erosion is 5 seconds.’

After destroying the monsters in the canyon, Tarma closed his eyes and concentrated. It was the beginning of the simulation. He imagined a battle based on the past Grid who had grown stronger. The result?

‘Victory!’

Tarma saw it. Grid’s appearance after all the new items he was proud of became eroded!

“Okay...”

A sly smile crossed Tarma’s sharp face. He was convinced that he could pay back the grudge from the National Competition and raise his reputation to a higher level than before.

‘Then I should find a sponsor.’

Who would benefit the most if Grid was damaged? As he pondered this, Tarma was reminded of the Belto Kingdom war.

‘Wasn’t Agnus hostile to Grid?’

He was the master of Immortal who proclaimed to be the king of the living and the dead, but he retreated before Grid and Ares. Agnus would definitely perceive Grid as a big barrier.

‘If I make it so Grid wins only one gold medal in the National Competition, it will be a temptation that he can’t resist.’

Like the previous National Competition, the S.A. Group promised special rewards to the medalists. Making Grid unable to obtain medals would be a big loss and it would be a tremendous boon from the perspective of Grid’s enemies. Tarma was convinced of this and contacted Agnus. Then he realized why Agnus was called crazy.

“You want money to kill Grid? I don’t understand what this mad dog is saying. Huh~~?”

“Why don’t you understand me? Don’t you know what a huge profit it will be for you if Grid can’t win a medal?”

“Kikikik? Grid is my target. Do you think you can beat him?”

“No, what does beating Grid have to do with him being your target?”

“I will kill those who touch my prey.”

“...??”

Was he crazy? The conversation kept going wrong and didn't make sense. It was like talking to an alien. Tarma clicked his tongue.

‘Is he just acting because he doesn't want to pay me? He's this type of person.’

....No, it was better to assume that he was surprisingly clever than a miser.

‘He knows that I will defeat Grid, even if he doesn't accept my request.’

The fact that Tarma had a grudge against Grid was something that most people in the world could guess. Agnus was also the same. Tarma guessed this and nodded.

“Then I will search for other clients.”

Sururuk.

Tarma escaped into the darkness. Agnus stared at the spot where he disappeared and asked Veradin.

“Who is he?”

“Haha, you don't remember small fries? I don't know if you should be treating him as a small fry...”

Veradin smiled pleasantly. His eyes were filled with anticipation.

‘Tarma has already fought against Grid several times. He must have a sure basis for being so confident about hunting Grid.’

Wouldn't Tarma unexpectedly play a big role?

‘I’m especially looking forward to this year’s National Competition. It’s unfortunate that Agnus can’t participate.’

Agnus had already appeared to the world since the battle in the Belto Kingdom. But he still wasn’t in a position to attend the National Competition. He was unable to control himself, so it was unknown what he would do in an event with rules.

The sky would never fall. Hao was confident of this as he followed Kraugel.

"Congratulations on reaching level 260."

He was full of admiration and dismay. Kraugel’s overwhelming levelling ability was already beyond common sense. It was hunting that didn’t allow any wasted movements or time. He demonstrated optimum efficiency in any hunting ground and overwhelmed the monsters with force.

Kraugel’s levelling ability was so perfect that it couldn’t be compared. Hao’s levelling speed also increased by 1.4 times as he watched Kraugel from the side. However, Kraugel felt that he was lacking.

“In the last fortnight, Grid had gained close to 10 levels. I’m lacking compared to him.”

Alexander denied it.

"Wasn’t he able to grow quickly thanks to the clear reward of the Behen Archipelago? He also seems to be focusing on named raids after that."

Yes, Grid’s current levelling speed couldn’t be explained unless it was a named grade boss raid. In addition, the named boss raid target wasn’t always present. Named grade bosses weren’t so easy to find. Kraugel appreciated this part about Grid.

“It’s great to have an environment where we can concentrate on

named boss raids. How many people in the world can monopolize hunting grounds where named bosses appear?”

Of course, Kraugel also monopolized many named bosses. Kraugel hunted named bosses that popped up in places that ordinary people couldn't imagine.

The problem was that Kraugel had trouble finding hunting grounds where a large number of monsters and bosses appeared at the same time. In other words, he wasn't able to secure a hunting ground like the vampire's city. Most of the named bosses that Kraugel secured were in weed-infested places.

‘This is why I might not catch up.’

Kraugel smiled as he thought this. The feeling of impatience stimulated him positively. He had always been at the forefront and now he was following someone else. He found it fresh and fun. A heavenly gamer.

‘I would like to achieve level 300 before the National Competition... But at my current speed, I will be level 272 in two months.’

Did he read Kraugel's grieving expression?

Hao asked carefully.

"Are you going to participate in PvP?”

Grid and Kraugel's had a close to 80 level difference. Furthermore, Kraugel hadn't reached level 300, so his stats hadn't awakened at the third level. Now Grid's stats were overwhelmingly high. Should Kraugel participate in PvP, which was sure to include the top rankers including Grid? It was a huge penalty. It was an unfair fight. Hao hoped that Kraugel wouldn't participate in the PvP this year. It would be a painful experience to watch his idol be defeated.

Kraugel nodded at the anxious Hao.

“I will participate.”

Alexander was surprised.

“What? Are you a complete fool? Putting aside Grid, can’t you lose to someone like Chris or Damian? Do you need to decrease your reputation like this?”

“I agree with Alexander. In particular, I don’t want you to fight against Grid.”

Hao respected Grid as much as Kraugel. He knew they considered each other to be rivals. Fighting in a disadvantageous situation was painful for both of them. No, everyone in the world would feel sorry for them.

Hao expressed his opinion. “I believe that your rematch should only occur when you are perfectly prepared for each other. Everyone will share my opinion.”

Indeed, it was a confrontation of the century. Everyone in the world expected a memorable battle between the two. It shouldn’t be meaningless. Hao was certain of this and Alexander nodded in agreement.

At that moment.

“Are you assuming that I will lose?”

Kraugel’s eyes sunk. It was a calm look that was reminiscent of the days when he was alone and was hard to read.

“I am determined to fight and I believe I can win.”

Hao and Alexander shouldn’t forget. Kraugel was the sky above the sky. Now that he had the strongest legendary class of Sword Saint, he wouldn’t be caught by the notion of level.

“In the first place, my odds are the highest this year.”

“...?”

Hao and Alexander were pushed by Kraugel’s force and felt

puzzled. It was because Kraugel implied that this year was his highest chance of winning. Kraugel shrugged at them.

"How many times have you told me? Grid's potential is the strongest. He will grow stronger over time. If I try to match my level with him as much as possible, I might not be able to win again."

"..."

It was ridiculous. Someone might've thought so. But Kraugel was sincere.

'He's different from me, who can only use swordsmanship.'

Grid could use swordsmanship, as well as items and magic. At the present time when Kraugel didn't have a second class, he judged that Grid's potential was higher than his. Of course, the basis for this judgment was Grid's talent.

'His unyielding spirit will spur his growth.'

When they competed the first time or when they competed the second time. Kraugel couldn't forget Grid's eyes. The more desperate the situation, the more his eyes blazed with determination.

Duguen, duguen, dugeun.

Just like when Grid thought about Kraugel, Kraugel also got excited when he thought about Grid.

Chapter 725

"Did you calculate all your actions?"

The 7th vampire city.

Lauel asked Grid after he logged in.

Grid was surprised when he heard a voice as soon as he logged in.

"W-What is it Lauel? Why are you already here? There is still a long time until the appointment time."

"I was working diligently to create a plan for the raid attack. Isn't it the same for you?"

Unlike the previous direct descendants, the two remaining in the 7th city would cooperate.

Grid and Lauel knew they couldn't afford this. Unlike the other guild members, they were the leaders. It was necessary to act quicker than the others and make more plans.

It was truly Lauel. He was reliable.

Grid thought about it and belatedly cocked his head.

"But what action did I calculate?"

Lauel smiled slyly.

"The act of yielding Cray's Bracelet and Yetima's Greatsword to Euphemina and Chris."

"...?"

"Didn't you learn from experience that raising the rating of an item isn't easy? Didn't you give them the items so that they can raise the item rating instead of you?"

"...?"

"You can be the king of the direct descendants. Euphemina and Chris knows this so they will be willing to return Cray's Bracelet

and Yetima's Greatsword depending on the circumstances."

"....??"

"Well, it won't be a big loss for them if they return it. At that time, they will return it and ask for a new item from Your Majesty in return."

"..."

Grid never thought about this part. He just yielded the item to his teammates. He never thought they would give back the item later after raising the rating of the item.

But it was quite plausible when he heard Lauel's words. Grid, Euphemina and Chris, it was a win-win for all of them.

"Great... I didn't think so deeply..."

Lauel shrugged at Grid's bemused mutter.

"You don't have to act stupid. I have already witnessed many times where your thinking power has evolved."

'I am acting stupid...?'

He would be a fool if he told the truth.

In the end, Grid found it hard to deny Lauel's speculation.

"Ha...hahaha, right. I guess I can't fool you. Yes, as expected. I planned everything in advance and gave the items to the two of them."

"Huhuhut... No matter how smart Your Majesty is, it is still far from deceiving me."

Lauel didn't know the truth and laughed.

Grid vaguely felt some remorse.

"Keep this in mind. If I send a signal, retreat immediately using the retreat path you have already seen. Don't look back.

Understood?”

“I understand.”

"I will keep it in mind."

After the Yetima raid, the boss of the 7th city hadn't regenerated yet. The city still didn't have an owner and the entrance was always open.

The two surviving direct descendants didn't leave the city. The existence of this open entrance became a great support for the Overgeared members.

‘There is zero chance that we can fight two earl class vampires at the same time and win.’

The purpose of today's expedition was simple. They had an understanding of the earl class vampires. Their goal today was to figure out who was weaker among Ruson and Noll.

‘Then we will try again tomorrow and attack the weaker vampire.’

Once one earl was defeated, they could rechallenge the remaining earl the next day.

“It is better to check the side that has lower physical resistance than magic resistance. Then the full damage of our main damage dealers will be applied.”

"As soon as the two earls appear, launch a full-fledged attack. The magicians will check which side has higher magic resistance.”

Sakak-!

Puok!

The Overgeared members moved slowly with the earls in mind. They hunted the familiars and vampires as they headed into the deepest part of the city. They reserved their skills and magic for the earls.

Then.

“Ho...?” Those guys came back?”

“Look, what did I tell you? You said they wouldn’t return?”

“Bah, the stupid Cray and Yetima reduced the dignity of our line to nothing.”

It was around an hour after the Overgeared members entered the city.

Thanks to the hunting of many vampires, the experience gauge of Ruby and Sexy Schoolgirl went up by 10%. Then Earl Ruson and Noll appeared.

They once again emerged in the sky.

They looked like bats as they hung upside down from the ceiling. No, it was really cool.

Grid frowned.

‘Good looking guys are cool even when they do something crazy.’

Why was the world so unfair?

Why wasn’t he handsome?

Grid embraced his anger and shouted.

“Zednos, Laella! Start!”

“Yes!”

Hwaruruk!

Laella’s powerful fire magic combined with Zednos’ wind magic.

The fire hurricane hit Ruson and Noll at the same time.

[You have dealt 41,700 damage to the target!]

[The target has resisted.]

“....!!”

Zednos and Laella were surprised when they saw the notification

windows.

They were upset because their cooperative magic damage was too weak. Noll even resisted it.

“Both of them have higher magic resistance than Cray and Yetima. In particular, Noll...!”

Laella hurriedly explained.

Then Earl Ruson fell towards her.

White pale skin and transparent red eyes like rubies.

A vampire who gave off a mysterious atmosphere. His sharp fangs were visible between long hair.

"You dare to attack me? I will get your blood in return... Kuk!"

Ruson groaned as he was grabbing Laella's neck.

Blackening, Blacksmith's Rage, Quick Movements and 100 points in fighting energy.

Grid struck his back in a full buff state.

Then black flames exploded and Ruson's' silky long hair became ruined.

"You!"

Ruson shouted indignantly at Grid but Grid didn't even see him. He flew towards Noll, who was fighting with his other colleagues, and hit Noll's back.

"Kuak! A coward who strikes from the rear!"

Noll was angry like Ruson when he was suddenly attacked.

But Grid just snorted and muttered.

"Noll's physical resistance is also higher."

"These humans!"

Ruson was furious at being ignored!

Their aggro was completely focused on Grid.

It was natural.

It was the fate of the dealer with the highest attack to attract aggro. Grid had the highest attack power in Overgeared so he always monopolized the aggro.

And most damage dealers were weak in defense. A powerful attack was a double-edged sword since the dealer's life was always threatened.

Unfortunately, Grid was an all-rounder.

Both his defense and attack power were high.

Peeok!

Kwajak!

At the same time, Grid avoided the attacks of Ruson and Noll.

Grid didn't fight back as he spoke to his colleagues.

"Noll's magic resistance and defense is much higher while Ruson has overwhelming superior attack power."

The members nodded.

"That's right. Our test results are the same."

Like Grid, the Overgeared members were attacking Ruson and Noll. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that they poured out all the skills they had.

In the process, the characteristics of Ruson and Noll that they identified coincided with Grid.

Grid confirmed Noll and Ruson's strengths and opened Belial's Power.

It was 100% power.

"Okay. We will come back tomorrow and attack Ruson. Retreat while I buy time."

“Understood.”

“Yes!”

The Overgeared members didn't hesitate. Even Huroi left immediately. They weren't worried about leaving Grid alone.

They believed in him.

Now that Grid used all his buffs, they believed that even two early class vampires couldn't kill Grid.

Pepepepeng!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Magic and swordsmanship.

The injuries on Grid grew as the Overgeared members retreated first.

'These bastards, they are dirty.'

[The duration of Blacksmith's Rage is over.]

[The duration of Quick Movements is over.]

Various buffs began to turn off. Blackening would soon be over.

In addition, Grid's health gauge was now dropping out of control.

"Don't think that you can leave alive!"

“You are too naive!”

Dark smiles appeared as Ruson and Noll followed Grid. They were delighted at finally being able to eat humans.

But that joy was brief.

Peng!

Pepepepeok!

300 metres before reaching the exit.

Several Alarm spells that Grid had installed in advanced were fired.

“Kuaaaaak!”

“Trap?”

Ruson and Noll suffered great damage from Grid’s Magic Missiles, which ignored magic resistance. Their momentum while chasing Grid was weakened for a moment.

Grid used that gap to safely escape.

“See you tomorrow.”

"Good work."

"Thank you for the hard work."

The Overgeared members’ faces brightened as they found Grid.

Grid smiled wickedly at his pleased colleagues.

"Tomorrow, we will challenge Ruson as planned."

Kill the weakest one!

The key players in tomorrow’s raid would be Vantner, Toban and Huroi.

“The three of you have to tie up Noll as much as possible. The raid will be difficult if he attacks our damage dealers or Ruby. The slightest slip can cause failure.”

“Okay. Let’s keep a tight formation.”

"I have prepared many things for Noll to focus on me. Don’t worry."

"...Ruby and Sexy Schoolgirl are present, so refrain from speaking too harshly."

“Yes...”

Then the next day.

Grid confirmed that everyone’s skills were back and led the party.

“Go again. As I said yesterday, the target is Ruson.”

“Yes!”

They had to take damage.

The Overgeared members and Grid speculated that quite a few people would die today.

Vantner, Toban and Huroi would try but it was impossible to completely bind Noll while raiding Ruson.

But today’s sacrifice would lead to tomorrow’s success.

The Overgeared members had faith and entered the 7th city without hesitation.

Five hours later.

Another direct descendant left the world.

Chapter 726

[The duration of immortality is over.]

“Pant... Pant... Kuk...!”

Grid’s vision flashed red as he coughed up blood. It meant his health had reached a dangerous level. It wouldn’t be strange if he died. Then Noll’s voice was heard. His voice was filled with killing intent.

"You guys... You trivial humans...!"

[Vampire Earl Noll has used Direct Suppression.]

Kurururung!

The air shook. There was a river of blood that Ruson had spilt. Direct Suppression gave fear and despair to all inferior species. It was a power that served as a big barrier to the Overgeared members in the process of today’s raid. But at this moment.

[You have resisted.]

Grid was the only Overgeared member left in the city. The pressure of the direct descendant was no longer meaningful. It was because all the Overgeared members, except for Grid, were killed in the process of raiding Ruson. Grid gazed into the red eyes of Noll.

"Shouldn’t I be the angry one, not you?"

He knew it wouldn’t be easy to deal with two direct descendants at the same time. However, Grid wanted to minimize the damage to his party members. That’s why they prepared well in advance. As well as the terrain of the city, he grasped the personal characteristics of Ruson and Noll, procured various buff potions from Reidan’s alchemy facility, and installed Alarm magic traps all over the city.

The Overgeared members did everything they could. But the raid

didn't proceed as they planned. It was due to Noll's power. Noll wasn't just a tanker with excellent defense and resistance. His skill composition ran more towards a supporter. He specialized in recovery and initializing abilities.

The blood tsunamis and aftershocks occurred from time to time, breaking the formation of the Overgeared members. He also healed Ruson who was in a critical condition several times due to the Overgeared members. In particular, his ability to recover with Blood Donation was a problem. Noll donated his blood to increase Ruson's health and defense. Thanks to this, the damage to the Overgeared members was bigger than expected. It took too long to hunt Ruson and in the process, the Overgeared members died.

Grid got goosebumps. What if Ruson had been faithful to his role as a supporter in the Earl Cray raid? It wouldn't be possible to capture the 7th city. He couldn't be certain of winning, even if NPCs such as Piaro and Asmophel were invited to the party.

‘The Curse of Idleness...’

It was fortunate for Grid that the direct descendants were affected by the curse and wouldn't cooperate. Looking back, the reason why he was able to raid Elfin Stone in the past was the Curse of Idleness. Therefore, Grid hated the Blood King Candidate title.

It temporarily released the direct descendants facing him from the Curse of Idleness. The effect was equally applicable to Duke Marie Rose and Marquis Fenrir. There was no possibility of raiding them when they were several times or tens of times stronger than the earls. But.

“You're an exception.”

Grid's smile contained poison.

"You will pay the price for hurting my colleagues today."

"Shut up!"

Noll rushed towards Grid. He was freed from the Curse of Idleness, so he willingly attacked.

Puok!

It was just before the cooldown of his health potion ended. Grid's vision changed to black and white as he was stabbed in the heart.

[You have died.]

[You have lost 36.2% experience.]

[Grid's Boots have been lost.]

"The scale of the damage?"

Outside the 7th vampire city. Grid instantly asked once he resurrected and Lauel, who had done the research beforehand, reported to him.

"We lost experience and 14 people dropped equipment items."

"What? 14?"

Death in Satisfy was dreadful. It was a huge penalty to players. The experience loss was in proportion to level and there was also the possibility of dropping some items in their possession. The worst was dropping equipment items. Basically, the value of the equipment item was high. If they lost the item they used as their main power, their strength would be reduced. Instead...

"Isn't the probability of dropping equipment items only around 1%?"

That's right. When a player died, the drop rate of equipment items was quite low. Grid felt that it was actually at 50%.

'It can't be... Did my bad luck spread to everyone?'

Grid was frustrated by the fact that more than half of the party members had dropped equipment items! He felt extreme guilt and Lauel told him more desperate news.

“Among them, Pon and Vantner have lost their main weapon and shield.”

“...”

Grid was experiencing extreme mental pain just losing Grid's Boots, which he often swapped to when using Grid's Greatsword. It was due to the value of the item. However, Pon and Vantner lost the weapon and shield that must be used immediately. From Grid's position, it was like losing the Enlightenment Sword. Grid was worried about how much pain they were in. His gaze moved towards Pon and Vantner. They were already looking at Grid.

“My spear...”

“Shield...”

“...”

Grid wished he could make a new shield and spear! The two men, who couldn't bear to ask him for a new spear and shield, were like brothers. The difference was that Pon was handsome while Vantner was bald.

"I'm prepared to make new items. Anyway, if we want to challenge the raid again, we have to wait for everyone's skills to return. It won't be difficult to recreate the items while waiting."

Item making was the source of Grid's power. He couldn't ignore the rise in stats by making items. In addition, Pon and Vantner weren't people who wanted freebies. They always paid a reasonable price for Grid's items. It was good for Grid to make items in the remaining time. However, there was a problem.

“There are no materials.”

“...”

“...”

The Black Dragon Spear used by Pon and the Flame Shield used by Vantner were the best items made by Belail's dropped items. It

was impossible to recreate the same things. Grid trembled.

‘If only I was stronger.’

It wouldn’t have been so hard to raid Ruson. Jishuka spoke to the regretful Grid.

“It isn’t that you are lacking. We are the ones lacking. Don't blame yourself.”

Pon and Vantner nodded.

"That's right. This is the result of our weakness. It isn’t because Grid is weak.”

“ ... ”

The mood was depressed. Most of the party members lost valuable items, increasing the pressure. In particular, the fact that the National Competition wasn’t far away raised the burden. The National Competition was the place where the best rankers representing each country gathered. Everyone’s hearts were heavy at the thought of participating in the National Competition in a weakened state. On the other hand, Lauel’s expression was bright.

“Actually, you don’t need to worry about that. We can find the items you lost.”

Dropped items weren’t destroyed. They literally existed in the place where they fell. Then why was dropping an item a problem? It was due to the users of Satisfy. Since it was impossible to block a user from the hunting grounds, it was almost impossible to regain an item once it was dropped. By the time they resurrected and ran to the place where the item dropped, the item wasn’t present anymore. It was because another user took it.

But the vampire cities weren’t an ordinary hunting ground. The vampire cities existed secretly in the vast desert of Reidan. The difficulty itself was very high so it was hard for ordinary players to approach. In addition, Lauel controlled the vampire cities from the beginning. It was because he didn’t want a valuable hunting

ground for the Overgeared members to be occupied by other players. This mentality wasn't wrong. Controlling the hunting grounds within a territory was a privilege of the guild that owned it.

"The items that we dropped are still here. Tomorrow we will go back to the 7th city to raid Noll, retrieving the items on the way."

"You're right. We don't have to worry about someone else taking it."

"We will guard the entrance to the city."

"Okay, tomorrow we will regain them."

"Come on!"

The atmosphere was cleared up. Everyone was looking forward to tomorrow. Lael gave them a warning.

"Don't be too distracted. Noll is a support type, but he's still an earl. His comprehensive battle strength is comparable to other earls. A strong opponent. If you're careless, then you will die again before retrieving the item."

Also.

"Noll is likely to lead a large number of vampires and familiars to maximize his support capabilities. He's fighting diligently after overcoming the Curse of Idleness thanks to Grid."

"..."

Grid's chest hurt but Lael was just reminding them of the facts. It wasn't his intention to criticize Grid.

"The key to tomorrow's raid is how quickly we can retrieve the dropped items. If we encounter Noll before we collect all the items, we are likely to be killed."

Chris confirmed it.

"That's right. Noll lacks attack skills compared to the other earls,

but he has CCs and high endurance. It's impossible to get rid of him without full preparations. Don't forget the point where you each lost an item."

Lauel added a final warning.

"Noll must be raided. If we can't raid Noll and Fenrir or Marie Rose joins..."

Gulp!

The sound of swallowing could be heard everywhere. At the same time, they all imagined the worst. If Noll's support abilities were used on Marquis Fenrir or Duke Marie Rose...

"Fenrir and Marie Rose might never be able to be raided in the future."

"Everyone remembers, right?"

After adequate rest. Grid asked before they re-entered the 7th city. It was excessive concern. The party members responded confidently.

"Of course I remember. Grid, could you forget the point where your precious items were dropped?"

"I also remember."

Grid spoke after confirming their answer.

"Okay. Let's move as secretly as possible until we arrive there. We will get hurt if we are caught by Noll before we manage to collect the items."

"Understood."

The Overgeared members had experienced the vampire cities many times. According to their experience, the boss would never appear when they just entered the city. There would be a big disturbance as the battles proceeded. The boss would become

aware of the intruders and reveal themselves.

Of course, the Overgeared members believed it would be the same again. But was it a matter of having too much faith in Grid? Their faith was betrayed.

“Huhuhut, I was waiting.”

“...”

The moment they entered the 7th city. Grid and the Overgeared members encountered Noll. Noll knew that Grid and the Overgeared members would come again and waited in advance. There were 500 vampires and familiars with him. This was the amazing artificial intelligence of a top grade NPC.

“I...I’ll come back. Haha.”

Grid laughed awkwardly and ran away with the Overgeared members.

“XX... Call all of our kids.”

The entrance to the 7th city.

Grid gave a command to all the Overgeared members who were afraid to enter the city again. It was a royal order. A king who had the power to move thousands, tens of thousands at will!

Chapter 727

"Haap!"

"Hiyaaack!"

"Hey! How can you roll to avoid the attack? Every side of the battlefield will be full of enemies waiting to kill you! Stop! Grit your teeth!"

Capital Reinhardt. Constant bellowing sounds were heard from the training grounds. In the morning, daytime, and evening, sound rang out without stopping 24 hours a day. It was due to the unique training policy of military commander Asmophel. Asmophel advocated that 'war was just a matter of time' and emphasized night-time training.

Of course, it didn't mean to train 24 hours a day. He rotated the soldiers and paid attention to their stamina. Thanks to this, the Overgeared soldiers were able to demonstrate their abilities at night. The same was true for the Red Phoenix Group who had come from the East Continent.

"I realize that I'm getting stronger every day. I can't help acknowledging this training method."

"Lady Sua acknowledges it."

Despite his high position, Asmophel was at the training grounds every day. Sometimes it was hard to distinguish him from a soldier. He was always there among the soldiers and trained with them. The members of the Red Phoenix Group genuinely respected him.

"How many people in a high position would try and understand the poor soldiers?"

"Pangea's Duke of Virtue... No, he's the aide of King Grid."

There were good people under a great master!

The Red Phoenix Group believed there was a subordinate like Asmophel due to Grid. They also aspired to become like Asmophel. They didn't despise the soldiers because they were stronger, nor did they seek special treatment. They were always enthusiastic about training with the soldiers.

Therefore, the knights of the Overgeared Kingdom felt a sense of crisis.

“The people who are already strong are training harder than us...”

The Western Nova, Royman. She was originally an ordinary soldier of Reidan until she was unearthed by Asmophel and became a knight. Since then, she was trained directly by Piaro. As a named NPC with no limits on her stats, Grid had high expectations for her.

She had the best potential. In fact, she was one of the most powerful knights, despite only being promoted a few years ago. But compared with the Red Phoenix Group, she was still somewhat lacking. It was because the Red Phoenix Group of the East Continent had very high levels by default.

“We can't catch up to them if we spend the same amount of time in training. We have to work harder in training.”

“Okay! We can do it!”

The knights were filled with great passion, beginning with Royman. The existence of the Red Phoenix Group was a positive effect to further develop them. This was the fun part.

‘Cute.’

Now most of the knights knew that Royman was a woman. They had been living together for a few years, so it was natural to find out. However, Royman didn't know that she was discovered. She was still trying to pretend she was a man. She used pressure bandages and tried to use the bathroom or changing room with her

colleagues. She didn't know that her colleagues fled every time she went into the bathroom.

“Yes! It's good to be sociable among colleagues!”

Piario was still unaware of Royman's reality. Despite being the closest to her due to training her, he never imagined that she was a woman. He believed Royman without a doubt because she had declared herself a man. As a result, Piario didn't realize that the knights were treated Royman like their sister. He thought that people followed Royman well because she was a great leader.

“Hah...”

Asmophel sighed deeply. He was worried his old friend would forever be a bachelor. At that moment.

“A royal order!” Several horses entered the training grounds. They shouted loudly so that all the soldiers and knights could hear. “Apart from the defense troops. the Overgeared King has ordered all troops to gather in the desert of Reidan tomorrow morning!”

“...!!”

Piario and Asmopehl's eyes widened. They were worried something had happened to Grid.

“I will go first!”

Piario was the commander of the army and he tried to leave Asmophel alone. Asmophel stopped him.

“If His Majesty was in a critical situation, he would summon his knights. Don't worry too much and take command of the soldiers.”

“Umm... You are right.”

He was so worried about his king that he got carried away. Piario was able to calm down thanks to Asmophel and directed the soldiers.

On this day. All the troops of Reinhardt, except for some defenders, made their way to Reidan. The training grounds always

filled with the shouts of soldiers was as quiet as a mouse.

“Huh, what the hell is going on?”

Duke Steim. He was regarded as the man closest to becoming a grand duke in the Overgeared Kingdom. He ruled six cities in the north and was always dignified. As the father-in-law of Overgeared King Grid, he always made sure not to lose face. But today, he couldn't stay calm. He was filled with worry when he heard that all of Reinhardt's troops were going to save Grid.

“What happened?”

Duke Steim forgot about his dignity as he worried about his son-in-law. The young knight Laden, who was once praised as the Northern Nova and was now the ‘Strongest in the North’ tried to reassure him.

“If he was in a dangerous situation, he would've sent a request for troops from the north.”

However, Grid didn't make a request for troops from the north. It meant he didn't need the north. Laden judged that Grid's situation wasn't dangerous enough to Duke Steim to worry. But the older one got, the more anxious they became. Duke Steim couldn't erase his worries.

“I just don't know. I just don't know.”

Grid was the Overgeared Kingdom itself. Grid set up the Overgeared Kingdom and the Overgeared Kingdom revolved around Grid. If there was a mishap to Grid, the whole Overgeared Kingdom would obviously be shaken. In addition, Duke Steim didn't want to see his beloved daughter Irene and his grandson Lord sad.

“Maybe I should send the army.”

It would take some time for the army to get get to Reidan. Unlike

the western Reidan, the north was very cold and the soldiers in the north were weak to the heat. Even if he sent troops, could he really help his son-in-law?

“It’s better than nothing.”

Duke Steim controlled his mind and was about to give an order to call the army.

“I will lead the army.” Laden offered. “I have already experienced the desert of Reidan. I think I am eligible for this campaign.”

It was during the time when the Eternal Kingdom still existed. Prince Ren had invaded Reidan. At that time, Laden had fought to defend Reidan.

“Um, yes. You’re the right person.”

Duke Steim sent his usual gaze towards Laden. His eyes were filled with trust.

“Lead the Gale Troops. They are able to advance three times faster than normal horses so you can arrive in time.”

“Gale Troops...!”

The Gale Troops were the strongest cavalry that the north boasted. In addition, Phoenix had been in charge of the Gale Troops for over 10 years already. The fact that Duke Steim granted them to Laden meant Laden would be Phoenix’s successor. The deeply excited Laden bowed.

“I will be sure to repay your expectations and return.”

“I hope Your Majesty will be safe.”

“There’s news that a large army is moving from Reinhardt.”

The Water Clan kingdom, Siren.

“What? Tell me more.”

“Yes.”

“Um... Ummm...”

Maxong’s face darkened as he received his son’s report. Due to the situation in the Overgeared Kingdom, it seemed that Grid, the savior of their kingdom, was in danger. There was no reason for Maxong to hesitate.

"Convene the whole army immediately! I will lead the army myself to help the Overgeared King!"

“Yes!”

There was no disagreement. The moment Maxong gave an order, the army assembled immediately. The water clan. Their innate physical abilities and magic transcended humanity. It was the opinion of scholars that if they weren’t obsessed with the aquatic life, the human-dominated lands would be much smaller than they were now. They were a powerful race.

“Depart!”

"Ohhhhhh!"

They came to land only to save Grid. The water clan king, Maxong led them!

“Son. Chew chew.”

"Yes. Lick lick.”

The fortified city of Patrian. High on the walls, Ashur stood with his son. It was like a picture as the father and son faced each other.

“I will tell you honestly. Lick lick. I hated Grid. Chew chew. I didn’t feel very good about joining his side.”

“...I know. Lick lick.”

Marquis Ashur and Earl Bland were eating steamed potatoes as they talked. The taste of the rainbow potato was incredibly shocking and addictive from the viewpoint of the rich nobles.

“But now it’s different.”

Marquis Ashur devoured the big rainbow potatoes. His act of wiping his hand with a handkerchief was full of refinement. He was indeed different from ordinary people. Until he licked the potato pieces off his cheek instead of throwing them away.

"I think it’s good to serve the King Grid, looking at how fast the Overgeared Kingdom is growing.”

The fortified city of Patrian was a city that could be occupied at any time due to the geographical nature. It was normal for a large number of troops to be stationed there at all times. However, the Eternal Kingdom was incompetent and Patrian always suffered from a shortage of troops. Due to this, the residents of Patrian were always nervous. But now? The faces of the Patrian residents were full of vitality. It was because there were strong soldiers guarding the city and the powerful royal family cared for them.

“I know about His Majesty’s past. Thus, I can faintly imagine how much effort His Majesty has put in. Now I admire him.”

“...”

Bland smiled softly. He was glad that his father admired a person he respected. Marquis Ashur cut to the chase.

“Grid is this kingdom’s power... No, he’s the treasure of this continent. The hero who can resist the Saharan Empire. He must always be safe. Thus, my son, I want to send troops to Reidan.”

“It’s a reasonable idea.”

"But I can’t leave because of the Gauss Kingdom. Bland, lead the army. Be sure to protect King Grid and return alive. This isn’t a command, but a request.”

"I will live up to your expectations."

The average level of the Patrian soldiers was the highest in the country. Due to the geographical nature of the border with the

Gauss Kingdom, both Grid and Lauel were aware of the importance of defending Patrian and didn't spare any assistance. These soldiers...

“Go to the desert now!”

“Yes!”

The son of the great magician Ashur and disciple of the farmer Piaro, the magic swordsman Bland left through the gates.

Chapter 728

Titan, the capital of the Saharan Empire, had the biggest Rebecca Temple on the continent. The size of one temple was large enough to overwhelm the size of the Vatican. It was a place where people could see the close relationship between the empire and the Rebecca Church.

"Your Majesty, it's urgent."

The temple built on the blood and sweat of countless immigrants. A statue of Rebecca, goddess of goodness, actually existed in this ugly place? People against the empire didn't appreciate Titan's Rebecca Temple. However, from the viewpoint of Emperor Juander, this temple was the symbol of absolute power and the sole home of the 'real' Goddess Rebecca. Someone came to this sacred place.

"Urgent..."

Juander, who was sitting in front of the statue and praying, opened his eyes. He was grumpy at his prayers being disturbed. Earl Lisha, who ran to give the report, bowed his head deeply.

"There is a strange trend in the Overgeared Kingdom. It is said that they are gathering a large army in Reidan by mobilizing all allied troops.

"...Hmmm."

Reidan was a city that bordered the empire. The act of gathering troops there could be regarded as a threat to the empire. Juander could send an army to the Overgeared Kingdom under the 'sin of making the people of the empire nervous.' But Juander was unable to move his army. It was because most of the empire's main forces were dispatched to Valhalla.

"Moving after knowing this fact... As expected from the Overgeared King."

The reason why Juander placed a large number of troops near Valhalla was to keep the Undefeated King's descendant in check. Juander was very alert to him, who killed tens of thousands of imperial troops, killed the Red Knights, and damaged Kyle. He didn't express it to anyone, but the feeling was almost like fear. He wondered if it was the second coming of the Undefeated King.

Thus, Juander posted an army near Valhalla to guard against the Undefeated King's descendant. But Valhalla and the Overgeared Kingdom didn't know this. They interpreted it as the empire going to invade Valhalla soon. Therefore, the Overgeared Kingdom gathering the army in Reidan was a type of warning. It was a warning that if they invaded Valhalla, the Overgeared Kingdom would strike their rear.

“Sigh... Kuk, kuku! Kukukuk!”

Juander gave a deep sigh before bursting out into laughter. It was laughable. A mere kingdom just born dared to warn the empire. He never thought there would be a kingdom that ignored the empire. Juander was amazed by the changes in this era. He was so pathetic that it was funny.

He laughed for a while before asking Earl Lisha.

"What's the exact number of the Overgeared army gathering in Reidan?"

The empire had eyes and ears throughout the continent. The empire's spies existed in every country and region. Any of Juander's questions could be answered immediately. But not this time.

"I'm ashamed. I haven't figured out the exact number yet."

“...”

Earl Lisha, the head of the empire's intelligence agency, had already tried several times to plant spies in the Overgeared Kingdom. But it was difficult. All territories of the Overgeared

Kingdom were strictly guarded. Even if a spy was planted, they were caught immediately. In particular, the spies that were planted in Reinhardt were close to zero. Most of the 300 spies dispatched to Reinhardt were unaccounted for. That's why there was a big restriction on their 'eyes' in the Overgeared Kingdom.

Juander frowned.

"The information network in the Overgeared Kingdom is still weak. How disappointing, Lisha."

"I'm ashamed... It seems that there are many high level assassins in the Overgeared Kingdom... But I will come up with a solution soon."

"Then can you roughly guess the number of enemies?"

The exact number wasn't known, but it was possible to guess. Lisha replied once Juander asked again.

"Approximately 40,000."

40,000. It was an insignificant number. From the viewpoint of the empire that had an army of millions, 40,000 was a number that could be erased at any time. But war wasn't all about numbers. In particular, there were many people in the Overgeared Kingdom who were as good as the Red Knights. Among these, the Overgeared King had already destroyed two kingdoms and established two new ones. There would be no Valhalla without the Overgeared King.

'The hundreds of thousands of soldiers and my strong people sent to Valhalla...'

They were just good prey. Juander judged this and was filled with big regret.

'There's no talent.'

Sword Duke Limit and the Red Knights were on the side of the empress and it wasn't the time to send the Five Pillars to the

frontlines. They were busy raising knights and magicians who would surpass the Red Knights. Kyle was somewhat idle, but he'd lost one arm to the descendant of the Undefeated King.

Juander wondered when things had become so twisted. Looking back, it had been a long time. Since he lost Piaro...

In the end, the descendant of the Undefeated King appeared and the balance of power collapsed.

“More than this...”

Step.

Juander beckoned and a guard came up to him, handing him a cloak. Juander wore the cloak, walked outside the temple and muttered.

“For the time being, I need to drink a bitter cup. Let's try diplomacy.”

Diplomacy. Juander had never tried diplomacy before. From the time he took the throne of the empire, he became the ruler of the continent and only gave orders to other countries. They were one-sided deals, not diplomacy. But now the times had changed.

“Send an envoy to the Overgeared King. Tell him that we won't invade Valhalla for the time being. I will ask for a truce with Valhalla as proof.”

“...!!”

The emperor of the world was declaring that he would take a step back? It was unbelievable. Earl Lisha's eyes widened while the guard captain Bain's face was red with anger.

“Your Majesty! I would rather go to the battlefield! Instead of the useless Red Knights, this Bain will obtain the heads of the Undefeated King's Descendant and the Overgeared King.”

“That can't be. Bain, if you aren't around then I can't feel comfortable for even a moment. I can't even sleep well.”

“...”

Who could be in charge of escorting the ruler of the continent? Guard Captain Bain was someone recognized by Juander. Bain was the person Juander trusted most in the world. He was able to walk down the street thanks to Bain.

“The Undefeated King’s descendant...”

After calming Bain down, Juander thought about the description of the Undefeated King’s descendant that Kyle gave. He got goosebumps.

‘A monster who can use the legendary 100,000 Army Swordsmanship as well as magic... It’s better not to move until all of the Five Pillars have returned. Yes, today’s choice is wise, not a disgrace.’

“Hahahaha! Did you see it? Those scandalous fools ran away!”

The vampire earl Noll. Currently, he was in a peculiar state. He had overcome the Curse of Idleness. It was difficult for him to understand. He just knew that after encountering the human called Grid a few times, the word ‘annoying’ disappeared from his head.

Noll believed this change was based on his feelings of anger. There were humans who weren’t afraid of direct descendants. The moment that his anger rose to his head, Noll interpreted that he was free from the curse. Then he felt joy. It was the first time he felt a distinct emotion since he was born hundreds of years ago. He realized that he was alive now.

‘Now I see why Braham and Elfin Stone tried to overcome the Curse of Idleness.

Braham had a desire for knowledge and Elfin Stone longed for love. Those who opened their eyes to desires and emotions earlier than their kin wouldn’t like the Curse of Idleness. That was why

they struggled so hard.

“Kuk...! Kuahahaha! But in the end, I overcame it first!”

Noll thought that he was superior to Braham and Elfin Stone. Then a true blood vampire approached him and asked carefully, “Excuse me... Earl Noll, can we go to sleep now?”

“...”

The true blood vampires and ordinary vampires received only a small bit of the Curse of Idleness compared to the direct descendants. But that was just when compared to the direct descendants. They were all annoyed and wanted to go to sleep. However, they couldn't leave because they had to follow the orders of the direct descendant.

Noll clicked his tongue.

"Sleep here if you're tired. I don't know when that human will come back."

“...”

They were noble vampires who slept in coffins, not on the ground! The true blood vampires and ordinary vampires wanted to protest, but couldn't. Just like the direct descendants honored, loved, and feared Beriache, the true blood vampires and ordinary vampires also felt the same towards the direct descendants.

Some of the vampires who noticed it carefully gave their opinions.

“That... Earl Noll. Humans aren't stupid. Isn't it likely that they won't come back?”

"It would be completely crazy to come back when they know we're camped here."

Yes, it was a very common sense interpretation. Grid wouldn't come back here unless he was a madman. Thus, Noll believed they should stay camped here. Noll was aware that Grid was a psycho!

"That human is crazy. He came back to this place several times, struggled when there were no odds, and killed my brothers one after another. It's evidence that he's crazy."

"You mean he will come again?"

"That's right. He will surely come."

And.

"He will be killed by me. Kuk, kukukuk!"

Noll had already killed Grid once. He enjoyed the blood. It was very sweet. The moment he drank the blood, it felt like his strength reached boiling point. Evolution. It was similar to a class advancement when comparing it to players. After wiping out the Overgeared members, he was stronger than ever. He was confident because he was aware of this fact himself.

"Was it 10 years ago? Do you remember the human army that entered our city?"

"Yes, at that time, there were thousands of humans."

"It was a full feast. It was the first and last time I ate so much."

"There will be another feast soon."

"Huh?"

"Just like ants, weak people like to gather together because they can't do it themselves. The crazy human will certainly bring reinforcements to resist us. The number will be similar to ours."

"Ohh...!"

The eyes of the drowsy vampires shone. By nature, humans were weak. They were a species that was the vampire's prey. A lot of them coming at once wasn't a threat, but a buffet. In this warm atmosphere, Noll shouted joyfully.

"Come...! Come at any time! Bring it on! I will feed on all your humans and gain the strength to reach another level!"

At that moment.

"Yes, I'm here."

A human voice was heard from the entrance of the city. The owner of this voice was unforgettable. Grid. He was completely crazy.

"Kik...! Kihahahaha! You came! You really came back!"

Noll shuddered with joy when he discovered Grid. It was great to see the prey that had come to him. It was so lovely that he wanted to kill. The other vampires also shouted excitedly.

"He didn't come alone, did he?"

"Did you bring a lot of friends this time? Baby."

The vampires were too excited! Grid nodded at them.

"Yes, I have a lot of friends."

Kurururururuk!

Footsteps could be heard from the doorway. It wasn't the sound of dozens or hundreds of footsteps. Thousands? It wasn't that either.

Kurururururuk!

"...?"

Noll and the vampires cocked their heads at the sound. The number of people entering through the doorway seemed to be more than expected. There was a problem.

Kurururururuk!

There was still a lot of noise. Humans were constantly entering the city. The number...

"...I can't count them."

"Me too..."

It was a number they were seeing for the first time in their lives!

The vampires shrank at the emergence of a large army. In the meantime, humans were constantly entering. Eventually, Noll cried out.

"Why are you so stiff? The long-awaited banquet is right in front of you! Dinner! Shouldn't a predator be rejoicing?"

"Ohhhhhhhh!"

Noll's cry woke up the stunned vampires. It was the power of a direct descendant. The vampires lost their fear and flew to the humans. Noll was naturally in the lead. He was only looking at Grid. He didn't care about the other humans.

"I will eat something delicious again!"

Noll proclaimed in a threatening manner! Then above Noll and the vampires following him.

"Pounding Mortar."

"...?"

Something very big fell from the ceiling of the city.

Kuuuuuuong!

The vampire city with hundreds of years of history started to collapse.

Chapter 729

Pounding Mortar. It was the Free Farming technique that the legendary farmer Piaro created. It was a technique that created a mortar that was as big as a house in the sky. It lasted for two seconds and the radius was 180 meters. The most remarkable aspect of this technique was that it could distinguish between allies, despite the overwhelming range of the skill.

Jjirak. Jjirak.

‘What?’

Noll who was only aiming for Grid. A large shadow appeared over his head and the air became heavy.

Kurururung!

Thunder. No, the sound was more artificial, intense, and threatening than thunder. Noll instinctively felt fear and created Blood Shield.

Kurururung!

An unimaginable weight hit the Blood Shield.

Jjejeok! Jjejejeok!

Jjejejeooook!

The Blood Shield shattered. Blood Shield was a magic and robust defense created to protect the direct descendants!

‘What strength is this?’

Originally, Noll would ask this question. But Noll had no doubt about the power that destroyed Blood Shield with one blow. It was due to the terrible pain.

“...!!”

Kwajak!

Kurururung!

Kwajajajak!

The unbearable pressure crushed Noll's skin, flesh, and bones. Noll couldn't even scream. As soon as his mouth opened, the pressure caused his eyes to bulge out. It was useless to grit his teeth.

Kwajajak!

Noll continued to be squashed. The body that had been floating in the air was pressed close to the ground, while the ground continued to sink in like a meteorite attack.

Peeng!

Pepepepeng!

Hundreds of vampires and familiars around Noll were already turning to grey. It was the scene of a massive number of enemies being crushed to death.

“Kuk...! Kuaaaaah!”

Noll tried to endure and let out a loud scream. It was to emit magic and defy this transcendent power. Then the duration of Pounding Mortar was over.

“Pant... Pant... Pant...”

The pain of experiencing a huge pressure. Noll breathed roughly once he was freed from it. His red eyes looked around as his body shook. The city, familiars, and vampires were all ashes. Everything that stood in a dignified manner was gone. Noll was shocked and lost for a moment.

“A force deadly to a vampire... Did that guy bring one of Rebecca's dogs?”

“...”

The strength that was powerful enough to almost crush him must be divine power. That's what Noll believed. It was a reasonable idea from his position. But reality was much different

from what he thought.

“The city’s soil... It is very unusual since it has sucked in a large amount of blood without seeing the sun for so long.”

“...?”

Normally, humans confronted with a direct vampire were likely to suffer from heart attacks and die. It was because the difference between direct descendants and humans was too big. And Noll was a direct descendant. In particular, he was an earl. Except for a few special people like Grid, most humans couldn’t even raise a finger in front of Noll.

Noll was emitting a fearsome killing intent even in his current state. In fact, the vast majority of the thousands of soldiers who entered the city were frozen in place. All of them were pale and didn’t dare look at Noll. But at this time.

“Hrmm... If I farm here, I might be able to grow something very interesting.”

“...”

One human kept making fun of Noll. At first glance, it was a man in shabby attire. The clothes he wore were covered with dirt and his hands held unfamiliar tools. It was a small tool that looked similar to a sickle but it wasn’t as sharp. It was clearly not a weapon.

“Interesting, how interesting. It’s certainly interesting soil.”

“...”

Noll, who had been living in the city for a lifetime, didn’t know about human society. But he still had common sense. He instinctively perceived that a human armed with strange tools and the old, dirty attire was a slave or lower class among humans. However, the slave couldn’t grasp the atmosphere. He kept on touching the ground in front of Noll, mumbling something.

"...All humans are crazy."

He believed that the Rebecca's believer who used the technique would need a long time to reuse it. Noll was determined to take care of Grid before Rebecca's believer could act again. But before that.

"I will drink this slave's blood as an appetizer."

Noll wanted to take care of the slave who was disrupting him. He snorted and waved a hand lightly to destroy the slave smelling the ground, intending to leap over and fly towards Grid. However.

"What?"

The simple slave. The dirty human who didn't even have a weapon lightly blocked Noll's attack. Then he took out an unknown tool.

Puk.

"Eek!"

Noll was hit by the unknown tool and suffered terrible pain. He forgot his dignity and let out an unseemly scream. Then he moved away from the slave. He grabbed his injured forehead with a disbelieving expression.

'Divine power...? Is his attack so painful because he has divine power?'

Then this person who looked like a slave was actually one of Rebecca's dogs?

"What...? I heard Rebecca's dogs always wear white and clean clothes!"

"..."

How pathetic. After Pounding Mortar, Grid and the Overgeared members watched Noll being hit. Noll felt worse.

"What? What are all of you doing?"

Noll's confusion reached the extremes! If his magic resistance wasn't so high, he might've suspected that he was caught by a spell without knowing it. But as it happened, Noll was highly resistant to magic. It was safe to say that there was no possibility of him being enchanted. This confused Noll even more. How was that human called Grid able to draw some many supporters and what was the identity of the powerful force that crushed the vampires and familiars? More than anything else.

"You... Who are you?"

The identity of the slave was the thing he was most curious about. The man mistaken for being a slave, Piaro replied.

"A farmer."

"Farmer?"

"Yes."

"A farmer...!"

As mentioned earlier, Noll had some common sense. He knew that food was necessary for humans to live and there was a group of humans who grew the food. Yes, he knew what 'farmer' meant.

"This crazy guy!"

Noll was agitated, It was scandalous that a mere human could cause him such confusion. It was the first time since Noll was born that he met such a nasty person. His anger soared.

"Eat...! I will eat you!"

Kuwaaaaaang!

Blood magic was released as Noll roared. It was the manifestation of the high grade blood magic that only the direct descendants could use.

Kurururuk!

The blood magic that burst out swallowed up Piaro. Noll was

invigorated by the sight. He thought that the damn madman who appeared once in one hundred years would disappear without a trace. It was just for one second.

"The ability to breathe blood like water...! I think I need to build a farm here!"

"...!!"

Piario was surprisingly alive despite being swallowed up by Noll's blood magic. It was natural. He was someone who survived Great Demon Belial's attacks several times. In addition, he was now being thoroughly supported by Ruby. The strong support from Grid's party meant that Piario's death should never happen.

Flash! Flash!

The heals of Saintess Ruby were overlapped on Piario's body. Holy Weapon was also included. The hand plow in Piario's hand started to shine brilliantly.

"Hit me now!"

"Shut up...! Just shut up!"

It wasn't enough that this crazy person much stronger than Grid lied about being a farmer. The farmer dared to directly challenge him. Noll felt extreme confusion and anger every time Piario opened his mouth and his composure fell. It was due to the Farmer's Provocation skill that the legendary farmer Piario acquired unintentionally. It was a powerful skill that Piario learned in the process of training many powerful people including Kraugel and Damian.

"Die...! Die!"

He cried out dialogue different from predators who saw humans as food usually said. It was 'die' instead of 'be eaten.' This meant that he recognized Piario as special. Now his eyes didn't see anyone other than Piario. Now only Noll and the farmer were in this place... No, he focused only on Piario as Piario was the only one who

existed. That was the problem.

“Wrath of the Sea!”

“Grey Strike.”

Maxong summoned a tsunami using powerful magic and the eternally second place Asmophel wielded a glowing sword at Noll. The two attacks were powerful enough to threaten Noll. In particular, the current Noll had lost his composure and the impact was greater.

Kurururung!

Puooook!

“Keok!”

Noll lost his balance as he was swept away by the tsunami and the sword stabbed his heart. Piaro didn’t miss this gap.

“Fated to Perish.”

Puk!

The hand plow deeply pierced Noll’s chest. Noll couldn’t even scream. Grid checked Noll’s health gauge and clicked his tongue.

“...How did this happen?”

“Hey look. Shouldn’t you wait your turn?”

“What do you mean? Don’t you know that our Gale Troops arrived one second earlier than you? It is our turn to enter next.”

“Ha...? One second? Is there any evidence? I will swear on this potato.”

“...”

On the other hand, at the entrance of the gate behind Grid, the soldiers who couldn’t enter the city were still making a fuss. Grid and the other Overgeared members only played a ‘part’ of the disaster.

“Isn’t this a complete cheat key?”

Vantner muttered. It was the power of the ‘royal order’ used by Grid.

Chapter 730

“You...! You!”

Was it towards the water clan’s king, Maxong? No, it was Piaro and Asmophel. Noll no longer used the expression ‘human.’ Yes, Noll was forced to admit it. The human species wasn’t insignificant. Their power was too amazing to be dismissed as mere livestock.

‘I can’t believe it!’

The hand plow caused terrible pain and Noll’s chaos accelerated. He was a direct descendant. He was the child of the great mother Beriache. A great demon’s blood flowed through him. At the very least, he would reign as an absolute being in this middle world.

‘Then what is this situation? Am I actually an insignificant being?’

Noll never dreamt that the people he was dealing with were the strongest party that even destroyed a great demon. He fell into a frenzy.

Chaaeng!

Chaeeeeeng!

He blocked Maxong’s trident and magic with a shield, as well as Asmophel’s sword with blood magic.

Puk.

He was struck with a hand plow again due to the gap that was revealed when dealing with the two.

‘Why is it so painful?’

The tool that the human calling himself a farmer wielded was too ambiguous to be called a weapon. The efficiency was very low compared to conventional weapons. It hurt every time he was hit. This made Noll angry. At the very least, he was embarrassed and

humiliated about being hurt by this tool.

“I’ll take it seriously!”

Thanks to Piaro, Asmophel, and Maxong, Noll’s health was reduced to 40%. Like most named bosses, Noll entered a new phase.

Kukukung!

Kukukukukukung!

Direct Suppression Lv. 2. Due to eating Grid in a previous battle, the Direct Suppression had evolved to be much more powerful than those used by the previous earls. By overwhelming all targets that he was ‘aware’ of, it dramatically lowered stats and at the same time, caused the abnormal state of fear and silence. The duration had doubled.

“Kuk...!”

“Uh!”

Asmophel and Maxong spat out as they felt their minds and bodies shrinking back. The inherent gap was difficult to overcome. Maxong of the water clan overcame fear more quickly than Asmophel, but the gap between them was a big one. There was a grim smile on Noll’s face.

“Kik...! Kikikik! Yes, things are finally aligning. People in front of me with frightened expressions... Eek!”

He would reverse the situation. He would transfuse the blood of humans, who were frozen like mice, recover from his wounds and fight back. Noll suddenly screamed. It was because a hand plow hit the back of his head. Noll’s eyes widened.

“Why are you perfectly fine?”

Noll shouted with an incredulous expression.

“A legend doesn’t yield.” Piaro started to introduce his real self. “In fact, I’m not usually a farmer.

'Indeed!'

Gulp!

Noll swallowed his saliva. As soon as Piaro resisted the Direct Suppression, he realized that Piaro was a legend, just like Grid. But the question was, what type of legend? Maybe Piaro was the strongest among legends, a Sword Saint. In other words, he would have to fight against a frightening new Sword Saint.

'What legend are you?'

Noll trembled as he watched Piaro, waiting for his introduction. Then Piaro revealed himself.

"I am a..."

"L...?"

"Legendary..."

Gulp!

"Farmer!"

"X%#@ \$~!!!"

Before the vampires were kicked out of hell. It was the evil language that vampires used hundreds of years ago. Noll might be born in this middle world, but he knew the demonkin language because of his natural knowledge as a direct descendant. The vast majority of the demonkin language consisted of terrible profanity...

Piaro's face hardened as the worst language emerged from his mouth. Piaro naturally couldn't understand the words of the demonkin language. However, Piaro noticed they were curses because the words used were similar to those usually spoken by Grid and Huroi.

"Perhaps... Did you curse me just now?"

"What are you going to do?"

"I will find your dead parents!"

"What?"

This was too much. Even great demons didn't mess with their parents.

'I'm not evil like that fellow!'

Noll's gaze moved towards Huroi, who was standing far away from Grid. He was a bastard who cursed at the dead Beriache several times. Noll hated that he was being treated like that by a garbage human. He wanted to actively deny it.

"It's hard to forgive...! You will have to fix this habit if we will do field work together in the future!"

Piario was already emitting killing intent. It was the first time since the Great Demon Belial raid that he had such a ferocious expression. His momentum seemed like he would strike Noll immediately. But it wasn't so easy in reality. Noll had very high innate stats as an earl class vampire while Piario had already consumed Pounding Mortar and Fated to Perish. In addition, Maxong and Asmophel were suppressed and couldn't actively support Piario.

'This guy is great, greater than necessary. But does he believe he can win against me in a one on one situation?'

Noll's red eyes calmed down. He was looking for a safe victory. Yes, he was too focused on Piario that he forgot reality. The fact the he was alone while Piario had an army!

"Purification!"

"Eh?"

Saintess Ruby's skill! She was able to restore all of the allied forces caught by Direct Suppression. At the same time, Asmophel and Maxong struck Noll while Piario used Free Farming and gave Noll another critical strike. This wasn't the end.

"Shoot!"

Puk!

Puuooooook!

Peng!

Pepepepeok!

The elite soldiers of Reinhardt started firing their bows and using magic. Thanks to Ruby's Purification, the soldiers overcame their fear and started acting.

"We are going too!"

Laden and Bland, who arrived late into the city, joined the front lines. The amount of damage increased to a different level than before.

"These small fries!"

Kurururung!

Noll no longer clung to just Piaro. He threatened all the Overgeared soldiers who stepped into the city with a wide area spell. The new phase, berserk mode.

"E-Everyone avoid it!"

"Open...!!"

The knights tried to minimize the damage to the soldiers but the problem was that too many troops were gathered in a narrow city. The soldiers could barely move. If the Overgeared members tried to avoid the flying magic, they would cause greater damage to each other. But the Overgeared soldiers were elite soldiers trained by the best commanders. They realized that moving back and forth was counterproductive. All of them stood still, closing their eyes tightly without escaping the magic flying towards them.

At this moment, there were hundreds of soldiers ready to die. No, there were thousands. However, the actual damage was small. It

was because there were Overgeared members beside the soldiers.

"Protect the soldiers!"

These people, the army was their national power! The Overgeared members moved actively, despite Grid and Lael not commanding them. Each one of them came up with the best method to protect the soldiers.

Katz consumed special resources to block the blood spell while the tankers, including Vantner and Toban, defended the soldiers using all types of defense skills. Meanwhile, the damage dealers like Chris and Pon tried to weaken the power of the magic. They even threw their own bodies to defend the soldiers.

"Kuk!"

"Cough! Cough!"

The screams and groans of the Overgeared members resonated through the city. Noll was truly strong. He was a direct vampire for a reason. However, it was somewhat shabby in front of the legendary farmer Piaro.

"Fly Up!"

Jishuka fired the Red Phoenix bow. It was an effort to damage Noll and heal his allies. Thanks to her, the damage to their allies was smaller than expected. But Noll in berserk mode didn't stop.

"Die! All of you will die!"

Kuwang-!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Noll used wide area magic again. It was at this point that the soldiers started to grab the ankles of the Overgeared members.

Due to the nature of the Overgeared members, who were unable to recognize the soldiers as consumables, the Overgeared members were obliged to protect the soldiers from Noll's wide area attacks. This caused the Overgeared members to suffer damage.

"Block it!"

The water clan were also acting. They continued to use magic to weaken Noll's blood magic. Then Piaro, Asmophel, and Maxong trio also continued to attack Noll, attempting to stop his running wild mode. But Noll's infinite health recovery after using the wide area skill was phenomenal. It was the vampire's unique ability to convert the damage done to the target into health. This ability along with the large number of enemies combined to give Noll wings. The hundreds of soldiers and Overgeared members were hit by Noll's magic and his health gauge kept on going up.

"This monster has no waiting time on his cooldown...!"

Vantner shouted as the durability of his shield fell to a dangerous level. It was the aftermath of protecting the soldiers with the shield and blocking big magic. He couldn't endure the speed at which the durability fell.

Finally.

Jjejeok!

Jjejejejeok!

Vantner's shield cracked. It wouldn't be strange if it was broken. A chill went down Vantner's spine. He was worried that if the shield broke, him and the soldiers he was guarding would be destroyed. He was feeling frightened when he heard a hammering sound in his ears.

Teeong-! Teeong-!

[The durability of the Lud Shield has been restored.]

[The durability of the Lud Shield has been...]

"Grid...!"

Vantner opened his eyes again and grasped the situation. Was there anyone other than a legendary blacksmith who could restore the durability of the items at such a fast pace? Grid put his hand on

Vantner's shoulder.

"I'll finish it soon, so hold on a bit longer."

Grid was also protecting the soldiers in real time. In the process of counterattacking against the large scale magic spell with Revolve, blocking with a shield, and offsetting the power with attack skills, his fighting energy rose to 80 points. He was surrounded by a purple aura as he used Blackening, Blacksmith's Rage, and Quick Movements.

Next.

Teong!

His body flew up. His goal was naturally Noll.

"You...! You finally came!"

Noll was wielding a weapon against Asmophel, Piaro, and Maxong when he discovered Grid and roared. It was an opportunity to get revenge on the person who created the situation, making him full of enthusiasm. He ignored Piaro's attack and only reached out to Grid.

"Die!"

"Pagma's Swordsmanship!"

Grid had already used Item Combination. The combined Enlightenment Sword and Failure aimed at Noll's heart. At this time, Piaro, Asmophel, and Maxong also attacked. Here, Grid had a new experience.

[You have joined forces with people you absolutely trust!]

[The player common hidden piece 'Cooperative Skill' has been opened for the first time!]

[As a reward for first opening the skill, the damage when using the Cooperative Skill has permanently increased by 20%!]

"Splitting the Sky!"

Piario's skill, which Kraugel copied, broke the sky.

Puhahahak!

Blood gushed out like a waterfall from Noll's chest.

“Fire Sword!”

Asmophel's sword was surrounded with fire and repeatedly cut Noll's side. Noll's wounds became ashes and the direct recovery ability of a direct descendant was blocked. Then...

“Sea Sting!”

Maxong's trident shone with blue magic power and stabbed at Noll's heart with the force of a tsunami.

“Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle!”

Grid's sword followed. The Cooperative Skill was activated when a player used a skill at the same time as an NPC they had the maximum affinity with and the target was the same. It was the moment when a powerful system hit one of the strongest beings. Now it seemed like Noll had no choice but to pray for his soul.

But the abnormal character Grid inadvertently blocked the natural flow.

[The title 'Pangea's Duke of Virtue' is activated!]

Chapter 731

'I didn't want this to happen...'

Grid wanted to show off the numerical superiority he could wield as the king of a kingdom. It was absolutely upsetting to see a person who didn't know what the real power of numerical superiority was. Thus, Grid assembled the main force in Reinhardt.

The final number was over 30,000. It was a large army worthy of the Noll raid. It was enough to make Noll experience the fear of a numerical superiority. Grid didn't want any more troops. Yet things became twisted.

"Maxong, king of the water clan, has led his army to help the Overgeared King!"

"..."

"Laden and the Gale Troops have arrived! Duke Steim sent me!"

"..."

"Bland. My father has commanded me to protect Your Majesty."

"..."

-Grid-sama, I heard rumours that you are in danger. I'm running over with Rebecca's Daughters right now, so hold on for a while.

-...Please don't come.

The power of a royal order was much bigger than Grid imagined. The lords and players at various places misunderstood that Grid was in danger and constantly sent troops to Grid. It was hard to even enter the vampire city. It was useless.

'All the food consumed moving here... What should I do...?'

The soldiers consumed more food in wartime than in peacetime. A simple march consumed more food than usual, which was a real

economic burden on a kingdom. In particular, the Overgeared Kingdom tended to depend on food exports as an agricultural kingdom. Food was precious. Grid sighed as the troops gathered like dogs.

‘What is this...’

From the first time he convened the troops, Grid only need Piaro and Asmophel’s power. He had no intention of the soldiers participating in the battle. He just wanted the soldiers to stand in place and scare the vampires. Why? The first reason was that if the soldiers joined the battle and died, it would be a big loss for the kingdom. There was a second important reason.

‘I don’t want to share the experience with many soldiers!’

Grid knew that even if only Piaro and Asmophel joined the raid, the experience of the party members would be greatly reduced. Grid didn’t want to dispatch soldiers who would gain the experience. How impractical would it be to raid a direct vampire and only gain experience the size of a rat’s dropping? Thus, Grid tried to make the soldiers wait and only take Piaro and Asmophel into the raid...

“Help the alliance! It is time to repay the favor!”

"Cause a tsunami!"

“...”

This plan was wiped out when Maxong, who led an independent army, told the water clan army to participate in the raid. Now it was a war, not a raid. Grid and the party members couldn’t hope for experience even if they hunted Noll.

“Hah...”

Grid sighed as he lost motivation. He stood idly as he watched Piaro, Asmophel, and Maxong’s struggle. He didn’t think of participating in the raid. There was no enthusiasm. But he couldn’t lose his motivation for long.

“I will kill all of you!”

Noll started to run wild as he became furious at Piaro, Asmophel, and Maxong. His huge magic was invoked without rest, causing damage to the Overgeared soldiers. It was a scene that woke Grid up. Grid stopped regretting the missed experience and came back to reality. He defended the soldiers and used all sorts of buff skills before attacking Noll.

Then.

[You have joined forces with people you absolutely trust!]

[The player common hidden piece ‘Cooperative Skill’ has been opened for the first time!]

[As a reward for first opening the skill, the damage when using the Cooperative Skill has permanently increased by 20%!]

Piaro, Asmophel, Maxong, and Grid. These four people didn’t intentionally link their skills. They just read the perfect timing and trusted each other. The result was amazing.

[The power of all skills have increased by 240% thanks to the Cooperative Skill! Your skill damage has increased by 260%!]

Kwajajak!

Piaro’s Splitting the Sky, which boasted the power of Pounding Mortar, was deadly to Noll.

Kwaruruk!

Kwarururung!

Asmophel’s sword contained a similar power. The effect of the sword perfectly sealed off the target’s healing effect.

“Sea Sting!”

Maxong’s ultimate technique, which boasted a proportional damage to the target, also showed a power reminiscent of Piaro’s Fated to Perish.

“Kuock...!”

The skills of the three people hit at the same time and Noll’s health gauge dropped to a dangerous level in an instant. The Cooperative Skill of the three people was extremely lethal to Noll, who lost his defense ability in his berserk state. Noll lost momentum and coughed up blood. In his blurred vision, he could see Grid’s appearance.

“Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle!”

“You...!”

It was the four linked sword techniques that Noll clearly saw kill his brother. Noll couldn’t help sensing his death. Of course, he wasn’t willing to accept this. He was hundreds of years old. Due to the Curse of Idleness, he could only sleep. He finally overcame the Curse of Idleness and was going to enjoy life. He didn’t want to see this world disappear. He had to live no matter what. He would get out of the city, get out of the desert, and walk the world.

But.

Puk!

Puk! Puk. Puk! Puok!

“...!!”

The power in Grid’s attack was enough to exceed Noll’s imagination. It was the havoc of the Cooperative Skill. Grid’s attack was a death penalty itself to Noll.

Kwarururung!

Peng!

Pepepepeong!

Noll was continuously pierced and stabbed as black flames swallowed his body. It was a momentum that would turn him into ashes.

‘Ah... Ahhh...’

Noll’s mind became increasingly blurred. He no longer felt the pain that dominated his body and mind. Now he felt only one thing. Foolishness. It was only a craving for life.

‘This is also a curse...’ Noll thought.

If he was still suffering from the Curse of Idleness, then this moment of death wouldn’t be so scary and sad. He was convinced that leaving the world wouldn’t be so bad if he thought it was a nuisance. But now Noll had overcome the Curse of Idleness. He was in a state where he desired to enjoy life. It was terrible for him to be killed in this state. The feeling of sadness dominated him.

Flash!

Energy emerged from Grid’s sword like a wave and then sunk like a thunderbolt. It was the final blow.

‘Mother... This stupid son who shouldn’t have been born... This unworthy existence is leaving the world. I wanted to make you feel like it was worthwhile giving birth to me, but the fate of a natural curse is difficult to overcome.’

The only things he saw in the kaleidoscope of life was the coffin that was his bedroom and his mother’s face. Noll felt empty as he realized this. He was sorry towards his mother.

‘If... If another chance comes to me...’

He wanted to live a life completely different from this one. But it was just wishful thinking. It was already the end. Noll closed his eyes. He was ready to accept death. Grid’s sword was now right in front of his nose.

But.

“...?”

Noll had a question as he was ready to die. It was because Grid’s sword, which should have split apart his skull like a watermelon,

seemed to stop in front of his nose.

‘Am I mistaken?’

Had he already been killed and his soul was wandering in the eons of chaos? Yes, he had already died. It was without feeling any pain. After a short amount of time passed, Noll arranged his thoughts opened his eyes. He feared the landscape of ‘Chaos’ that his cursed soul would live in forever. However.

“Pant... Pant...”

It wasn’t the scenery of ‘Chaos.’ It was Grid breathing roughly. The gigantic greatsword held in his hands stopped just before Noll’s eyes.

“...”

There was an awkward silence. Everyone was paying attention to Grid. They all wondered why he didn’t kill Noll.

“Wh...at?”

Noll’s gaze was the same. He couldn’t understand Grid’s intention behind not killing him,

“...”

Grid didn’t say anything. He just swung his sword, only for it to once again stop in front of Noll’s nose. Noll frowned.

“What...? Why aren’t you killing me?” It couldn’t be. “You... Are you sympathizing with me?”

“...”

Grid didn’t say anything. He just had a complicated expression on his face as he opened and closed his mouth repeatedly. Noll was convinced.

“Right... You sympathize with me. You realized my yearning for life and my weak heart...”

Noll had an unbelievable experience for someone who lived for

hundreds of years. He had the appearance of a beautiful 13 year old boy. His delicate body and voice started to tremble.

“Human...! This human...!! Feeling sympathy for a direct descendant...!”

Tears flowed from Noll’s eyes as he cried out. Did he feel shame that a human felt sympathy for him? No. It was because he was glad. He was a person who hadn’t been able to prove his reason for being born and just existed. He never even dreamt that someone would sympathize with him and save him.

Yet that person appeared in front of him. It was also an opponent who had fought with him several times over the past few days. Noll dimly noticed it.

“Yes... You... You must’ve noticed my value. Through your experiences over the past few days, you have become convinced that I am a good vampire.”

“...?”

“...Thank you. For not denying me, for giving me the benefit of the doubt. I am moved for the first time since I was born.”

“...??”

“I am able to live thanks to you. My remaining life will be given to you. I will prove my value and repay your favor by your side.”

“...”

Grid didn’t say anything to the end. Noll thought it was because he was excited. It was natural. A human becoming the master of a direct vampire. It was unheard of. It was a legend that no one would believe, even if it was written down in history. Of course Noll thought that Grid was excited.

At that moment, Piaro opened his mouth instead of Grid.

“It is a good idea to serve King Grid. Work in the field with me.”

“@##...”

Noll couldn't help cursing. This crazy Sword Saint kept pretending to be a farmer and was treating him as a fool was very unpleasant for Noll to deal with. Noll liked Grid, but was hostile towards Piaro.

Chapter 732

‘What? What is this?’

‘What is this situation?’

A perfect chance! Grid, in conjunction with Piaro, Asmophel, and Maxong, had a great chance to end the battle. As they saw the health gauge go down, the Overgeared members were looking forward to what items would drop. But what was happening? Grid didn’t deal the final blow to Noll. He stopped the attack at the last moment.

"Purification!"

Saintess Ruby thought that Grid was affected by a status condition. She hurriedly used Purification on him but it didn’t work.

[Target is in a normal condition.]

The notification window popped up and Purification didn’t work.

“Oppa...?”

Surely he wasn’t disconnected? Would her brother start a lawsuit against the Internet company? Ruby’s worry was realistic since she knew Grid’s personality better than anyone. It was at that moment.

"...I am able to live thanks to you. My remaining life will be given to you. I will prove my value and repay your favor by your side."

As Grid was frozen, Noll bowed humbly towards Grid. At this moment, goosebumps spread over the skin of all Overgeared members, including Ruby.

‘Direct descendant...’

‘Taming?’

It was an incredible result! The Overgeared members couldn't understand the situation. It was natural. It was a common thought in Satisfy that even the famous tamers couldn't tame named grade bosses. However, the non-tamer Grid made a named boss his subordinate. It was a scene that completely violated common sense.

The moment that everyone was feeling stunned.

“Truly God Grid!”

“As expected from My Lord!”

“Kukukuk...! Your benevolence can even capture the heart of a monster?”

Peak Sword, Huroi, Lael. The famous Grid worship trio started to praise Grid.

"The correlation between the Blood King Candidate title and showing mercy results is the gratitude of the direct descendants? This is a method that only Grid who has a complete understanding of Satisfy's world view and setting can implement! Truly God Grid!! The pride of South Korea!"

"My Lord has already captured the hearts of many named NPCs... It isn't strange for him to capture a monster's heart. It's a tremendous accomplishment that transcends my imagination by taming a direct descendant. I respect you, Mr Lord!"

“Kukukuk... I have noticed since His Majesty tamed the evil eyes. His power that penetrates the past and former is invaluable. Kukukuk...!”

Peak Sword, Huroi, and Lael overrated Grid more than necessary and arbitrarily interpreted the situation.

“Ah... Um.”

Grid tried to deny the truth only to shut up. Tens of thousands of soldiers were watching him enviously. If he told them the truth

then they would be disappointed. In the end.

“Hahaha! Well, that’s right. Your interpretation is right. I figured out how to grab Noll’s heart and put it into action. Thanks to Noll’s cooperation, things are going as planned.”

"Ohhhhhh!"

“Hooray King Grid!”

“Hooray Overgeared King! Hooray Overgeared King!”

Tens of thousands of soldiers began to praise Grid. Every one of them felt more respectful of Grid than before.

‘...I will tell the truth to my teammates later.’

Grid ignored the bright eyes of the soldiers and organized the army.

‘It’s better.’

Grid expected to gain experience, items, and a new power for his rune by raiding Noll. From his point of view, he had to blame Pangea’s Duke of Virtue. It hadn’t been activated once since he acquired it. No, Grid had been hoping the damn title wouldn’t activate. He had been very angry when he was unable to raid Noll when it activated at the final blow. It was the feeling of experience, items, and a new rune power flying away. But the subsequent development caused Grid to change his mind.

Noll declared that he would follow Grid. It was an earl class direct descendant! Experience, items, and a rune power weren’t things to obsess over. In the first place, what did Grid most want to gain by hunting a direct descendant? It was a direct descendant summoning item.

However, it was very difficult to raise the rating of a summoning item. Even if he later achieved the rating and summoned a direct descendant, the level of the direct descendant would be initialized.

There was also a duration to the summoning. It was like normal pets.

But Noll became Grid's subordinate while he was alive. Grid could obtain the loyalty of a direct descendant with no penalty. In particular, Noll was a strong supporter comparable to Asmophel and Piaro. Grid was already looking forward to how strong he would make the Overgeared Kingdom. It was as if he had obtained thousands of troops.

"Hmmm."

Grid smiled as he faced Noll. Grid looked at him with pure eyes that were filled with affection.

"Noll, I'm a human who you vampires think of as livestock. Can you truly serve me?"

It was a matter of concern. Grid asked seriously and Noll answered without hesitation.

"I decided to serve you because you acknowledged my existence. I don't care what your species is."

Grid was a person who acknowledged him. Noll felt thankful to Grid for giving him the opportunity to prove his worth.

"I promise on my mother's name that I won't look down on you because you are a human or look at you as an object to eat. Only."

"Only?"

"I don't know about other humans. You know that my food is human blood."

Suruk.

Noll looked at Grid's teammates and soldiers that were far away. There was a strong desire in his eyes. Hunger. Noll recognized all humans as prey except for Grid. It was inevitable. Eat and be eaten. It was the intrinsic relationship between vampire and human.

'Yes...'

Grid became unhappy as he faced the unrealistic problem. There was a need to constantly provide Noll with humans for food.

‘If the rumor spreads that the king of a kingdom placed a vampire near him and feeds him humans spread...’

Grid’s reputation would certainly fall. It would be used as a propaganda tool by other kingdoms and he would lose public opinion. Grid had a headache as he pulled out the King’s Sword.

‘Character Observation.’

Ttiring~

Name: Noll

Age: 219 years old Gender: Male

Species: Direct Descendant Vampire

Title: Fourth Child of Shizo Beriache

* Has inherited Beriache’s attribute of compassion. Can use blood magic that has a beneficial effect on his allies.

Title: Vampire who has Overcome the Curse of Idleness.

*Has a strong desire for life. If his health falls below 10%, he will become a coward. He will lose his purpose and only strive to survive.

* Has a strong desire to broaden his horizons. He will actively want to learn.

Title: A Predator

* Once hungry, his true power will be exerted. The current hunger level is 5/10.

Level: 433

Strength: 3,500 (▼) Stamina: 2,449 (▼)

Agility: 1,980 (▼) Intelligence: 3,500 (▼)

Skills: Direct Suppression (SS), Blood Transfusion (S), Blood

Donation (SS), Blood Magic (S+), Run Wild (SSS)

A child who Shizo Beriache particularly loved. Beriache was excited about the attribute of compassion sleeping deep in Noll's heart. She hoped he would give great strength to his brethren and to overcome trials with his brethren. But like the other direct descendants, Noll couldn't meet Beriache's expectations. The Curse of Idleness was to blame.

Noll was terribly bitter about this fact.

[Run Wild]

The cooldown of all magic will be 3 seconds. However, mana consumption will double.

“Wow.”

Grid couldn't help exclaiming. It was because Noll's stats were much higher than expected.

‘How strong is he in a full state?’

Of course, it was weak compared to Noll in boss mode. In boss mode, Noll boasted a health of tens of millions. This was tens or hundreds of times higher than it was now. However, it was obvious that the stats of a boss and a NPC would be different.

‘An existence who is strong as an enemy becomes weaker as a friend.’

This rule was thoroughly applied to every game!

‘Given this rule, Noll is much stronger than I expected.’

Thus, it was more regrettable. The fact that Noll was a vampire. Grid sighed and Noll asked, "What happened? Is there a problem?"

“I wonder if you can eat food other than human blood. As you know, I am a human king. I can't give humans to you as food.”

“Why?”

"Isn't it a moral problem?"

"Moral...? I don't understand this concept. In any case, there is one food that can be eaten instead of human blood."

"What is it?"

There was no need to kill anyone! Grid's eyes shone like lanterns as Noll explained.

"Elixir. I can eat elixir when there is no human blood."

"Ah, is that why you drop elixirs occasionally? It is the concept of carrying it as emergency food and then dropping it..."

Grid's bright face turned dark again. He couldn't afford to give elixir as food. Noll reacted to Grid's deep sigh.

"My food isn't a problem for you to care about. I can procure my own food. It is enough to hunt humans."

"That is the problem."

The reason why Grid thought it was necessary to procure food for Noll was to prevent him from running wild. It would cause great confusion if Noll randomly hunted humans in Reinhardt.

"Human blood... How much do you have to eat until you are full?"

Grid asked in a blunt manner.

Noll replied honestly. "If I sleep, I can starve for decades. But I need blood equivalent to three people to work properly for a day. To be in a full state, I have to eat 100 servings of blood."

"What happens to the people you suck the blood of?"

"They die or become a vampire."

"...Can't the blood be drawn separately and placed in a cup?"

"It is meaningless since it isn't fresh."

"Oh."

Noll was worth an army of thousands but there were many

restrictions. As Grid was feeling confused, Piaro approached.

"Don't worry about the vampire's food, Your Majesty."

"Piaro...? Do you have a solution?"

Grid was looking forward to it while Noll snorted. He was laughing at the idea that the madman pretending to be a farmer could solve the food shortage. Piaro smiled.

"I think it is possible to use this city's soil to grow plants with a lot of blood. The vampires can eat them."

"What...?"

Noll was astonished. Plants?

"Vampire...! In addition, I am a direct descendant. I can't be a vegetarian!"

Noll raised his voice from this absurd nonsense and Piaro laughed.

"But what if you can't drink human blood?"

"I'd rather drink the elixir...!"

"No, being vegetarian is good."

"Hey!"

"Then shall we start farming?"

"This crazy bastard...!"

"...I added one more noisy person."

It was even an old grandfather. Grid was seriously worried if his body gave off the smell of a old bachelor.

Chapter 733

Grid highly appreciated Noll's value. At least in the field of combat, he was superior to Piaro. Not only were his stats superior to Piaro, he also had great healing skills and defense buffs. Above all, there was one thing Grid liked.

‘He has a strong desire for survival.’

The reason why Grid was reluctant to participate in battle with named NPCs like Piaro and Asmophel was because their lives were finite. Unlike players, they couldn't be resurrected. Grid didn't want to lose them. However, Piaro and Asmophel had the chivalrous spirit of a knight. They threw away their lives too easily for Grid. Grid was afraid. He didn't want to let them go to war.

Noll was completely different from them. His motivation for life was too strong. If he was in danger he would forget his purpose and retreat. Some people would mock him for being a coward. But Grid's thoughts were completely different. He considered it worthy of praise to cherish your life, not criticism.

‘I can use him without being burdened... No, I should send him to war.’

Grid's expectations were amplified as he envisioned Noll taking over the battlefield as a general of the Overgeared Kingdom. His heart pounded. Imagine it. A named NPC. The shockwave that would occur when the world found out that a direct descendant became a user's subordinate!

‘Ah, they will make a fuss again.’

Grid laughed. His shoulders and nose had already risen into the air. It wasn't a bluff. He was proud of his new achievements.

‘Anyway...’

The smile disappeared from Grid's face. He was reminded that there was a real problem with Noll. It was the food problem.

‘...I have no choice but to do what Piaro said.’

Piaro was certain that he could grow new crops here in the vampire city and these crops would be Noll’s food. Grid was forced to look forward to it. The determined Grid spoke to Noll who was still roaring at Piaro.

"Noll, for the moment, help in the field by Piaro’s side."

"What?"

Noll’s face became pale.

A vampire. He was an earl yet he was expected to work in the fields? Noll couldn’t imagine it so it must be a joke.

“Bah! I’m not accustomed to the pun in human words!”

He was certain that Grid was joking. Grid explained to him.

"I'm sorry, but I’m serious. It can’t be helped. I’m afraid of what will happen if you go outside in this state."

“Shit... This is a moral issue? Don’t worry about it. I won’t hurt your people. I will take the people of other kingdoms as food.”

"No, it will cause a diplomatic problem. And in the long run, it’s better to solve your food problem."

“Kuk...!” Noll gritted his teeth. He was really angry. "You’re going to make me work in the field because you fear for the lives of a few humans? Don’t you know my value? My power! I am a powerful force! It’s a power that can make you the ruler of the human world! Yet you want me to work in the fields?"

“...”

Grid could understand why Noll was offended. Grid’s pride would be hurt if he was in Noll’s position. But what could he do?

"Humans have their own circumstances and society has its own rules. You should understand this part if you have to live with humans in the future."

"I understand what you mean! But working in the field is too much!!"

"..."

Grid flinched at Noll's words and whispered to Piaro, "I also think it is a little too much. Making a direct vampire work in the fields... Do you really need Noll's power for farming?"

"Yes, that's right." Piaro answered without any hesitation. "A vampire's blood will be a great help in growing new crops. In addition, field work is a good experience for learning how to live in the human world, as well as cultivating the mind and body."

"R-Really..."

Grid's confidence in Piaro was absolute. Grid nodded without denying it and asked something he was curious about.

"By the way, how is the golden walnut cultivation going?"

"There is no answer yet."

"Yes... It won't be easy."

It was a half elixir. There was no easy way to grow elixirs. Maybe it would be impossible forever. It was because the wavelengths generated if a user grew one would be too big. It was possible that the S.A. Group had blocked it.

"Well, okay. We will all return except for Piaro and Noll."

"Hey! Really?" Noll shouted. His voice was as loud as a train compared to his young appearance.

Lauel approached Grid. "Wouldn't it be nice to capture the rest of the cities with this much power?"

"I don't think it's worth it."

Grid decided that at the present time, it was impossible to raid Marie Rose and Fenrir. There was absolutely no chance against Marie Rose and Fenrir should only be challenged after the fourth

advancement since he was several times stronger than an earl. It would be a big blow to lose so many troops if he challenged them now. Then he had to target cities that didn't have the two. They were cities without direct descendants.

“There are few rewards that can be obtained if we capture a city without a direct descendant. There isn't much time left until the National Competition. Until then, I think it's better to raise our growth.”

"I admit it." Lauel was convinced and nodded.

"Return the whole army."

“Yes!”

The king's order was absolute. The tens of thousands of soldiers moved the moment Grid gave the order. The power to move tens of thousands with one word...

Grid felt refreshed.

‘King. Yes, I am a king.’

Now he was responsible for numerous people. He had to remember that his honor was their honor.

In that sense...

‘I will give a good show in the National Competition.’

He wouldn't lose. Even if his opponent was Kraugel.

‘This time I will win.’

He would pay Kraugel back for last year's defeat and take this year's victory. Grid's eyes were blazing. He was full of enthusiasm and joy just thinking about Kraugel.

“How active can Japan be in the National Competition this year?”

Click!

Snap snap!

Camera flashes went off here and there. Damian was surrounded by hundreds of reporters. He was one of the top-ranked players of Japan and the first user to become the pope of the Rebecca Church. Despite the fact that he was a fan of the Korean Grid, Damian was a hero to the modern Japanese people.

Putting aside personal tendencies, his abilities were recognized by the Japanese people and they had a great expectation for him. In particular, this year's National Competition would be held in Japan and people wished for Damian and the Japanese rankers to play a bigger role than usual.

"A century ago, Japan was classified as country weak in e-sports. But that is due to the Japanese people's tendencies to neglect online games, not because they lack gaming talent. The Japanese have excellent gaming skills because they are placed in an environment where they can easily access the game from a young age."

Indeed, this fact was proven in Satisfy. There were quite a few Japanese on each class rankings list. Damian believed in them.

"This year, Japan will be able to reach the top 5. I think this is enough to be proud of as the host country."

Most reporters nodded silently. Damian's analysis was realistic. On the other hand, some reporters questioned it.

"Aren't you evaluating Japan too low? There are many talented people in Japan including you and Katz. There are a lot more rankings compared to China and India, which has 10 times the population of Japan. When it comes to population ratio, aren't we the country with the most number of rankers?"

"Won't Japan be in at least the top three? In particular, this year's National Competition is different from the previous year. It is a system where one excellent person can't monopolize medals.

We might not have a dominant person like the United, States, Canada, Brazil, and South Korea, but isn't Japan's average power enough to rank in the top three?"

'It's starting again.'

Damian frowned. He already knew based on previous experience. They were speaking with unnecessary malice.

"Maybe you want to claim that South Korea will be in third place?"

Indeed. The journalists of the right-wing media outlets wanted to create a conspiracy around South Korea.

"Sigh."

Damian looked like someone else when he sighed. The reporters who saw him sighing at the official press conference were surprised. In the Japanese society that emphasized manners, Damian's behavior was very rude. Damian shrugged without caring.

"Even at this year's National Competition, whose rules are aimed at suppressing South Korea, you're still conscious of them? It's pitiful. Are you unable to sleep every night out of fear of South Korea?"

"What...?"

"What a rude person!"

The reporters were red with agitation. The same was true for the right wing Japanese watching the press conference broadcast. The Internet was filled with posts condemning Damian. But Damian wasn't conscious of it at all. He was a person with strong beliefs. He wasn't afraid of irrational evaluations.

"Perhaps the most interesting party of your question is how I evaluate Grid? There is always a good story when I mention Grid."

"..."

He saw through it exactly. No reported denied it.

Damian opened his mouth. "Two gold medals."

"...?"

"Due to the S.A. Group, people can only participate in two events. Thus, this year's Grid can only win two gold medals."

Other players would find it hard to obtain one gold medal but Damian evaluated Grid as obtaining 'only' two gold medals. Questions poured out.

"So far, Grid has always been involved in PvP. He actually won a gold medal in it at the 1st National Competition. But in the 2nd National Competition, a barrier called Kraugel appeared and he missed the gold medal."

"This year, only a handful of people believe that Grid will beat Kraugel. But Damian, you are promising that Grid will win two gold medals?"

"In other words."

"Grid will avoid the PvP event this year?"

This was the point. Grid would avoid fighting with Kraugel. The quietly listening Damian laughed.

"There is no doubt."

"...?"

"He will chase Kraugel!"

"...??"

"Grid will take part in both of Kraugel's events and beat him. Maybe that is Grid's goal this year. I know that he is such a person."

"...!!"

Not being afraid of losing after last year! The reporters started to write the breaking news.

[Can Grid reach the sky above the sky this time?]

[Grid, aiming at Kraugel!]

And so on.

The exciting titles caused a stir overseas. Thanks to that, Grid was suffering.

"Oh, that brat Damian."

If it wasn't PvP, Grid was planning to avoid Kraugel. He wanted to reliably secure at least one gold medal. He wanted to play in the blacksmith event. However, the atmosphere meant it wasn't possible. Grid would be branded as a coward if he avoided Kraugel.

"Ah... This bastard treats his benefactor like this."

He was unhappy. As usual, Grid had many things to think about.

Chapter 734

Shortly after the Noll raid ended.

“Won’t the soldiers need a break? Let’s take a break in Reidan.”

"Thank you for your deep consideration!"

Chris encouraged the soldiers to take a break before returning home. The soldiers were in tears from the consideration. The soldiers marched without a break because they thought Grid was in danger, then they fought the vampires after crossing the desert. They were physically and mentally in a difficult state. Their eyes were dark at the thought of crossing the desert again to return home. It was recommended that they take a break. It was a break in Reidan, the second capital. It was obviously sweet honey.

"Leave the rest to me and return."

Chris told Grid as he smiled at the cheering soldiers.

Grid expressed his appreciation. "Thank you for taking care of the soldiers. It will cost a lot of money to provide accommodations and meals to tens of thousands of people..."

"It's natural as a duke of the Overgeared Kingdom. It isn't something to be thankful about."

“...It feels good.”

Grid was fulfilled. The presence of strong colleagues made him happy. The melancholy of the days when he was alone was washed away.

“What? What force is that?”

"Is this the power of the Overgeared Kingdom?"

‘If you want to interview me, come to Reidan.’

This was the words of Chris, the hope of Canada. Since he was

busy as duke of the Overgeared Kingdom, he refused to hold a press conference in reality. He couldn't afford to waste that much time. Canada's media agreed to his position. They dispatched reporters to Reidan.

At this point, the reporters' only concern was the National Competition. The most prominent Canadian ranker, Chris, received overwhelming support from the Canadian people. He had been in the top position in the rankings for more than a year. They wanted to know what he thought about the 3rd National Competition, what vision he had and how much he could achieve. The reporters had hundreds of questions to ask Chris, many of which were related to the National Competition.

But now.

"Duke Chris is returning in triumph!"

Tuong!

Tung! Tung! Tudong!

The procession of tens of thousands of soldiers following Chris as he returned changed the interest of the reporters.

'The total force of the Overgeared Kingdom was estimated to be 60,000...?'

'The information was wrong...! Rumor has it that the Overgeared Kingdom only has 60,000 troops. Yet how could there be 40,000 troops in Reidan when it isn't the capital...! The Overgeared Kingdom must have at least 100,000 troops!'

'The Overgeared Kingdom...! How can a new kingdom have this much power...? This is Grid's power!'

The media paid attention to the great procession of soldiers following Chris. They were excited to find proof that the power of the Overgeared Kingdom was more than the rumors. It was a scoop. But the real scoop occurred afterwards.

“An envoy from the Saharan Empire has arrived!”

“What?”

“Huh?”

Chris and the reporters were surprised. The empire sent an envoy? Why?

‘Haven’t the two nations become completely hostile since the tributes stopped being offered?’

Chris looked troubled at the sight of the envoy. He was already worried about what the dog of the empire would talk about.

‘The reason why an envoy was sent here might be to test a reconciliation... Of course, it will be accompanied by threats.’

It was upsetting now that he was targeted by the empire. Chris was extremely worried about how the empire would pressure him. He was feeling anxious when the empire’s envoy came up to him. The people of Reidan and the Canadian reporters paid attention.

The envoy declared to Chris, “I came to tell you the will of His Majesty the Emperor.”

“What...?”

Chris’ voice was filled with tension. The tens of thousands of people gathered around him, the people of Reidan and the reporters of Canada were all nervous. It was a message from Juander, the ultimate person who could change the map of the continent with a few words.

What did he want to convey? It didn’t seem to be anything good. They could only assume the worst. The moment that everyone was feeling uneasy.

“His Majesty the Emperor wants to make peace with the Overgeared Kingdom. If the Overgeared King doesn’t want the empire to invade Valhalla, the empire will make an immediate truce with Valhalla.”

“...?”

"?????"

The buzz in the air suddenly died down. Reidan fell silent. It was difficult to believe even when they heard it from the empire's envoy. The empire wanted to make 'peace'? They would make a truce with the enemy if the Overgeared King wanted it?

Was there ever such a big event in the continent's history? No. The empire's emperor always exercised absolute power. Everything was resolved according to his will. He only knew how to give commands. He didn't look at the will of others. This was Emperor Juander.

Due to that...

‘A scoop...!’

‘This is be an overseas topic!’

The reporters were convinced. The story of the empire's envoy would be a featured article.

“Um... Let's go to the great hall.”

Chris belatedly noticed the atmosphere and led the envoy elsewhere. Due to this, the reporters didn't know what happened afterwards but it wasn't a problem.

“Logout!”

The reporters forgot about their original purpose of interviewing Chris and started to leave.

[The Saharan Empire's emperor, Juander has requested to make peace with the kingdom!]

[The power of the Overgeared Kingdom is much more than revealed.]

[(Column) For the first time in history, the empire is engaging in

‘diplomacy’... The meaning of this incident is much greater than imagined.]

The world was overturned. The presence of the Overgeared Kingdom, which made even the absolute ruler of the West Continent aware of it, overwhelmed the public. The media was shaken. Every day, they were busy talking about the greatness of the Overgeared Kingdom and Grid.

Grid thought it was absurd.

“What’s this situation?”

Why was the emperor doing this? Why was he requesting to make peace with them? In order to make peace, he was even willing to sign a truce with Valhalla.

"In fact, isn't there an ulterior motive?"

The Overgeared King's office. The uneasy Grid was making underwear with the God Hands. He was feeling confused when he heard a knocking sound.

“It’s Lauel.”

“Good! Come in!”

Grid welcomed it. The situation had changed recently so he thought that Lauel could resolve his questions. Grid wanted to know the truth and be rid of the confusion. Lauel gave him a thumbs up.

"Great."

“What?”

"It's a result of Your Majesty assembling an army in Reidan in a matter of days."

“...?”

Grid made an expression like he couldn't understand.

Lauel smiled and explained, “Your Majesty convened an army to

raid Noll, but the timing was exquisite. It's because the empire gathered most of their troops in Valhalla, while you gathered a force in Reidan, the rear of the empire. The emperor thought you were a threat to the empire."

"..."

"This is the result. The empire recognized that it was dangerous to deal with both Overgeared and Valhalla at the same time, making them pull out a carrot. The emperor had to start diplomatic actions. I am sure that the name of Your Majesty will remain in the history of the empire."

"Um..." Grid understood the situation after hearing Lauel's explanation. But he was stunned. "I can't understand why the empire felt a threat? Can't the power of the empire destroy both Overgeared and Valhalla? Why do they feel threatened?"

"That is also because of Your Majesty."

"Because of me?"

Lauel laughed.

"Didn't the descendent of the Undefeated King appear in Valhalla and push the Red Knights to the point of collapse? The emperor is frightened of the Undefeated King's descendant."

"Ah..."

The moment he used 100,000 Army Massacre Sword in the war, Grid was misunderstood as the descendant of the Undefeated King. This was the repercussion.

"The rumor that the empire is afraid of the Undefeated King's descendant is true."

"Maybe it's more than rumored."

"Indeed... They're afraid."

Grid was reminded of the Undefeated King's death knight and his body shook. Grid couldn't imagine how strong the Undefeated

King was when alive. He felt pity for the imperial army who fought with the Undefeated King.

"It all worked out in the end. We won't have to fear any problems during the period where we're at peace with the empire. The minimum period of a truce is two years. We have to build up maximum power during this period."

"The period of peace is so short?"

"No. It can go from one year to twenty years. Up to twenty years."

"Then isn't it possible for us to set the period of peace as long as possible?"

"Long-lasting peace requires a good talker with a high diplomatic stat. They need to use diplomatic skills and conversation to negotiate with the opponent. Unfortunately, there is no one with this talent in the Overgeared Kingdom.

"Huroi?"

"He is unchallenged in the art of communication but... He doesn't have the diplomatic stat."

"It's too bad. It would be useful in many ways if Huroi has the diplomatic stat."

Lauel's eyes shone.

"Then will you give the command to Huroi?"

"What command?"

"A command to proceed with the diplomatic quest."

"What is the diplomatic quest?"

"It is one of the quests for high ranking nobles."

"Those who perform this quest can gain a diplomat's status and open the diplomatic quest?"

"Yes, that's right. Of course, the degree of difficulty of the quest is

very high. It will take at least half a year to complete the quest.”

“Kung...”

Grid couldn't say anything. Huroi was also a ranker. Grid knew better than anyone how much effort Huroi put in to be by Grid's side. Grid didn't want to force Huroi to stop levelling up and to go on a difficult quest. It was likely that Huroi would lose the ranker position that he worked so hard for. After a moment, Grid shook his head.

"If no one has done the diplomatic quest so far, it means they don't see the merit in being a diplomat. It's okay. I have no intention of interfering with Huroi. I would rather pick a new person.”

"Is that so...? I understand.”

Lauel was inwardly disappointed, but he already anticipated Grid's reaction. The moment that Lauel nodded and bowed.

“My Lord! Nooooooooooo!”

The door of Grid's office burst open and Huroi ran in. Huroi was someone who tried to stay by Grid's side as much as possible. Even today, he was guarding the front of Grid's office in the name of an 'escort.'

"I heard the two of you from the front door! Leave it to me! A diplomat! I will become one! I will make excellent conversation with foreign diplomats and make them puppets of the Overgeared Kingdom!”

“...Is that a diplomat?”

He didn't think a diplomat would use such methods. Grid's eyes were red with anxiety but he smiled. The appreciation he felt for Huroi was always big.

‘Before the start of the National Competition, I need to create a new item for Huroi.’

Grid decided.

The National Competition was approaching.

Chapter 735

"Has the old man finally become senile?"

The 4th Prince Edan. The son of Empress Marie, he was originally low in the line of succession. Regardless of the order of birth, there was a big drop in his reputation compared to the other children. But this story changed after the death of Empress Aria and Empress Marie took power. Marie's faction actively supported Edan and recently, Edan boasted a position comparable to 1st Prince Roland. A person who thought he was the best in heaven and earth!

Jean warned Edan, who always moved through the world without fear.

"Try not to speak like that. If anyone hears it, it isn't just Your Highness, but countless number of people who follow you will lose their heads."

"What's wrong with saying an old man is old? Hey, Teacher Jean. Do you think the emperor is sane?"

"..."

"Tell me honestly. No? If His Majesty was sane, he wouldn't have asked for peace with the Overgeared Kingdom. Isn't that right?"

"He must have a deep meaning behind it."

"It's one small kingdom. He's afraid of a new kingdom without a deep history. He's just crazy."

"..."

It fell on deaf ears. Jean couldn't say anything. He gave up on teaching Edan two years ago. That's why he wasn't thrown away by Edan.

Clang!

Edan threw an empty glass at the wall. The knights hurriedly

entered, followed by maids who cleared away the remnants of the wine glass. Idan clicked his tongue.

"It's because that old man is old and senile that he signed a truce with Valhalla. It has delayed the first appearance of the magic machines."

Magic machines. A giant robot that moved with magic power as the energy source. It combined ancient alchemy and magic essence.

It was a robot that people rode on. The agility was greatly reduced, but the robustness and destructive power wasn't comparable to humans. The magic machines could smash a mountain and could blow up a city with their magic power, so their strength was comparable to a great demon.

The problem was that few people could control the magic machines. In addition, the magic power supply problem wasn't completely solved. The magic machines were considered ancient artifacts. That was all. But Edan saw the possibilities of the magic machines and invested a lot of time and money into them. In order to solidify his succession to the throne, he needed to prove the value of the magic machines.

Edan sighed deeply and rose from his seat.

"Tell the riders. They have a vacation."

"Yes."

In the early days, Satisfy had two legends.

God of War Ares? Overgeared King Grid? 1st on the unified rankings Chris? Godly archer Jishuka? The god of killing, Faker? No, they were obscure people in the early days of Satisfy.

Since the opening of Satisfy, the legends that people envied were Kraugel and Zibal. They were characters who sped up to the first

and second place in the rankings at a different speed than others. Among them, Kraugel still kept his reputation as the sky above the sky...

“The weather is good.”

The capital of the Saharan Empire, Titan. A man on the walls smiled as the morning sun revealed itself. It was Zibal. From the opening of Satisfy to the 2nd National Competition, the 2nd ranked Zibal was a bigshot. He was once a hero of the United States and held the hopes and dreams of millions of people.

“Hey! Zibal! Are you crazy? Why are you goofing off?”

“I’m sorry!”

Now he was an ordinary soldier in a place where no one knew. The only rival of Kraugel, head of the Seven Guilds, god of raids, etc. The countless titles he gained over the years were nowhere to be seen. The public’s forgetfulness was severe and he had long been forgotten by the people.

“Did you confirm that Raiders are successful maintained?”

“Yes! That’s right!”

“Are you sure? When did you come out?”

“I did it as soon as morning training was over!”

“The meal?”

“I can eat bread on the go!”

“Ha, this brat. We can’t afford it. I told you not to goof off again.”

The Imperial Army’s 14th Division, 21st Battalion. The unit, secretly located on the outskirts of the capital, was an officially nonexistent unit. The size of the battalion was also very small. There were only 80 members. The surprising thing was that there were only four combatants.

One of them was Zibal. He was the lowest of the four people and

had the rank of a private, but the class carved on his military uniform was 'chungik.' Apart from his direct supervisor, he was a special officer who could veto an order even if it came from a member of the imperial family.

Why? A player who was a noble of the Haken Kingdom and leader of the Snake Guild, why was he in the imperial army? He obtained a new secret hidden class.

'Blue Sky Rider.'

* You can ride on all 'vehicles' and drive them perfectly.

* On a 'vehicle,' your stats will increase significantly.

A unique class. One of the distinct advantages of the class was that it was only specialized in riding. Zibal had been very disappointed at first. When he heard 'riding,' he could only think of horses and some monsters. He regretted that he changed his class. But that disappointment and regret turned to amazement. He was thrilled the moment he checked the contents of the rider class quest. He gained the hope that he could stand next to Kraugel and Grid.

[Blue Sky Rider]

* Class Quest

Go the 4th Prince Edan of the empire. If you prove your talent and swear allegiance to him, you will be able to get the strongest vehicle in return.

A magic machine! From a player's point of view, it was an ancient weapon that could only recognized as a fictitious thing in mythology.

'I never even dreamt that I could become the master of it.'

The 4th magic machine 'Raiders' was a vehicle that could fly in the sky.

"Look forward to next year."

Zibal knew it was meaningless to participate in the 3rd National Competition. The level of Raiders was still low and there were various restrictions, so he couldn't show off the proper use of Raiders in the National Competition. If Zibal participated, he would be crushed by Kraugel or Grid. However, Zibal believed the story would be different in the 4th National Competition.

“Grid, I will show you what it truly means to be overgeared.”

Now Zibal acknowledged Grid's skills. To be honest, he respected Grid. But Grid was the one who stigmatized Zibal as a punching bag. Zibal planned to pay Grid back next year and clean up this relationship. He would do so.

"Then I can move forward."

The sky above the sky. He would become it. The determination on Zibal's face was extraordinary.

Title: Informing all participants of the 3rd National Competition.

Sender: S.A. Group

Contents: We are aware that many people are disappointed that the number of personal medals that can be won has been reduced to two. We feel the need to prepare a special event to apologize to the participants.

If you wish to participate in the event, please allow us to collect and use your personal information.

Please be aware that we can't announce the exact date and time of the event.

* The event contents and progress will be broadcasted to the world the moment the event starts. This may infringe on some human rights of the event participants.

* We will ensure the safety of all event participants.

* The event compensation will be paid with Satisfy goods.

* There is no disadvantage if you don't participate in the event.

"What?"

After a workout. Shin Youngwoo was entering the bathroom when he frowned at the e-mail.

"Why aren't they disclosing the contents of the event?"

Was there such an unfriendly event?

"I won't participate."

If he agreed to his personal information being collected, Shin Youngwoo was worried that his phone would be flooded. He closed the mailbox without hesitation when he received a phone call. The caller was Yura. Youngwoo's heart pounded the moment he heard her name. It jumped quickly.

'It has been a long time.'

It had been almost three months since they were in contact. He was nervous at the thought of hearing Yura's beautiful voice after a long time.

Hum hum, Youngwoo cleared his throat and picked up the call.

"What is it?"

Indeed, there was a reason why he couldn't be in a relationship. Shin Youngwoo was a young man with no clue about manners. If Yura was a sensitive woman then she wouldn't call Youngwoo again.

(Did you receive the event announcement email?)

"..."

Yura's voice over the phone was really sweet. Youngwoo's heart throbbed and he answered in a trembling voice.

"Yes."

(Are you going to participate?)

"No?"

(I thought so. Please join us.)

"Why? Do you know the contents of the event?"

(I don't know. But when you consider the intent of the event, you can imagine that the rewards will be at a level to replace the medals. Please participate).

"Well, if you say so..."

Youngwoo was unaware of it, but he was smiling. He was delighted that one of the world's greatest beauties cared for him and a blissful smile emerged. He wanted to record the contents of the conversation and disclose it on the Internet.

'I'm like this with Yura. Are you jealous?' He wanted to brag in the papers.

(Then I'm hanging up.)

"Ah, wait a minute."

(...?)

"Are you also participating in the National Competition?"

Yura had participated in the National Competition every year. In particular, she had been South Korea's only hope in the 1st National Competition. Since it was striving to gain honor for South Korea, Shin Youngwoo expected her to participate in the National Competition this year.

(Of course. Didn't I receive the same email because I applied to participate?)

Yura's voice was slightly raised over the phone but the insensitive Youngwoo didn't notice it. Even if he had noticed, he wouldn't have known why.

"Yes, I understand. Then I will see you soon."

Youngwoo's voice was excited. He was glad to see Yura's face

after a long time.

“I’m afraid there will be some complaints about the event.”

“There is already a conspiracy that we reduced the number of gold medals to two because of a certain person and now there is this event...”

S.A. Group’s headquarters. The members of the board of directors expressed their concerns about the event. It was natural to be worried.

[Battlefield]

All event participants fought against each other with the goal of surviving to the end in an isolated field. At the beginning of the game, all levels, abilities, items, and titles were equal. It was a concept event that was reminiscent of the mock games that were popular in the previous century.

It was an event that seemed to be aimed at a certain person whose strength was being overgeared.

Yoon Sangmin laughed at the concerned executives.

“That’s correct. Maybe many people will blame us. But I’m sure that Grid himself will be delighted. He finally has a chance to prove it.”

“What...?”

What would he prove? The executives were puzzled while Yoon Sangmin spoke meaningful words.

“As soon as Grid proves it, the people’s accusations will turn into cheers.”

Chapter 736

'Considering Kraugel's level during the Belial raid...'

Ahead of the National Competition, Grid's nerves were concentrated on Kraugel. It was a phenomenon caused by his desire to win the rematch that was taking place after one year and three months.

'At present, the level difference between him and me should be at least 150?'

Until now, the total was 1 to 1. This would be the game that determined victory or defeat. The winner would be the real winner.

'No, Kraugel's level up speed will be beyond my calculations. Maybe the level difference is less than 100.'

Well, even if the level difference is less than 100, there was no problem.

'Even Kraugel couldn't have passed level 300 yet. He wouldn't have achieved the third awakening.'

In a game, the level difference was as absolute as items. A higher level player would be stronger than a lower level one. In particular, the stats awakening every 100 levels caused a tremendous difference. In the past, the level 299 Grid failed to defeat Elfin Stone while the level 300 Grid succeeded. It was an example that showed the gap.

'Okay. This is sufficient.'

Kkuok!

Grid was convinced and formed fists. Some people might think it wasn't fair because of the level difference, but not Grid. It was natural. Levelling ability was also a skill. It was talent that Grid's level was higher than Kraugel's.

“Huhuhut... Kraugel, this is the difference in skill. Don’t blame the level reset. I also experienced it. It’s the same thing I went through.”

A level reset at level 300 compared to a reset at level 80. The former was much more disadvantageous and pitiful. The damage was completely different. But there was an eternal truth.

‘I am the strongest person in the world!’

It was this. Grid’s level reset and Kraugel’s level reset were on the same line.

“Compared to knowing everything, I had a much more difficult time when my level was reset. But now I have a much higher level than Kraugel. In the end, it means that I’m more talented than Kraugel. Isn’t that right?”

Grid didn’t have a conscience! Anyone who saw him now would’ve cut out his tongue. But Huroi just nodded. He didn’t intend to disturb his lord who was trying to reduce the burden with a mental victory.

“My lord is a genius of geniuses and above the sky. I have no doubt that you will win in the ‘fair’ battle that will take place at this year’s National Competition. It is only natural that My Lord, the incarnation of Genghis Khan, will reign over the world as its master.”

"Indeed, you have a discerning eye. As expected from Huroi. But isn’t Genghis Khan a Mongolian? I’m a Korean.”

"Do you need to dwell on nationality in this global age? Everything is out there. Are you ruler of a global kingdom?"

“You are right. Huroi, don’t you have deep thoughts? Hahaha!”

“Hahaha! My Lord the best!!”

“...”

One person was making an item while the other was preparing

for the diplomat's exam. Lael's gaze wasn't good as he looked at the two people sitting side by side.

"Your Majesty, too much confidence isn't good. Even if the level difference is large, the opponent is a Sword Saint. It's the strongest combat class. It will obviously be a tougher fight than last year. Please don't be careless."

In addition to Huroi, Lael supported Grid as well. He wanted Grid to win and develop even further. The problem was that the opponent was too strong. Thus, Grid had to pay attention.

"A sword that can even cut the world... It will be difficult to handle with Your Majesty's items."

Lael saw Kraugel as a bad opponent for Grid. Grid's combat style was more about items than control. He thought that Grid sticking to this attack style against Kraugel, who was the ultimate combat class, wouldn't be effective.

"Be quiet."

The alert Lael spoke the right words, but he angered Grid. Didn't Grid know that it would be hard to win against Kraugel? What Grid wanted now was to be cheered up, not made to worry.

"Are you trying to decrease my morale right now?"

"Huh?"

"You are on the American team with Kraugel in the National Competition. Do you want to decrease my morale so that Kraugel will win?"

"What... Ah."

Lael realized his mistake. He belatedly discovered that Grid was more sensitive than expected. The person right now was Grid before he became a king. It was a state where his dirty and stingy nature was revealed. Huroi was already aware of this fact from the beginning. Thus, he flattered Grid very well.

“My Lord! I will drive out this evil tongue with my own hand!”

“Yes, I can only believe in Huroi. I will pay attention to your loyalty and raise your item to higher heights.”

“It will be the glory of future generations!”

“No, I was joking just now...! Huroi, I... Ack!”

This was the end of a loyalist! As he was caught and dragged away by Huroi, Lauel felt like he was in a historical drama. Today, the Overgeared Kingdom was peaceful.

Time was bitter. It couldn't be reversed and it flowed quickly. The 3rd National Competition, which had been delayed three months later than usual, was only three days away.

Snap!

Snap snap!

John F. Kennedy International Airport was crowded with a large number of reporters. It was to interview the representatives leaving for Japan. The prestigious representatives. They were the people's pride and idols, causing them to receive much attention and love. Of course, there was an outstanding person among them. It was Kraugel.

“Player Kraugel! How do you feel about becoming the American representative?”

“What has your life been like living in the US for the past six months? Do you think you did well to immigrate to the US?”

“What event will you participate in?”

“There's a rumor that Grid will participate in all the events you are. Grid isn't denying anything. How do you see this excessive competition?”

And so on!

Kraugel was flooded with many questions. While the other representatives listened to one question, Kraugel alone was listening to 10 questions. There were also a lot of beautiful blonde reporters around Kraugel. Kraugel might be Asian, but he was popular because he had the ultimate beauty.

"There's a lot more interest than when we had Zibal."

"I agree. He's on a different dimension."

The top US rankers who participated in the National Competition every year clicked their tongues. As far as they knew, the most popular person in the world was Zibal. But it was surprising that Kraugel transcended his popularity.

"Haha... Wherever we go, a superstar..."

That's right. All the US representatives were popular rankers. They received excessive love and interest whenever they went. But it was different when standing next to Kraugel. They were just folding screens. It was a strange feeling for them, but they didn't dislike it.

"First of all, I have adapted well to life in the US. It's thanks to the kindness of everyone around me. For them, I am honored to fight for the honor of the United States."

Kraugel skillfully dealt with the group of reporters. He started making public appearances since the 2nd National Competition and now he had fully adapted to the life of a superstar. He gave an interview where everyone could feel good while mixing in the appropriate lip service.

"As you all know, one of the events I will be participating in is PvP. But I won't reveal the other one at this moment. I think it will be fun to wait to disclose it at the opening ceremony in three days. And about whether Player Grid is conscious of me..."

Kraugel stopped and stared at the camera in front of him. His big, black eyes were mysterious and beautiful. The female and male

reporters were shocked by his charm. In this atmosphere, Kraugel opened his mouth again.

“I’m pleased. I’m also conscious of him.”

“...”

Was it due to Kraugel’s gender neutral appearance? The reporters felt like Kraugel was confessing to the opposite sex. It felt like there was a deep bond between Grid and Kraugel. Amidst the strange atmosphere...

“He isn’t gay.”

Lauel arrived at the scene. He was the latest of the US representatives to appear.

“Lauel...!”

The prime minister of the Overgeared Kingdom! The right arm of Overgeared King Grid! The emergence of someone bigger than Kraugel attracted the attention of reporters at once. Lauel saw that the cameras were focused on him and laughed.

“Kraugel and the Overgeared King are good competitors and friends. I hope you don’t misunderstand their feelings towards each other.”

Lauel disguised Kraugel’s gay soul while mixing in humor. His intention wasn’t to help Kraugel, but to elevate the position of the Overgeared Kingdom. Kraugel was the friend of Overgeared King Grid. In other words, Sword Saint Kraugel was friendly to the Overgeared Kingdom. If they were hostile to the Overgeared Kingdom, they would be hostile to a Sword Saint. Lauel encouraged the people to recognize this.

"Grid and Kraugel, both men will fight each other."

A huge smile. Lauel smiled as he thought about how this was a success.

"You can use this lounge."

"Wow..."

The 1st National Competition was held in South Korea, so there was no flying. The 2nd National Competition was held in France and Shin Youngwoo used Yura's private plane. This was the first time he experienced a specific airline's services.

"Wowww..."

Youngwoo's mouth gaped open as he entered the exclusive lounge available to first class passengers. This lounge was more spacious than a playground! On one side, there was a variety of food ranging from cup noodles to delicacies. The panoramic view of the airport seen through the outer walls made of glass was overwhelming beautiful. Above all, the amazing thing!

"A-A private bathroom?"

The nervous Youngwoo cried out when he arrived at the bathroom.

There were dozens of rooms on both sides of the long corridor and all the rooms were private bathrooms. There was a sink, urinal, and toilet in each room. They even had the finest toothpaste and toothbrush. The quality of the toothbrush couldn't be compared to the one that Youngwoo usually used.

"A profit... Huh?"

Youngwoo placed the toothbrush in his pocket and came across Kang Daehan (Peak Sword) in the hallway. Kang Daehan was in a confused state.

"What? I definitely entered a bathroom but why is it a hotel room? What are these rooms?"

"It's a bathroom..."

"..."

It was also the first time that Kang Daehan used the exclusive

first class lounge. It was because a person normally couldn't afford to use the first class lounge, which normally went from millions of won to tens of millions of won. Shin Youngwoo, Kang Daehan, and the other Korean representatives. The reason why they were able to use the first class hotel today was due to the S.A. Group.

The S.A. Group provided first class seats to all delegates around the world. Those who read the information in the contents of the announcement 'Please board the airplane provided by our company' were already alerted, but Youngwoo and Daehan hadn't read it. They just enjoyed this moment.

"I want to live here."

"Huhuhu, yes. I can see beautiful sisters every day. Wouldn't it be perfect if there was a capsule here?"

Youngwoo and Daehan giggled with each other over a plate of food. The other representatives watched them with embarrassed expressions.

'What... Their atmospheres are different than usual.'

Shin Youngwoo and Kang Daehan. They were recognized as emerging chaebols in South Korea who had accumulated a lot of wealth due to Satisfy. It was normal for them to have enough resources to use the first class lounge every day. However, they were making such a fuss over the lounge that the other representatives were shocked. An unexpected person appeared in this awkward atmosphere.

"Can't you act like an ordinary person? Who doesn't know what you are capable of?"

"You...?"

Munch.

Shin Youngwoo's eyes widened as he chewed on dongpo pork. Dark... No, Eat Spicy Jokbal. The former head of Blood Carnival, who Youngwoo fought with over the insane dragon egg, appeared

in front of him.

"Why are you here?"

Surely he didn't want revenge in reality? Daehan explained to the wary Youngwoo.

"He's my friend. He will be a good companion who will fight with us during the National Competition.

"What?"

Dungeon Maker. It was the moment when the top player unknown to the world joined the Korean national team.

Chapter 737

"God Grid, after hearing your story, I developed great interest in Eat Spicy Jokbal and kept in steady contact with him. But it was hard work. I looked all over the country for Eat Spicy Jokbal and learned to distinguish the taste of makguksu in every store..."

"..."

Various expressions crossed Daehan's face as he recalled it. All types of memories seemed to come to mind.

"I wanted to give up several times. But I didn't give up. Why? I searched for Eat Spicy Jokbal. I am convinced that Eat Spicy Jokbal is a person that the Overgeared Kingdom needs!"

"..."

"The result is what you see now. I became friends with Eat Spicy Jokbal. Hut, how about it? Isn't it great? Kuahahahat!"

Daehan laughed excitedly while putting a hand on Eat Spicy Jokbal's shoulders. They seemed really close.

One second later.

"Where are you putting your hand?" A cold attitude! Eat Spicy Jokbal broke away from Daehan's hands and warned Youngwoo. "Don't get me wrong. I am fundamentally different from you guys. We can never be friends."

"Fundamentally?"

"Yes, I'm evil. The reason why I'm participating in this National Competition is different from you. I'm not participating in the National Competition for the sake of the country. I'm not a person with high patriotism."

"..."

"My purpose is only money! Money! I will recoup the damage of the egg you stole with the gold medals!"

“...Um.”

Youngwoo wasn't participating in the National Competition for the country. It was also to satisfy his individual desires. However, Eat Spicy Jokbal misunderstood. No, it wasn't just him. Most South Koreans considered Shin Youngwoo to be a patriot.

It was natural. From an objective point of view, Youngwoo was better off not participating in the National Competition. If he hadn't participated in the National Competition, he could've hidden the true powers of Pagma's Descendant and would be able to play the game in a better position. Youngwoo was a person who could make money by producing more items. There was no need to covet the rewards of the National Competition.

But Youngwoo participated in the National Competition every year. People had no choice but to misunderstand that Youngwoo was participating in the National Competition out of pure patriotism.

‘Well, that doesn't mean there is no patriotism.’

As a former member of South Korea's army, he had a minimum of patriotism. It was good that he helped his country. But the real reason why Youngwoo participated in the National Competition was honor, not patriotism. He wanted to prove himself in public and be recognized as a better person.

In addition, there was additional compensation from the National Competition. Youngwoo could receive myth-rated materials as a reward for gold medals. They couldn't be obtained even with money. In particular, the compensation for this year was expected to be larger than last year.

‘Last year, the only myth rated material I knew was adamantium.’

He was different from before. This year's Youngwoo knew the existence of various myth rated materials such as the sacred

creatures byproducts and the Goddess' Hair that he could demand as a gold medal compensation from the S.A. Group.

‘I have to win two gold medals.’

He wanted a byproduct of the sacred creatures, such as the Red Phoenix Breath. He was eager to make a second and third Enlightenment Sword.

“Um... Our relationship will gradually become established. Either way, it's nice to meet you.”

Youngwoo woke up from his thoughts and shook hands with Eat Spicy Jokbal. Youngwoo felt good at Eat Spicy Jokbal's desire to ‘make up for the damage of losing the dragon egg with the gold medals.’ He seemed to be a straightforward person.

What if Eat Spicy Jokbal was a bad person? He would threaten Youngwoo to pay back the debt from the game. At a minimum, he would express hostility. But Eat Spicy Jokbal's gaze towards Youngwoo was clean. He declared he would recover the damages in a fair manner.

‘The fact that he's a good person is why he's in Peak Sword's heart.’

Youngwoo smiled as nicely as possible. Eat Spicy Jokbal responded to the handshake with an expression that said he had no choice.

“Well... We are colleagues during the National Competition so we should shake hands... Huh?”

Eat Spicy Jokbal was surprised when he shook hands with Youngwoo. It was because the strength was amazing. The big hand full of calluses showed the hard lift that Youngwoo lived.

‘In reality, he's a hard worker?’

Eat Spicy Jokbal was 36 years old. Youngwoo looked like he wasn't even 30 years old yet. He was a legendary blacksmith in the

game, but Eat Spicy Jokbal expected him to be timid in many ways in reality. But that wasn't the truth at all. From the moment they first met, Youngwoo showed the same attitude and eyes as he did in the game. He was overflowing with dignity.

Eat Spicy Jokbal gulped.

‘Grid... He was born like this.’

Indeed, it was obvious. If he was an ordinary person, he wouldn't have become the king of a nation. Eat Spicy Jokbal misunderstood and decided not to be hostile to Grid.

On the other hand.

"...Surely your name isn't Eat Spicy Jokbal?"

"Aish... Of course it's my game ID."

"Isn't Eat Spicy Jokbal too much even for a game ID?"

“...”

The representatives gathered on one side murmured. Eat Spicy Jokbal prayed for an ID change item to be released quickly. At that moment.

"Oh my, everyone is here."

A man and woman approached the place where the Korean representatives were gathered. It was a woman in a hanbok and a blond male. The woman was in her 30s and had a refined elegance. It was an appearance that could be seen on Korean promotional brochures for foreigners. The blond male was mixed race. He seemed to be born between a Korean and a Westerner and was wearing a riding jacket. It was a couple with an extreme contrast.

“Who...?”

All the representatives were puzzled. It was the first time they saw the man and woman who arrived late. In particular, the woman's behavior was too unusual. The man and woman introduced themselves.

“I am Viola. I’m also a representative at the National Competition this year.”

“I am Ma Bongshik. It is the same for me.”

“?? Are those your game IDs?”

“They are our real names.”

“Ah, yes...”

What strange names. This was the first impression of the two new Korean representatives.

“Who are they?”

Eat Spicy Jokbal, Viola, and Ma Bongshik.

Peak Sword continued to show great interest and favor to the three people. One of South Korea’s giants, Peak Sword, wouldn’t show such an attitude to ordinary people. Therefore, the other representatives surely thought that these three people were big. The problem was that they were unfamiliar. The representatives couldn’t guess who they were.

“Um... I have never heard of their names before.”

Despite belonging to the same country, the representatives weren’t obliged to disclose their information. The game still continued after the National Competition was over. If there was an obligation to disclose information, there would be fewer rankers in the National Competition.

“Rather, Grid is really cool.”

“That’s right. He actually looks better.”

“Look at his back muscles. He’s cool even to a man. I’m envious.”

The attention of the representatives was soon focused on Grid. Grid didn’t know this, but more than half of the 30 Korean representatives participating in the National Competition this year

respected Grid. They were the ones who dreamt about becoming Grid while watching Grid, especially after he competed with Kraugel in the National Competition last year. They were buds who grew watching Grid. For them, Grid was a special existence. They wanted to use this opportunity to get close to Grid. But no one was able to approach Grid. It was hard to talk to such a great figure without inhibition.

‘I will be very active in this National Competition.’

‘Let’s attract Grid’s attention and enter the Overgeared Guild... Eh?’

Suddenly, the minds of the enthusiastic Korean representatives became blank. It was due to the appearance of the last Korean representative in the lounge, Yura.

“I’m sorry I’m late.”

“...”

Was the world originally black and white? The representatives stared blankly as Yura smiled gently and apologize in a sweet voice. Yura’s overwhelming beauty caused everything to fade except for her.

“I-It has been a while.”

Even Youngwoo stuttered. He was nervous and his heart jumped as he saw Yura after a long time.

‘Her skin is like a new baby... Has she been eating and living well?’

Youngwoo felt uneasy as he looked at Yura’s white skin. Yura tilted her head as she looked at him.

"Is there something on my face?"

“N-No. You have become prettier after a long time... Hup.”

What nonsense was he saying now? Youngwoo spoke without thinking and covered his mouth when he discovered it. And Yura...

“...”

Yura's milky white skin turned red. The eyes of the Korea representatives blurred as they watched.

'It's the prime of their lives.'

'I'm envious...'

A total of 50 countries were participating in the 3rd National Competition! Unlike the previous year, the size of this competition amplified the expectations of gamers all over the world. What interesting and cool scenes would be produced in this year's National Competition? Countless people were filled with expectations as they waited for the National Competition to begin. There were many people hoping for three days to pass quickly so the National Competition to begin.

Did they sense this desire?

『 A special event for the National Competition will now be held. 』

Representatives of various countries started boarding the plane. Game-related broadcasters from all over the world started a live broadcast. It was a broadcast produced by the S.A. Group. Orlando, a world-class pop star and Satisfy ranker in the top 100,000 was the MC.

『 At this time, 1,500 representatives from each country have completed boarding flights to Japan. And the S.A. Group is planning a special event for all of them. 』

"Event?"

It was a live broadcast that started without any notice but it was powerful since it was related to the National Competition. Word of mouth spread and many viewers flocked. MC Orlando had a cheerful expression and started explaining.

『 All players on board have a capsule instead of a seat. It's a

capsule that allows them to enter the Battlefield server. 』

“Battlefield?”

『 It’s a secret server that Satisfy has borrowed. From this moment on, 1,500 players from all over the world will enter a certain area with the same level, same stats, same items, same skills, and everything is equal. It’s a small mini-map. From there, the players will... 』

“...?”

『 They will continue to fight until there are three survivors. 』

“What?”

"A survival game without levels and items?"

"No, isn't the S.A. Group too obvious? Isn't this event aimed at Grid?"

“Wow, it’s really too much.”

The criticisms of the Korean public started to pour out once they learned of the event. But the reaction of the overseas viewers was hot.

“Isn’t it interesting? Who’s the best player when it comes to pure talent?”

“It’s naturally Kraugel.”

"No, maybe an anonymous person we don't know might be better than Kraugel."

Grid ‘naturally’ wasn’t mentioned in the winning candidates. It was hard to imagine he would win after losing his items.

Chapter 738

“From this moment on, you will be connected to Battlefield.”

It was a special event where the details hadn't been disclosed. All 1,500 National Competition participants this year hoped to take part in the event. It was somewhat unreasonable that the contents weren't disclosed, but it was inevitable that they would covert the rewards. The moment the representatives of each country boarded the plane.

“The battlefield is a mini-map around 10,000 pyeong. It isn't large enough for 1,500 people, but it boasts diverse terrain that makes it easy to develop a strategy. You will have to fight each other until there are three survivors remaining.”

The event details were released. There was a backlash.

“It sounds like a solo show. Isn't this too unreasonable?”

“A battle in a limited space is unconditionally advantageous to those with higher specs. Isn't this an event for just a few people?”

Viola and Ma Bongshik expressed their concerns. The other representatives were sympathetic. However, it was difficult to read Grid and Yura's minds. The host explained in more detail.

“No, it's a fair game. Battlefield is a completely separate server from Satisfy. Satisfy's account information won't be passed onto Battlefield and all players will receive a new character with the same stats.”

“...”

Gawk.

Everyone looked at Grid. Once he heard that the character he trained so hard wouldn't apply to this event, how would he react? Everyone expected him to be angry. From Grid's perspective, this event would be awfully unreasonable. But Grid's expression was

calm. He just sat in the capsule and listened to the explanation without any reaction.

'His vessel is big...'

'Truly God Grid. If I was Grid, I would be arguing right now.'

As Eat Spicy Jokbal and the Korean representatives were admiring Grid's attitude, what was the truth?

'Wow, shit. Am I the only rotten person here?'

Grid's insides weren't mature. But he knew there would be no change so he remained silent.

Meanwhile, the host's explanation continued.

"After entering Battlefield, you will have 10 minutes to select your class. There are four types of classes, all with the same stats, but different characteristics. Please think carefully and decide. After 10 minutes, the game will automatically start. Be sure to decide your class within 10 minutes. If you don't, a class will be selected randomly for you.

The host explained the following rules:

1. The 1,500 participants will all be masked. The ID and face won't be exposed to each other. The voice is also modulated. It is a measure to prevent certain forces from cooperating. However, the IDs will be shown to the viewers.

2. Immediately after entering Battlefield, all participants will have bare hands. Weapons will be scattered through the battlefield. It will be advantageous to find a weapon as soon as possible.

3. The game's time limit is three hours. Once one hour passes, the map will gradually disappear and become narrower. The people located in those parts of the map will be destroyed. The alert window that appears before the map disappears shouldn't be ignored.

4. It is a survival game aimed at being the last three, so there is no need to kill. You can stay hidden throughout the game. However, it is impossible to hide 10 minutes before the game ends because the map is very narrow. In order to win, you will have to fight.

5. Health and mana won't recover normally. You have to unconditionally drink potions. When taking a potion to restore health, you will regain 7 health points. When taking a mana potion, you will regain 6 mana points. Recovery potions will fall from the sky every 5 minutes. The maximum number of health and mana potions that can be held are two each.

“It's a separate game system, so you will quickly get used to it when playing directly. If you are the top rankers among two billion users, it's easy to adapt to the new game.”

‘Eh...? It sounds difficult?’

No, shouldn't he be given a more detailed manual? Unlike the other representatives, Grid alone was panicked.

[You will now access Battlefield.]

The capsule started to work.

[You are now connected to Battlefield.]

[The character will be created automatically.]

[Please select a class.]

[The classes that can be selected are ‘warrior,’ ‘magician,’ ‘cleric,’ and ‘producer.’ The attributes are different, but all stats are the same.]

[Warrior]

Health: 20/20 Mana: 15/15

Attack Speed: 1 Movement Speed: 2

Deals 1 damage to the enemy with a fist.

You can wear all types of weapons. Once a weapon is equipped, you will deal 2 damage to the enemy.

However, it is possible to equip a bow and ranged attacks (up to 10 meters) will only deal 1 damage. The bow will also consume an arrow with each attack.

You can wear the class specific 'shield.' If you block an opponent's attack with the shield, your damage is reduced by 50%.

[Magician]

Health: 20/20 Mana: 15/15

Attack Speed: 1 Movement Speed: 2

You can't damage the enemies with your fists.

You can equip all types of weapons except bows. Once a weapon is equipped, you can deal 1 damage to enemies.

You can wear the class specific 'magic wand.' The magic wand will deal 3 damage to the enemy. The magic wand can do ranged attacks (up to 10 meters), like the bow. However, ranged attacks will cost 7 mana. It won't activate if there is no mana.

[Cleric]

Health: 20/20 Mana: 15/15

Attack Speed: 1 Movement Speed: 2

You can't damage the enemies with your fists.

You can equip all types of weapons except bows. Once a weapon is equipped, you can deal 1 damage to enemies.

You can read the class specific 'scriptures.' The scriptures are found all over the map. When you read the scriptures, your health will be restored by 10. When reading the scriptures, 2 mana is consumed.

[Producer]

Health: 20/20 Mana: 15/15

Attack Speed: 1 Movement Speed: 2

You can't damage the enemies with your fists.

You can wear all types of weapons. Once a weapon is equipped, you will deal 1 damage to the enemy.

You will receive a pickaxe as a default item. The pickaxe isn't a weapon. You can use the pickaxe to gather resources such as clay, wood, metals, etc. You can create an item based on the collected resources.

The performance of production items are no different from the items available in the field.

However, if the creator equips the item then they will deal 2 damage per hit. It also applies to the bow.

* The total time required to produce one item is 15 minutes. You can move while making items. 10 mana is consumed when making items.

All 1,500 participants connected to Battlefield faced the class selection window. And this scene was being broadcast all over the world. The audience's attention was focused on the magician and producer class.

"If a magician finds a magic wand, won't they have the greatest power? It's a scam."

"Hmmm... But there are restrictions on ranged attacks. I think that ranged attacks will be most advantageous due to the nature of the game."

"When I look at it, the producer will be the best in the second half if they can survive unharmed and make a bow."

"Yes. They can hide and attack people with 2 damage."

"Won't the producer class be selected by the production rankers, including Grid?"

From a general point of view, the warrior class seemed to be the best. It was particularly advantageous in the early stages because it boasted stable attack and defense ability. But the viewers guessed that the rankers would be different. The rankers confident in their control would generally pursue high returns. The viewers thought that the rankers would bear the initial risk and turn their attention to a magician or producer class.

"The cleric class won't be so bad if they can find the scriptures well."

"That's right. Other classes have to rely on supplies falling from the sky and there is a danger of encountering an enemy or their supplies being snatched. Meanwhile, the cleric seems more stable.

"But if you are unlucky enough not to find the scriptures, the class won't survive."

"I also think that the cleric class is the most garbage. It's a class that lacks combat power and has to rely purely on luck."

"Um... Apart from the cleric class, the other classes are a matter of taste."

Warriors, magicians, and producers had obvious advantages and disadvantages. The viewers saw that the 1,500 participants would chose a class to their own liking. The people with a warrior class in Satisfy would choose the warrior, the people with a magician class would choose magician and the people with production classes would choose producer.

Why? It was because they were most familiar with that class. It was a simple matter. The viewer's engagement reached the peak.

Pak!

Pa pa pa pa pak!

The 1,500 participants completely their class choice within the 10 minute time limit and simultaneously entered Battlefield. The location was different for each person. They all appeared at

vertical intervals.

“Kraugel?”

“Where is Yura?”

The viewers were busy searching for the most expected rankers. This included Grid. It was determined that Grid had a chance with the producer class. People wondered what type of material the legendary blacksmith Grid would use. However...

[Grid]

Occupation: Cleric

"?????"

"Is this real?"

Unlike predictions, Grid chose the cleric class. This was a remarkable situation for viewers who thought that Grid would naturally choose a producer.

"No, why is it a priest?"

It wouldn't have been that surprising if Grid had chosen a warrior or magician. Grid was a blacksmith, but he could also use the sword and magic. Yes, whether it was warrior, magician, or producer, Grid could easily adapt to any class. Except for the cleric. But unlike predictions, Grid chose the cleric class. It was ridiculous.

『 This is amazing! Grid, who was expected to choose a producer or warrior class, actually chose the cleric class! 』

『 This is a total unexpected development since it's the class with the worst ability. 』

The cleric was a class that had no distinct traits if a scripture couldn't be found. The scriptures might be scattered all over the field, but that didn't mean they could be obtained. It was a class that relied almost entirely on luck. From the point of view of the professionals, people who didn't have the ability might rely on

luck and choose the cleric class.

Yet Grid chose a cleric. In other words...

『 Grid seems to have no confidence in his abilities. I guess he is aiming to survive as long as possible, depending purely on luck. 』

It was natural to come to this conclusion. The viewers' chatter followed.

-Wow... Look at Grid... He has such a high level, but he has no faith in his skills?

-It was the end the moment he lost his items.

-I can see how much Grid normally relies on items.

-Look. Isn't the analysis that Grid's control skills suck and he relies on items true? Perhaps most of Grid's items have the options to raise mastery skills?

-Sigh, it's starting again. Aren't you tired of underestimating Grid now?

-Grid is the best. He's different from us. He will have his own deep thoughts. There is definitely a reason why he selected the cleric class.

Whose thoughts were right? The Internet became heated up.

"It's as I expected. The cleric isn't a simple class that relies on luck."

Grid's eyes shone as he connected to Battlefield and saw the locations of the shrines displayed on the mini-map.

Chapter 739

‘It’s like this. Why are they always aiming for the back of my head?’

Grid loved Satisfy. He was very enthusiastic about it. Thanks to Satisfy, he was able to grow up, make precious bonds, and to succeed in life. But interestingly, he felt something close to hostile towards the S.A. Group. It was natural from Grid’s position.

There was some doubts about manipulation in the game and every time the National Competition was held, Grid thought that the S.A. was deliberately guarding against him. That’s why Grid didn’t trust the S.A. Group. He also had doubts about this event. While the other representatives were discussing the event, Grid tried to find a trap hidden in the game system. He took note of the limited number of potions that could be held. He used his experience and instincts to spot the potential trap.

Then in the class selection window, he noticed the trap that was hidden.

‘Cleric.’

It was a very bad class when he first saw it. The warriors were powerful from the beginning, while magicians and producers could become more powerful when certain weapons were acquired. Compared to those, the clerics didn’t receive any items. They lacked explosive power and seemed to be disadvantageous in the second half. However, all the classes had 20 health and there was no means to regain health except for potions. Therefore, Grid’s thoughts were different.

‘Players can only possess two potions, but there’s no limit on the number of scriptures a cleric can possess.’

In other words, it meant a cleric could hold a large number of scriptures.

‘Based on this, a priest has superior potential.’

Let’s say he went one on one with a magician who had a magic wand. The magician would deal 3 damage to the cleric while the cleric could only deal 1 damage to the magician. The cleric would die in seven hits while the magician would die in 19 hits. But what if the cleric secured a large number of scriptures? Every time they read the scripture, the priest would recover 10 health and would be able to win. Yes, this was only relevant if the cleric could secure a large number of scriptures. The cleric who failed to secure scriptures was the weakest of all the classes.

But out of the 1,500 delegates, the number that selected a cleric was so small that he didn’t consider the possibility of not securing scriptures. People perceived a cleric as a very risky class. Grid thought differently. He was convinced that it would be relatively easy to secure the scriptures and chose the cleric class. He chose this considering the S.A. Group’s inclination to hit players in the back of the head.

‘In the class description, the scriptures are described as being all over the map.’

It wasn’t stated that it was difficult to obtain the scriptures. The merit of the scriptures was too big compared to the sculptures. While people perceived it as ‘difficult’ to obtain, Grid was the opposite and this was the result.

The shrines. The small buildings indicated on the mini-map seemed to scream out ‘there is a scripture here!’

‘Indeed, it isn’t difficult to find scriptures.’

Of course, this could also be a trap. In addition, the total amount of scriptures could be surprisingly small. But this was something that could only be seen if he moved directly.

‘Besides the shrines, there might be scriptures elsewhere. They exist everywhere in the map.’

Grid decided and started moving to the nearest shrine. He focused on understanding his physical abilities by jumping, running, swinging his fists, kicking, etc. The result?

‘It’s like a level 10 character.’

In Satisfy, a basic character had 1 attack speed and 3 movement speed. Of course, the movement speed was faster. In any case, these were the stats in Battlefield.

‘Attack power and health are fixed, so strength and stamina are meaningless... The problem is my vision.’

Grid felt that his vision was able to follow if it was one attack per second. If he concentrated as much as possible, it seemed that he could avoid an enemy’s attack once every three times. This was where the problem occurred.

‘It’s possible for others to do the same thing...’

Can a cleric with a fixed attack power of 1 really push the enemy to death? Especially if his opponent was a master of control like Kraugel or the Overgeared members?

‘It’s the worst.’

Grid grasped that like Satisfy, Battlefield was a game that required control and became stressed. Rather than being insecure about his control, he knew too many people with excellent control.

‘I think most of them would’ve selected the magician class.’

Grid was a different type of ranker. Thus, he knew the characteristics of the rankers with good control. Those who were confident in their skills would look into the distance. Given their inclination, they were more likely to chose the powerful magician over a warrior. On the other hand, it was unlikely that they would chose a priest who had high survival possibilities and low damage.

“Gulp...”

Grid’s mind and body became stiff and he gulped nervously.

Since there was a chance to MISS. it was doubtful if he could fight against the skillful people even if he had a lot of scriptures.

'I will do 1 damage if I hit, but if I miss... No, don't shrink back.'

During the past few years of playing Satisfy, he had seen the value of a highly disciplined mentality. Grid's tense body and mind became flexible again.

'Right now, I'm not lacking a great deal of control. If I use the scriptures well, I can hold on.'

Grid was confident as he replayed the countless battles he had against numerous enemies. His eyes were determined as he moved to the shrine. There was no hesitation. He just moved straight.

'There's a high probability that there will be a scripture in here.'

More than half of the 1,500 players connected to Battlefield were concentrating on the shrines. There was no reason not to watch over it, despite being a space for clerics. Every small shrine had at least 100 people around them. All of them hid and held their breaths as they watched the shrine entrance.

Despite not being priests, they coveted the scriptures because the scriptures could be used as a trading tool or to lower the potential of clerics. But a few minutes later, no one entered the shrine. It was natural. They knew there were enemies hiding in the surroundings. The first one to act would be an obvious loser. Then one person appeared.

"Oh! The door is closed. This means nobody has entered yet? Isn't this a profit?"

"...?"

A mysterious figure rushed towards the shrine without hesitation! People didn't know it, but he was Grid. While other people were worried about all types of dangers and couldn't move,

he just unabashedly showed up? It was difficult for people to understand Grid.

‘Can I believe this?’

‘It could be a trap!’

1,500 people participated in the event. People had a lot of thoughts and couldn’t act easily. On the other hand, Grid was already opening the old door to the temple. He was confident that he was safe. It was as he expected.

‘There’s no danger of a sniper. Isn’t it too early for people to obtain a bow and arrows?’

Based on the character selection window, Grid understood that the weapon called a ‘bow’ was very useful. Grid was confident that it wouldn’t be easy to obtain the weapon capable of ranged attacks and his confidence was right. Of the dozens of people who watched Grid enter the temple, none of them had secured a bow. None of them were able to shoot Grid. Even if they had a bow, they couldn’t use the arrow since it was a consumable item.

‘In the first place, shooting a bow means becoming the target of the people around here.’

There would be people intent on stealing the bow.

Step, step.

Grid entered the shrine safely. He searched for the scripture and smiled. It was because he found a scripture and bow in one corner.

[A scripture has been acquired.]

[A bow has been acquired.]

[Scripture]

Opening the book will restore 10 health.

Available Classes: Cleric

[Bow]

A weapon capable of shooting an enemy from 10 meters away. An arrow will be consumed when fired.

Available Classes: Warrior, Producer

“Okay!”

Grid was delighted because he gained the scripture far more easily than expected and even got the bow as an extra. He felt good because the work went smoothly from the beginning.

‘It would be better if I got a weapon I could use rather than a bow. Well, I have it, so I will put it to good use.’

Grid placed the bow in his inventory that could hold 30 items. Then he prepared to leave the temple.

“Wait.”

A woman entered the shrine after Grid and blocked his path. Unlike Grid, she held a sword in her hand and threatened him with it.

“Give me the scripture. Otherwise I will kill you.”

‘Damn.’

He thought things were going too well. The frowning Grid head the sound of fighting and screaming outside. Fights were taking place outside the shrine.

‘Did the people clash among themselves after they saw me safely entering the shrine?’

He had to get out of here quickly. Grid pulled the bow out of his inventory. Then he spoke to the woman wearing a mask.

"There was no scripture here. There was only this bow."

“How can I believe that?”

"It can't be helped if you don't believe it. But I'm telling the truth."

Grid was a warrior, a legendary blacksmith, and eventually a

king. His experience in Satisfy was incomparable to ordinary people. Therefore...

Unlike others, he could easily make judgments to enter the temple and to calmly cope with this moment. Grid didn't realize it himself, but everything about the way he thought and behaved was naturally different for ordinary people.

"Isn't the bow a weapon that is difficult to obtain? It is a strength that isn't easy to get in the beginning. Unfortunately, there isn't the scripture that you want, but I have this bow. Let's exchange this bow with your sword."

Grid's suggestion confused the woman.

"Why should I?"

In response to the woman's question, Grid lied like it was natural.

"Isn't the bow a lot better than the sword? Isn't it more profitable to trade with this? It's a big loss for me, but I don't want an unnecessary struggle."

The woman refuted.

"The bow is a weapon that can't be used without arrows. Now you don't seem to have a weapon other than the bow. I am in a situation where I can easily overpower you..."

"Then do it." Grid interrupted her in the middle. He put the bow in his inventory and raised his fists. "Seeing you refuse the bow, you must be a cleric or a magician? Your attack power with the sword is the same as my bare hands. Right? Then let's fight. Let's have a dog fight."

"What...?"

The woman panicked.

'He's a warrior, not a priest?'

The scripture was a tool needed by the priest. The woman saw

Grid enter the shrine to search for the scripture and naturally thought he was a priest. But now he was a warrior. Things didn't look good. Grid confirmed that she was shrinking back and said again.

"How about it? Do you want to exchange the sword with a bow, or fight?"

"I-I guess it is better not to fight. But I won't exchange weapons. Just go."

"Okay."

Grid nodded and left the shrine. Some of those fighting saw him but no one was able to pursue him straight away. After a while.

"Sigh..."

Grid was relieved once he arrived at a safe area. The commentators spoke words of admiration as Grid sitting in a tree was broadcasting.

『 I'm amazed at the wit and bold judgment that allowed him to escape from a crisis. He's a charming person. 』

『 This isn't the Grid we know. This is how an ordinary player became a legend and a king... I feel like I got a glimpse of that strength. 』

Grid was Grid, even if he lost the power of a legend. He demonstrated his strength. The viewers' appreciation of Grid rose sharply.

At this moment, the number of participants in Battlefield were dwindling fast.

Chapter 740

Some people looked for weapons from the beginning, while some people hid in safe places. In addition, some people eliminated others by killing them. Hide and seek, defeating and looting were repeated without stopping. There was no safe zone here so the thoughts and strategies of 1,500 people intersected. Battlefield progressed rapidly, with the survivors shrinking to 900 in the first 20 minutes.

Grid confirmed the number of survivors marked on one side and frowned.

‘I thought it was dirty because it was 100,000 pyeong.’

Actually, a size of 100,000 pyeong was big. It was around half the size of any town in a province. The first time he entered Battlefield and saw the various hills, valleys, buildings, and forests, Grid wondered how many people would die in three hours. He thought that most people would be looking for each other when the time limit was over.

However, he was mistaken. The 100,000 pyeong land felt small due to the pursuit, hiding and fighting of 1,500 people. Grid looked at the mini-map while looking for the next route.

‘I will pass the shrine closest to here.’

The shrine closest to Grid’s present location was 110 meters away. It was closest to the shrine where Grid secured the scripture. Grid judged that it was too dangerous.

‘The people who watched the entrance of the shrine will move to the nearest one and follow the same procedure.’

Right now, it would be pandemonium. A massive battle might happen. Grid was afraid he would be in danger.

‘Should I use an underpass?’

Battlefield had an underground area. There were entrances everywhere so it was easy to enter. There was also a sense of covertness because the mini-map didn't show the detailed structure of the underpass. Objectively, the underground seemed like the safest area.

‘It isn't the case.’

He couldn't think the same as other people. Many people would've fled to the underground and would be fiercely competing.

Flinch.

Grid felt a sense of discomfort as he looked at the mini-map. His hands were empty.

‘Speaking of bare hands...’

He needed a weapon. It was the minimum condition to survive. Grid stayed above ground and started looking around. He didn't miss the niche in the thick forest. Weapons were relatively easy to find.

“A mace.”

He found a mace between thorny vines and swung it several times. The blunt weapon didn't have a distinctive weight. It felt like wielding an ordinary sword. Every weapon in Battlefield had the same formula except for the bow and the magic wand.

‘But there's a slight difference.’

Grid noticed that the blunt weapon was 50cm in length. It was much shorter than the average length of swords. In fact, the blunt weapon that Grid was equipped with now was much shorter than the sword that the woman he encountered in the shrine was using.

‘It doesn't feel good in my hands.’

Grid used various weapons as Pagma's Descendant but in the end, his favorite weapons were the greatsword and long sword. Blunt

weapons didn't receive the corrective effect of Pagma's Descendant so he was somewhat unfamiliar with them.

‘I better find a sword.’

Scriptures weren't only in the shrine. They might be out in the open like this blunt weapon. Grid was able to relax because he had such convictions. He could think flexibly because there was no need to obsess over the shrines.

‘Oh?’

How good would it be to find a sword after a scripture? Grid was filled with expectations as he moved through the forest and found a cabin beyond lush bushes. It was an old, narrow cabin that seemed cramped when only one person entered.

‘Can I get something from here?’

It was a situation where he could get items on the path. It was expected that various tools would be available in specific buildings.

So...

‘Let's not enter.’

Grid decided that there would already be someone inside the cabin. ‘Hiding the tools and unleashing a surprise attack on anyone who enters.’ Grid hid in the bushes and thought carefully about the structure of the cabin.

‘There is a window on every side so it's impossible to approach it in secret. I will wait for someone else to appear first.’

Once a person blinded by greed found the cabin and approached without thinking, there would be a dogfight with the person already hiding in the cabin.

‘I will watch quietly and come out later.’

It was ideal to take the items from mindless competitors fighting each other! Grid smiled grimly as he thought about it. There was nothing as happen as eating something free in the world. But his

smile didn't last long.

‘Well, there will be few idiots who will approach the cabin... It is better to abandon any lingering attachment... Eh?’

Grid thought realistically and was about to leave. He knew there was no reason to be obsessed with the cabin where obvious danger lurked. At that moment.

Step.

“...!”

Grid threw himself flat on the ground. A man was approaching the cabin. Grid covered his mouth to block his breathing, smiling as he watched the man.

‘A fool like this actually exists in the world!’

It was like seeing himself in the past. Grid realized his own growth as the man entered the cabin. However, the sight that unfolded before his eyes was beyond Grid's expectations.

Snap!

“Hiyah!”

As the man opened the door of the cabin, the woman hiding in the hut waved her sword. It was the ideal timing for a surprise attack. But the ideal timing meant it was predictable.

Peek!

The man who opened the cabin door. He closed the door again and used it to block the sword. Due to that, the woman's sword that should've pierced the man's body ended up only piercing the cabin door. The man confirmed that the sword pierced the door and immediately opened it again.

Then.

"Kyaaak!"

The woman's body fell out of the cabin with her sword still stuck

in the door. The man's spear struck her.

Puok!

A spear that precisely struck the heart! Battlefield had fixed damage. In Satisfy, this attack would have a 100% chance of causing a critical strike. Perfect response speed, the ability to use the environment and the skill to handle the spear. Grid was convinced as he hid in the bushes and witnessed it.

'High ranker...!'

This man wasn't stupid. He knew someone would be hiding in the cabin and approached anyway. It was because he was confident that he could overpower the person hiding. On the other hand, what about Grid? He was also a high ranker so why?

'Why don't I have such confidence?'

Paruru...

Grid's eyes shook as he saw the unidentified high ranker overpowering the opponent with pure ability. It was the moment when the blood of the Overgeared King, who fought against the empire and vampires, started to boil.

『It truly is the genius of fighting...! He has tremendous skills!!』

In Battlefield, surprisingly one-sided battle scenes were unfolding. All 1,500 people started in equal conditions, but their strategy and control skills were different. In the same circumstances, one person could easily overcome the crisis while another person would be frustrated.

There were people who had better weapons but lost against fists. Most of the winners were high rankers. The giants who had been reigning in Satisfy solely through their skills. Their skills were being fully demonstrated in Battlefield. Among them, the most prominent one was Hao.

As the miracle of the continent and number one ranker in China, his combat ability was the most impressive. Maybe it was because he was conscious of the other bigwigs, including Kraugel, but he chose a magician, which had more potential than a warrior. He beat all his competitors with just an old spear that dealt 1 damage. In the eyes of ordinary people, his ability to control most attacks with the same physical ability and vision as others was amazing. His control was close to a supernatural feat.

"Kyaaak!"

Despite having the advantageous position, the Japanese woman in the cabin was easily beaten. As they saw Hao use an old door to neutralize the opponent, people realized why he was the master of battle. They felt awe at his ability that was beyond the level of ordinary.

-Hao is one of the players closest to Kraugel... It wasn't a futile claim from the Chinese.

-I agree. It wouldn't be a joke if Hao has the same levelling ability was Kraugel.

-If it hadn't been Grid VS Kraugel in the National Competition last year, it would've been Hao VS Kraugel.

Those who witnessed Hao's true talent were sure that Hao would be in the last survivors of Battlefield.

What about Grid who was hiding in the bushes and watching the one-sided massacre?

It could be said that he showed a surprising performance, but it was poor compared to Hao.

-How long will Grid hide like this...?

-He will wait for Hao to leave.

The participants don't know each other, but Grid witnessed Hao's skill in real time. He would feel that Hao isn't a regular

person.

The possibility that he will take a risk and struggle with Hao was close to zero.

-It seems humiliating, but it's smart.

-That's right. Grid is doing well enough.

In Battlefield, where items couldn't be used, it was natural that Grid would be perceived as weak. Grid was the person known as overgeared and the Overgeared King. He seemed aware that he was less talented compared to other high rankers. In fact, Grid was avoiding combat as much as possible.

He was meek compared to his reputation. But people didn't blame him. They appreciated that he was aware of his own ability and was playing the game to match it. No one looked at him badly.

『 Ah! As soon as I spoke, Hao has logged out Satsuki! 』

『 This is really worthy of admiration. He only suffered two damage. 』

『 In other words, he hit Satsuki 20 times while only being hit once. I don't know why high rankers have such good control... As an ordinary player, I can't even imagine it. 』

『 Due to these scenes, there is a theory that a specific DNA gene for virtual reality exists... Eh? W-What is this? 』

『 No, what courage is this? 』

The commentators were startled while praising Hao. A man had been hiding the whole time Hao was fighting. Then Overgeared King Grid jumped up and moved in front of Hao.

-What?

-Does he want to fight Hao?

-Grid has already showed some excellent skills. Maybe he's trying to show off his talent again by facing Hao?

As everyone was feeling expectant.

“Pon? Regas? Or perhaps Kraugel? I don’t know who you are.”

Grid held his blunt weapon and pointed to Hao.

“Let’s fight. I’m curious. What level am I at now?”

Flinch.

Hao saw Grid’s eyes, which were visible through the mask, and instinctively sensed something. The opponent was a predator like himself.

“I preferably want to win...” Hao smiled bitterly. Then he let out a sigh and took a fighting stance. “I can’t avoid the fight, since you asked so proudly.”

Chapter 741

‘It’s difficult to adjust to this body.’

Hao was a martial artist ahead of being a high ranker. In reality, he was a monster who practiced martial arts around the world to the limit. He had a transcendent body in Satisfy and the real world. Thus, he was forced to feel a lot of dissatisfaction with the newly granted body in Battlefield.

It was a rotten body equivalent to a level 10 character in Satisfy. Heavy, slow, and weak. Hao’s perception was already far away while his body was still in place. Hao filled that his whole body was covered with shackles. He was shocked that he wasn’t even aware someone was watching him.

‘But.’

Hao thought. This unreasonable situation, it wasn’t just him. All other participants were experiencing the same thing. He wasn’t the only one disadvantaged. It was an equal situation. Hao tried to identify the man in front of him.

‘It isn’t Kraugel.’

Kraugel was the strongest person that even Hao envied. It was absurd that such a person would say that they wanted to test their abilities. Hao identified the blunt weapon in the man’s hands and thought of a few people.

‘Damian, Vantner, Toban, Bubat, Shane, Ronam...’

They were the rankers who focused on blunt weapons. Among them, Damian favored the sword. But he was a paladin, so he was probably used to blunt weapons. Hao thought about it and came to a conclusion.

‘Damian.’

Hao decided since Vantner, Toban, Bubat, Shane, and Ronam

were two or three levels below him. He was sure that this was the truth.

‘If they saw my skills, they wouldn’t dare come forward.’

On the other hand, Damian was different. Damian, one of the few people who played a close match with Grid in the last National Competition, was Hao’s competitor.

‘But that’s in Satisfy.’

In Satisfy, Damian reigned as the pope. As the pope, his skills composition was beyond the realm of a player. Hao couldn’t guarantee victory. But this was Battlefield. This was a separate world where he didn’t need to be afraid of Damian’s fraudulent skills.

‘If we fight under the same conditions, I will definitely be superior.’

Supak!

Hao promised and moved the spear in a straight line. It was the basic thrust of the spear. Hao had steadily trained in the sword for 20 years, but he also had considerable skill with the spear. Moreover, he had Weapons Mastery and often used the spear in Satisfy. He was able to use spear techniques with a lot of difficulty.

Then why use a basic thrust? Difficult techniques would just grab his ankles. Hao judged that it was counterproductive in his present body. It would just expose gaps. Thus, he decided to rely on the most familiar and efficient basic operations. The result?

Puok!

Hao’s basic thrust was very powerful. Hao guessed that his opponent was Damian. In other words, Hao’s spear pierced Grid’s chest. Grid couldn’t respond to Hao’s spear, which moved through the shortest route. Grid recognize that Hao’s spear was coming almost at the same time that Hao’s spear reached Grid’s chest.

‘This is my chance!’

Hao immediately withdrew the spear. He wanted to accumulate damage with continuous stabs. But he couldn’t pull the spear back. It was because Grid moved forward the moment Hao started to retrieve the spear. The distance between Grid and Hao narrowed in an instant. It was a distance where Grid’s blunt weapon could be effective.

Peng!

Grid rush and the blunt weapon narrowly brushed by Hao’s head.

‘Once again, a non-threatening action won’t stop the enemy from attacking.’

As he listened to the ringing in his ears, Hao felt pity that he could only deal fixed damage. Normally, that attack would be enough to threaten the opponent’s life. But how could the opponent in front of him be so brave?

Puuok!

Hao avoided Grid’s attack and retreated, security a safe distance for the spear. Then he stabbed without hesitation. Grid was hit again as he rushed forward.

Peng!

Grid’s blunt weapon once again brushed by Hao’s face. This time, he twisted his body to avoid Grid’s attack. He turned his spear to recover. Once his waist was back in its original position, he wielded it again.

Pakak!

Hao’s spear struck Grid’s forearm! Grid accumulated 3 damage in an instant.

‘Vantner or Toban?’

The level was lower than expected. Hao realized that his opponent wasn’t Damian and the audience sighed.

-Ah... He couldn't even hit Hao once while he was hit three times.

-The result is too obvious. What is Grid thinking?

-A fool mistakenly gained courage and his illusion was dissipated.

-That's the current Grid.

The audience clearly saw Grid's talent and thought that Grid was stupid and frustrating to challenge Hao. Did Grid upset himself with unfounded self-confidence? Was he crazy or stupid? The moment everyone thought this.

Cheook!

Grid was hit in the forearm with Hao's spear. Hao retreated to reclaim the spear again. Then Grid moved to the left and right in front of Hao. The movement was too ludicrous to be simple evasive action. It was like a dance. At that moment.

'These movements...!'

Hao's eyes widened.

-Eh...?

-Isn't this vaguely familiar?

The viewers felt something strange. Then Grid's blunt weapon struck once.

Peng!

The second blow.

Peeng!

The third blow.

Kwajak!

Hao allowed several blows. On the other hand, Grid avoided all of Hao's stabs. It was the side to side movement of Pagma's Swordsmanship, Link, performed by a level 10 character.

“Grid...!”

Hao shouted in a trembling voice after finding out who he was fighting with.

Grid retorted.

“It’s best with behavior the body is familiar with. Right?”

Grid became familiar with Hao’s basic motions of stabbing and used the Pagma’s Swordsmanship that he was accustomed to. Pagma’s sword dance had been used repeatedly over the years and was the ‘base’ of Grid. Grid reminded himself. Unlike other skills that could be activated just by crying out the skill name, this damn skill had the disadvantage of going through a ‘process’ before Pagma’s Swordsmanship could be used.

The experience he had in Satisfy was shown here in Battlefield. The unavoidable accumulation of experience was sublimated into a powerful weapon at this moment.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship.”

Grid started moving again. It was the skilled footwork that had been repeated hundreds of thousands of times. The moves he used to approach Hao weren’t ordinary. It was evasive and charging forward. Therefore, Hao shrank back. Hao’s excellent eyes grabbed his ankles at this moment.

“Kill!”

Peeng!

A technique that rushed towards the target while raising the killing intent. Unlike Satisfy, the damage was only 1. However, the momentum expressed was scary. Hao forgot that this was Battlefield and sensed his death. But it was only an illusion.

[You have suffered 1 damage.]

“Kuk...!”

He forgot to breathe as he was beaten by Grid’s attacks. The

notification window reminded Hao of reality. He recovered his composure. But Grid already had the momentum.

“Endless Pagma’s Swordsmanship!”

No mana consumption! No cooldown! Grid didn’t rest but kept moving. He used the footwork for Link, Kill, Wave, Pinnacle, and Revolve. He started to avoid, attack, and counterattack. Finally.

Peok!

Puk!

Jjejejeok!

Grid’s attacks now hit once every three attempts while Hao’s attacks fell to one hit every three attempts. The situation of the two people was temporarily the same. The commentators and viewers couldn’t close their mouths as they watched the fierce fight.

-Grid and Hao are even...

-Is this a dragon fight?

-Wow, Grid is cool. He’s the best even without items.

-Where are all the people saying that Grid’s skills are only because of items?

-Grid has proved it.

-How he managed to get recognized as a legend. How he became king and how he got into the Hall of Fame.

He showed his experience winning, losing, fighting strong enemies, and winning to the world as he fought Hao. He was also a high ranker!

“Uraaaaaat!”

“Ugh...!”

Peng!

Peng! Pepeng!

Was he too excited? Grid roared like a beast and kept wielding the blunt weapon. In order to make sure that Hao couldn't use the long reach of a spear, Grid got up close and used the threatening nature of the blunt weapon. Due to the thick end, it was difficult to completely avoid the blunt weapon and it boasted a relatively wide attack range.

‘It truly is Grid...!’

Grid was already acknowledged by Hao since the 2nd National Competition. He praised Grid so much that he probably would've followed Grid if he hadn't met Kraugel first. But he didn't give up.

‘He has fully grasped the use of the blunt weapon with his natural talent.’

Hao's gaze temporarily moved away from Grid to behind Grid. It was the side of the cabin. Since they started fighting, Grid had been backing up towards the cabin.

‘I made a sufficient gap in the beginning. In the end, I will be victorious. But it is difficult to suffer from this damage.’

Hao's eyes were caught by the long sword dropped by the competitor he previously defeated. It was at the side of the cabin entrance. Hao decided that if he could get the sword, he would be able to fight against Grid in a melee. He believed he could overpower Grid without any more damage. He was much more accustomed to a sword than a spear in the first place. However, there was a problem.

“Why do you think our positions have changed this way?”

Grid was aiming for the sword from the beginning. Grid was approaching the side of the cabin because Grid guided it this way. On the other hand, Hao had only recently become obsessed with the sword. At first, he didn't even care about the sword. He was confident that he could overpower the opponent with just a spear.

His brow furrowed.

Grid opened the distance from Hao and picked up the sword! He laughed at the despairing Hao and opened the scripture in his other hand.

At the same time.

Shaaaaaah—

Light covered Grid's body and his health was restored. Even here, it was the power of items.

Chapter 742

‘What?’

As soon as Grid pulled out the blue booklet, Hao got goosebumps. He knew what the identity of this book was.

‘Scripture...!’

Swaaaaah.

Grid’s body was surrounded by light. The wounds that proved the fierceness of the battle disappeared like a lie. Hao’s eyes shook.

‘He selected a cleric?’

In the character selection value, Hao saw the cleric’s value as low. A magician exerted a unique attack power after getting a magic wand, while a producer could make bows and arrows themselves. Both were excellent classes. In particular, Hao thought that Grid would choose the producer class. It was a speculation considering his identity as a legendary blacksmith. Yet he was a cleric?

Hao gulped.

‘Grid, did you know from the beginning?’

In the character selection window, Hao saw the cleric as a bad class. Immediately after entering the battlefield, he realized after seeing that there were dozens of shrines on the mini-map. In fact, the cleric was the class with the greatest potential. Why? The scriptures, which he thought relied on pure luck, were actually items that could be secured strategically. If a cleric secured a large number of scriptures, Hao predicted that the cleric would be the greatest hurdle.

But he didn’t worry much. He was sure that no one among the high rankers would choose a cleric.

‘I don’t anyone would’ve realized that the scriptures can be

secured so easily just by looking at the character description.'

The scriptures were described as being all over the map. There was no explanation that it could be secured in a specific area. The other rankers were likely to evaluate a cleric lowly. But Grid was different. He selected a cleric.

'Grid, you read a few steps into the future. Indeed, you are the person that I acknowledge. I can only say that you are great.'

Hao was impressed and thrilled. Now he had 7 health left. On the other hand, Grid read the scripture and had 15 health.

'I need to hit him 15 times.'

The situation had become worse. The word 'defeat' entered Hao's head. However, Hao didn't know how to give up.

'There's still a chance. The possibility that Grid has secured two scriptures is very unlikely.'

He had to do two or three hits for every time he got hit! Hao held his spear and raised his concentration to the extremes. He had already become accustomed to Pagma's Swordsmanship.

'Grid turns when he uses Link and Wave, while he can respond with a faster thrust when he uses Kill. He doesn't attack when using the footwork of Revolve and will narrow the distance when he uses Pinnacle.'

Hao was a person who was praised as the master of fighting. His ability to identify the enemy's strengths and weaknesses and reverse the situation were excellent. He had excellent analytical abilities and improvisation so it wasn't difficult for him to grasp Pagma's Swordsmanship. Hao believed that he could observe the direction of Grid's feet during the sword dance and cope with it, allowing him to easily win.

At that moment.

Teong!

Grid stepped forward. The weight on his leg was different from simply moving. It was the precursor of Kill and Pinnacle.

Hao quickly identified it and moved his right foot backwards. He watched clearly how Grid's feet moved and took preliminary actions to cope with a stab or avoidance. At this point, Grid moved forward again. He narrowed the distance to Hao more than necessary.

‘Pinnacle!’

Hao detected it! Hao didn't want to confront it with his low health and took one step back. He chose to take evasive action. At the same time.

Sakak-!

Grid's sword moved through the area where Hao had just been standing. It was an attack with more sharpness compared to using blunt weapons. A smile appeared on Hao's mouth.

‘Now!’

It was time to counterattack. Hao moved his right foot in a wide manner. The spear in his hand stretched out like a flash. It was aimed precisely at Grid's heart. Hao was confident that he would completely stab Grid. But at that moment. Grid's sword falling towards the ground stopped in the air. The moment Hao came closer to Grid. The descending strike was converted into a stab.

Pinnacle Kill.

‘What?’

Puk!

Hao's spear stabbed at Grid's chest.

Puooook!

Grid's sword pierced Hao's heart. Of course, Grid was faster. Before Hao could reclaim the spear, Grid retrieved the sword and attacked a second time. It was possible because the length of the

sword was shorter than the spear.

Seokeok!

“Kuk...!”

Hao's shoulder was cut. Grid recovered his sword again and Hao, who already finished retrieving his spear, belatedly struck a second time. Hao tried to maintain his composure. If he could hit two more times, they would return to the starting point. Therefore, he decided not to fret. However, Hao's second blow didn't hit.

Jjejeong!

Just before Hao's spear reached his chest. Grid turned his sword in the air and blocked Hao's spear. Revolve.

'What happened?'

Hao's eyes twitched. Not only did Grid's swordsmanship become more diverse, but it was surprising since it was linked at a faster timing than before. It might be a small change when other people saw it. But in Hao's case, he was directly dealing with Grid and Grid seemed to have been transformed into a different person.

Hao was confused.

"Sword dance, sword dance. It is no wonder that a sword is more appropriate for it than a blunt weapon."

Grid informed him of the situation. That's right. Grid changed the moment he switched from a blunt weapon to a sword. Now he was showing off his true talent.

'I can't lose with a sword!'

From the beginning, Grid saw Hao as a tough opponent. Thus, he was keenly looking for a sword from the moment the battle began. On the other hand, Hao saw Grid as below him. He wasn't obsessed with the sword at first.

'This is the result of carelessness!'

Hao realized the difference between himself and Grid. Grid was humble, while Hao was arrogant. This difference showed in the current results. Hao thought so. But the reality was somewhat different. Hao used various weapons thanks to Weapons Mastery. He was skilled with all weapons because of his excellent talent. That's why he wasn't obsessed with a specific weapon. On the other hand, Grid had no talent like Hao. He used a variety of weapons but he wasn't accustomed to weapons other than swords. Therefore, he had no confidence with other weapons. This was why he was so obsessed with the sword.

One who had talent and one who had not. The two of them were divided here. It wasn't because Grid was humble. It was a truth that no one knew.

‘I can't win.’

Hao judged. He sensed it the moment Grid used two sword dances in a row.

‘Achieving such complicated sword dances with the stats of this body... His talent is comparable to Kraugel.’

The difference between heaven and earth! Hao was enlightened and abandoned the weapon on his hand.

“I lost. Kill me.”

“Huh?” Grid was confused when his opponent surrendered at the end. “Why are you surrendering? Shouldn't you accumulate as much damage on me as possible, even if you lose?”

“I would've done this if I hated you.”

Hao had a great liking for Grid. That's why he visited South Korea. He didn't want to cause damage to Grid by fighting to the end. He wanted to cheer on Grid rather than grab at Grid's ankle. Grid noticed his heart and smiled.

“You are truly Pon. Thank you.”

“...”

This guy, he still didn't know Hao's identity despite fighting for so long? Hao became frustrated once he realized how weak his presence was.

‘My skills are lacking.’

Hao was once Grid's enemy. If Grid had been impressed by Hao, it would've been possible for him to identify Hao in this match. But Grid didn't know Hao's identity. It meant Hao didn't leave an intense impression on Grid. Hao blamed himself for being lacking. But it wasn't true. The reason why Grid mistook Hao as Pon wasn't because he trivialized Hao's ability. It was the opposite.

"How about it? You are Pon right? Only Pon can use the spear in such an amazing manner."

“...Haha, I am Hao.”

A big smile appeared on Hao's face.

-Hao is pathetic!

-Surrendering without fighting to the end...! It's the disgrace of a great nation!

The Chinese viewers were indignant. The top ranker of China was defeated by the ranker of a 'small country.'

-Hao should be banished forever from China!

-Right! It is unacceptable for a representative of 1.5 billion people to kneel to a Korean representative! The entire world is watching as China surrenders to South Korea! It's an absolute disgrace!!!

-Banish Hao!

-Send him to the trash!

The Internet was in chaos. The Chinese people were angry on various communities and social networks. Of course, this wasn't

all Chinese people. But some people disgraced the country of China with their selfishness and arrogance.

-I pity Hao.

-Yes. How many medals has Hao obtained for China so far... One result has caused him to be called a complete traitor.

-Aren't they particularly sensitive because Grid is Korean? The Chinese seem to ignore South Korea quite a bit.

-Why are they taking the competition between Grid and Hao like the competition between South Korea and China? It's a solo exhibition anyway.

-That's right. What does a person's nationality matter?

The moment when netizens of each country were accusing some of the Chinese netizens, the Korean netizens felt a great deal of pleasure.

-God Grid alone can turn the continent upside down. ⇨⇨⇨⇨ Really amazing.

-South Koreans seemed to be genetically excellent. Our population isn't high, but one person in each field is always unique.

-Ah, I really like Grid. Thanks to Grid, I'm happy at every National Competition.

-Eh? What is this?

-Wow. It is big.

The people watching Battlefield grew restless. As Grid and Hao were facing each other, an Australian representative aimed at Grid through the bushes. Just before Grid was caught off guard.

-Avoid it!

-Notice it!

No matter how fast the netizens typed or the shouts of the

audience, the contents couldn't reach Grid. Grid was thinking if it was better to kill Hao, who already acknowledged defeat, or team up with Hao. Then.

Teong!

An arrow flew through the bushes and hit Grid.

[You have suffered 2 damage.]

“Kuk...!”

High destructive power! Grid turned a perplexed gaze in the direction that the arrow came from.

“Take this. If you beat me then you better win.”

Hao handed the blue booklet to Grid and rushed through the bushes.

Puk!

An arrow struck Hao's chest. Now Hao's health fell below 3. His vision started blinking red as a warning. However, Hao didn't stop. He moved accurately in the direction of the arrow and stabbed the spear in the opponent who ambushed Grid.

“Shit...! I thought I could eat for free! Aren't you enemies?”

The Australian representative shook as he was stabbed by the spear. He was also in a state of low health from fighting against other representatives.

Paaaat!

Hao and the Australian representative turned grey at the same time.

“Hao!”

Thanks to Hao, Grid preserved his health. There were now less than 400 people left on Battlefield.

Chapter 743

“Reap what you sow...”

Grid remembered how he treated Hao to jjampong when he came to South Korea. It was also 1,000 won more expensive than ordinary jjampong.

“I will repay this favor.”

Grid vowed as he watched Hao turn to grey. He would live by killing many people in the future. He wouldn't sacrifice himself, but he realized it was better to help people in the proper limits.

‘I will pay back those who helped me, like Hao!’

A heart full of evil intentions! Grid's intentions to advance weren't pure. However, he was developing. Grid was originally a person who hated the act of giving to others. But this was changing. It was bit by bit in the process of making friends, sharing with colleagues, sharing love with his family, and making new bones.

“...Thank you once again, Hao.”

Grid confirmed the blue booklet that Hao gave him. It was a scripture. Hao had stopped by a shrine at the beginning of the game.

“The next time you go to South Korea, I will treat you to more expensive jjampong...”

Grid placed the scripture on one side of his inventory and approached the place where Hao and the Australian representative had died. He was hoping they would drop items. Unfortunately, all five items that dropped were arrows.

‘Not all items that you own will drop if you die. The drop rate is like Satisfy.’

The cleric couldn't use a bow. Grid took the arrows and moved to

the rear of the cabin. The cabin was located at the edge of a cliff and a small village could be seen beneath the cliff. This was the end of the forest.

‘I should stop there and secure a few more swords.’

The Battlefield items also had durability like Satisfy. Every time he used it, the red gauge on the weapon was slightly reduced. Grid assumed that the item would be destroyed when the gauge disappeared. He needed extra weapons because half of the gauge was reduced when he fought against Hao.

Grid decided and went down to the village. He moved secretly and carefully so he wouldn't be seen by people in the village.

There was a small village on the mini-map with the name of ‘Caroline.’ It was a village located below a high altitude forest. Located on the outskirts of Battlefield, there were only nine small houses in this village. Now in this place.

“Pant... Pant...”

Brazil's representative, Jishuka was isolated. It was a mistake to stop by Caroline in order to get an item.

‘I didn't think a team would be hiding.’

As soon as she entered the village, she was attacked by three people and barely survived. Now she had only 7 health left and her weapon was on the verge of breaking.

‘If only I had a bow...’

Jishuka was a person praised as a godly archer. The weapon she was most familiar with was the bow. The bow was a tool to prove her true abilities. But she had no luck after entering Battlefield and couldn't see the bow.

"Girl, you will die anyway, so don't waste time. Huh?"

"What are you doing? You're also a representative of a country.

Aren't you ashamed to hide like a rodent?"

"Or do you have no honor because you are the representative of a poor country? Kilkil."

The three men surrounded the house where Jishuka was hiding and shouted. For safer hunting, the French representatives provoked and attracted their prey. Those who were allies created a signal to confirm their identity immediately before accessing Battlefield. Since then, they were lucky to find each other and had been working together as a team of three. The number of people they hunted in this small village of Caroline had already reached 40 people.

"...She isn't coming out to the end."

"Dammit, we have to be careful. This woman is a ranker."

The French representatives trembled as they looked at their injuries. They were trying to hunt the women hiding in the house and suffered great damages. They were nervous. They had to deal with this fierce beast before starting the next hunt. Drain, the leader of the three men, calmed his teammates.

"It's time for the supplies to fall. We can recover using the potions, but not her. Wait calmly. In the end, that woman will become nervous."

Time was on their side. The map might become narrower and they had to fight more competitors, but there were three of them.

"We will be the last three people."

"That's right."

"Yes, let's wait."

His teammates leaned on Drain. He was always cool with facing the enemy and his unified ranking was as high as 10,000. His strength was also excellent. The moment that the French representatives believed they could be the final three with him.

Flap.

A parachute fell from the sky. It was a parachute loaded with a supplies box.

“It came!”

"Potions!"

The French representatives shifted their gaze to the sky at the same time. Fortunately, the supplies were falling near here. It was 40 meters away.

Drain said, "You stay in your positions. I will bring the potions."

“Understood.”

"She isn't weak, so defend well."

Nod.

Drain confirmed his colleagues' trustworthy answers and moved away. The place where the supplies dropped was inside Caroline. Drain judged that the risk was low since they had occupied this area for more than an hour.

Indeed.

‘There!’

The box of supplies was still in its place. Drain smiled as he rushed out of the alley which had four houses side by side. Drain left the alley and his hand stretched out to grab the box of supplies.

“Link.”

Pipit!

“Kuk...!”

Something sharp flew twice in a row and cut at Drain's hand. Drain was physically shocked from suffering 2 damage and missed the supplies box.

“What bastard...?”

Someone sneaked into the village without them knowing? Damn, they paid too much attention to the female high ranker. They didn't guard the boundaries. The angry Drain hurriedly pulled out a weapon. Then he swung it in the direction that the sword was flying.

Jjejeong!

The two sounds let out a loud sound as they collided in the air. Drain threatened the intruder.

"I'm a warrior...! I'm different from you who can only deal 1 damage!"

Teong!

Drain used all his strength to bounce the other sword back and then pushed against the opponent's hard shoulder. Once the opponent lost his balance, he wielded his sword. As a ranker in the top 10,000 of the unified rankings, he had excellent combat ability. However, the viewers watching this scene didn't admire Drain's abilities.

Drain was ordinary compared to Hao, who was the main character of the screen a while ago. The intruder he was dealing with right now was the 2nd ranked on the unified rankings, who even beat Hao.

"Revolve."

Kwakakakang!

"What?"

The opponent naturally rotated his body as he was falling to block the attack and counterattack at the same time? Not only did Drain's blow fail to hit, he also suffered 1 damage. Now he realized.

'This guy is a high ranker...!'

The opponent was a different level from him. The top 5,000. No, maybe this ranker was in the top 1,000.

‘I have no chance!’

He had to join his teammates. Drain judged and started running without looking back. He was heading to where his teammates were. He easily gave up the supplies box. Thanks to this, Grid could easily obtain the supplies.

[One health potion has been acquired.]

[Two mana potions has been acquired.]

"There are three potions?"

Grid especially welcomed the mana potion. This made it possible to use a few more scriptures in the future.

“A dog profit.”

He could easily obtain this without receiving any harm! Grid wanted to hum but he was worried he might be discovered by someone else. He was about to search the houses when he stopped.

"Kyaaaak!"

It was because he heard a woman scream. The direction of the scream was the same direction that the man had run towards.

‘Let’s take a look.’

Of course, he didn’t intend to help the owner of the scream. He wanted to watch the people fighting among themselves and then profit from it.

“Dammit! We have to finish soon!”

Drain was in a hurry after being struck by an unidentified high ranker and being deprived of the supplies box. His teammates thought it was strange since he was a leader who always kept his cool.

“Why? What's going on?"

His teammates were uneasy. Rather than bringing back supplies

like potions, Drain was wounded. They were worried about what the problem was. Drain aimed his sword at the door of the house where Jishuka was hiding and explained.

“Another high ranker appeared. He will obviously aim for us. We have to get rid of the woman in this house before he comes.”

They could run away and abandon the village. However, the unforeseeable danger from moving to another place was too great. Drain didn't want to leave this place. His companions read his intentions and responded. One pulled out a mace and the other pulled out an axe. The three of them attacked the door at the same time.

“You guys...!”

Jishuka hurriedly pulled out a sword from where she was hiding in the house. She intended to fight, but it wouldn't be easy.

Jjang! Jjejejeok!

Puk!

"Ohh!"

It was a tough fight because she was attacked by three people in a small space. In particular, Jishuka wasn't proficient at close combat. It was absolutely impossible for her to overpower the French trio who had good control. In the end.

"Kyaaaaak!"

Jishuka suffered a series of critical blows and screamed. The pain and fear she received psychologically was tremendous as she was hit by the weapons. In particular, the French trio were warriors. Jishuka drank all the potions she secured in advance but she only had three health left.

"It is really terrible."

“This is the end.”

Jishuka was also a warrior. The French representatives were also

damaged by her fierce resistance. But it was finally over. The French representatives completely suppressed Jishuka. Now the fight would be over if Drain dealt the last blow. The moment Drain was about to stab Jishuka's chest.

“Wave.”

Tong!

Teteteteng!

Suddenly, there was an eerie voice behind them and the three French representatives were simultaneously hit.

‘Wide area?’

The French representatives made disbelieving expressions. Weren't there no attack skills on Battlefield? How were they suddenly hit at the same time? As they turned their heads with trembling eyes, Grid retrieved his sword.

"Three men shouldn't be mean enough to attack one girl. Come here."

“...”

Grid and Jishuka's eyes met across the French trio. The two of them immediately recognized each other. Jishuka used Pagma's Swordsmanship as a clue while Grid used her chest as a clue.

‘Grid...!’

‘E cup...’

Grid was convinced the masked woman was Jishuka. Both the size and shape matched. He could tell even if he couldn't identify her face or voice. Grid know only one woman in the world with this ideal figure.

Chaaeng!

Grid swung his sword at Drain again, before pulling the bow and arrows out from his inventory and throwing them to Jishuka.

"Fly up!"

"Yes...!"

The advent of the godly archer.

"A bow in this narrow place...! Keok!"

The arrows fired at the French representatives in succession and Grid was able to finish them off easily. The moment the scattered bonds gathered together.

-He's completely a prince on a white horse.

-He's protecting his girl.

-Jishuka is really sexy and pretty... I really envy Grid.

Grid's anti-cafe members started to increase as much as his fan cafe members. It happened every year due to the men's jealousy.

Finally, Battlefield was moving to the second half. The current number of survivors was 166.

Chapter 744

“How did you know it was me?”

Jishuka’s eyes were shining brightly behind the mask. She was happy that Grid recognized her instantly. It was a happiness that couldn’t be satisfied even with her natural beauty and wealth.

“That...”

“That?”

“...I knew when I took a close look. Haven’t we been together for a few years?”

Grid didn’t answer honestly because he was concerned that he might be accused of sexual harassment. His roundabout words would cause anyone else to be suspicious, but Jishuka just laughed.

“You recognized me despite changing my voice and covering my face...? Huhut.”

“Huh...? I’m not a stalker. Please don’t misunderstand.”

“How interesting.”

“...”

Grid was worried because he didn’t understand Jishuka’s mood. It was because he couldn’t assume she liked him, when she had topped the list of women that men were attracted to for the third year in a row.

[An axe has been acquired.]

[A long sword has been acquired.]

[A tanto has been acquired.]

[A short bow has been acquired.]

[Four arrows have been acquired.]

[A ★ backpack ★ has been acquired.]

[★ Backpack ★]

Hidden Item.

Increases the maximum number of health potions and mana potions that can be held by one.

“Oh...?”

The French trio had taken over Caroline and hunted numerous competitors so they obtained plenty of good stuff. It was natural that Grid would see great benefits from killing them.

Lululala~

Grid hummed with pleasure and handed the bow and arrows to Jishuka.

"The Red Phoenix Bow is more of a short bow than a great bow right? Use this as a replacement."

"Grid, you're giving me this?"

Jishuka had been thinking of returning the bow that she received before to Grid. It was originally Grid's item. Grid thought she didn't want to be in debt to him and explained with an uncomfortable expression.

“I'm a cleric, so I can't use the bow.”

“Cleric?”

“Yes.”

“...”

Jishuka naturally thought that Grid was a producer. Yet he was a cleric?

"...You're not a magician or warrior? A cleric?"

“Yes.”

“...”

Grid and a cleric. Was there any combination stranger than this?

Grid shrugged at the confused Jishuka.

"I would've given it to you even if I could use the bow. Your archery is the best. Now drink this potion."

That's right. Grid had already made up his mind.

"Jishuka, team up with me. Survive together."

"Yes...!"

Jishuka smiled and nodded vigorously. This was a terrible survival game where only three players could survive. She was relieved and happy that she could be with someone more reliable than anyone else.

One and a half hours after Battlefield started.

『 Now it's hard to see a solo exhibition. 』

Most of the 166 survivors started teaming up. It was a natural phenomenon. As the number of survivors decreased, the participants in Battlefield could be identified relatively easily. They used their connections and ideas to hold hand with people of the same purpose.

『 Battlefield is an event designed to just every player's abilities... It's doubtful that the current flow is precisely what the S.A. Group wanted. 』

It was clear that a solo exhibition had been transformed into a team game. While there were people who thought like this...

『 Communication can also be considered to be an individual's ability. Anyone who can get a competent and trustworthy team in this difficult situation has already proven their worth. I don't think it's a problem. 』

Teaming up was also an ability. There was many people who welcomed the situation. Generally, there were more of the latter.

-It's a survival game of three people, so it isn't strange to have teams of three.

-The ability to enter a good team or not depends on personal capabilities.

The Internet started to heat up. The 166 survivors were big names so the audience engagement increased. Who would be the last three among these strong people of each country? One person was for certain.

The moment Battlefield started, many people escaped to the underpass. The relatively weak judged that it would be easier to defend in the dark and complex underground rather than the relatively open ground. After escaping to the underground, they picked the right terrain, hid themselves and took the ideal defense posture. It was with the belief that they would be safe for a limited time, unless the map disappeared. But it was wishful thinking.

A disaster occurred. The identity of this disaster was Sword Saint Kraugel.

Dark visibility and narrow, complex terrain. From a general point of view, the underpass was a disadvantage to attackers. It was beneficial to the defenders that were established first. Other people didn't go underground but Kraugel's interpretation was different. Kraugel determined that it was possible to complete hunting in an enclosed underground space. The defenders lost items and lost escape routes in exchange for safety. He personally descended underground in order to knock down competitors who would be a potential threat. All the people he encountered died.

Words were lacking to express the godly talent. Therefore, he was praised as the sky above the sky. In a battlefield of control, Kraugel was invincible. While people couldn't avoid his attacks, Kraugel neutralized attacks that came from all over the place. He was definitely beyond the category of a human. He was like an

absolute figure in a movie.

‘Is it settled here?’

He succeeded in defeating the hundreds of competitors in the underground. He was the only one remaining.

Step, step.

Kraugel was the only person to kill over one hundred of the 1,500 Battlefield participants. To be exact, it was 127 people. This was in a record one and a half hours.

“Um.”

Kraugel put all the usable items into his inventory and stopped as he was about to climb back up to the ground. The number of survivors had stopped at 166 for two minutes.

‘Are they starting to form teams?’

Given the size of the field, it was too early to see a lull in the 166 players remaining. Kraugel instantly realized that Battlefield was no longer a solo exhibition. Therefore.

‘I have to wait.’

Wariness. What did he have to be afraid of when he was invincible? It was naturally Grid.

‘Grid is likely to have assembled the Overgeared members.’

Kraugel was a person who appreciated Grid’s potential from the time when Grid hadn’t yet been acknowledged by the world. He was always wary of Grid. Control, speed, and communication were all considered. As a result of this calculation, he judged that he had low chances of winning at the moment. If Grid gathered the top talents of the Overgeared Guild then even Kraugel would suffer.

‘I will wait.’

Kraugel hid in the darkness of the underground. He was prepared to wait until the number of survivors decreased further. In the

meantime, he would knock down anyone who came underground.

It had been two and a half hours since Battlefield started. There were only 30 minutes left and the map had shrunk by a third compared to the beginning. The surviving 32 participants struggled while Kraugel also prepared to move from the underground.

“My Lord...!”

The plane containing the Mongolia representatives. As soon as he entered the Battlefield, he cast a wide area taunt and was honored to be the ‘first’... No, Huroi suffered a bitter cup of hardships. He was watching Grid on the monitor. Since joining up with Jishuka, Grid’s team had focused on securing arrows and scriptures. On the other hand, the other survivors had teams of at least three to five. Kraugel was alone, but he was an outlier.

“My Lord is at a disadvantage...!”

If only he was competent! When he first logged onto Battlefield, he should’ve sworn at only one person instead of using a wide range provocation.

“If I did, I would’ve been by My Lord’s side right now! It’s an irreversible mistake!”

“...Sigh.”

The other Mongolian representatives sighed with relief at his words. If Huroi had survived and kept cursing, they thought that Mongolia would’ve been disgraced. They thought it was good that Huroi was eliminated early.

[After two minutes, this space on the mini-map will disappear.]

Beep beep!

The intervals between the warning windows gradually

shortened. The survivors found it hard to find a space to hide. The distance between each other narrowed until they could see each other among several small buildings.

"Now the real fight will start."

"There is no party greater than ours."

The 32 survivors were filled with confidence. In particular, the party of Regas, Pon, and Lael were amazing. The strongest party that combined the best brain and best control. They believed that they could fight any opponent and win. In fact, they had consecutive winning streaks until now. No one could stop their momentum.

"Huhuhut... Even His Majesty can't stop us."

Lael gave a wicked laugh. In fact, the viewers recognized these three as candidates for the championship. They thought that even Kraugel couldn't win. So far, the abilities that Pon, Regas, and Lael showed were great. But they had a poison. It was Grid.

"Everybody listen!"

"...?"

The survivors gazed at one side after hearing a voice. There was a duo consisting of a man and woman. The man was shouting.

"From now on, I will make an item for anyone who surrenders!"

"...?"

Who was suddenly saying such nonsense? As everyone was feeling confused, Lael paled.

"That's cheating...!"

"I am the Overgeared King!"

"...!"

The survivors started to shake.

Chapter 745

28 minutes until Battlefield ended.

The Battlefield map had undergone a lot of destruction and the only area left was ‘Trion.’

Trion was a small town with five six-story buildings and around 40 one-story houses. The boxes and drums left in the alleys, the large fountain in the central square, and the side roads created a number of variables by serving as cover. The six-story buildings were connected with clotheslines that were exceptionally thick and sturdy.

Like the other survivors, Grid was forced to move into a tree.

‘The odds are low.’

Why? Grid had only teamed up with Jishuka, while the other survivors had at least three team members. There was even a team with five people.

‘Most of the people here are rankers.’

Considering that Kraugel, Chris, and Pon would be present, Grid wasn’t convinced of his superiority. In such a situation, the numerical disadvantage was a huge burden. Above all, the biggest problem was the narrow map.

‘It’s hard to find a sniping point.’

Grid was a cleric. The warrior Jishuka had to perform the role of damage dealer. She currently had a total of 136 arrows. Theoretically, it could exert sufficient attack power. However, the bow was a weapon that showed its true power when a certain distance was secured.

‘For Jishuka to be active here... We must enter a high building...’

It would be easy to enter a building. However, as soon as Jishuka settled on a high floor and started shooting, it was obvious that the

competitors' aggro would be concentrated on her.

'I have to guard the stairs to give Jishuka time to deal with them.'

However, clotheslines connected buildings. People could use the clotheslines to come from the building next door. It was impossible to contain all of them at the same time.

'In the first place, I don't know if I can protect the stairs.'

They had a numerical disadvantage and it was an environment where Jishuka couldn't fully demonstrate her archery. In the end, he came to the conclusion that he must play passively.

'I should look at the flow...'

Even that seemed difficult. The other competitors were already paying attention to Grid and Jishuka. It was because they were alone. They were branded as relatively easy prey. As soon as the lull was over, Grid and Jishuka were destined to be chased.

'Shit, these rotten bastards. Why are they pushing me to this point?'

Now Grid was familiar with the camera. He had awareness as an influential person in society. He was inwardly complaining but had a poker face on the surface. Jishuka's murmur was heard in his ears.

"Indeed... Everyone who has survived to the end is skilled enough to team up. It won't be easy."

"Skilled?"

Was forming a team also a merit?

"How can it... Ah?"

Then Grid realized something.

'That's right, it is a skill.'

In Battlefield, a solo exhibition wasn't a 'rule.' There was no

provision that they couldn't form a team. That's why Grid teamed up with Jishuka.

‘It isn't easy to form a team.’

How easy was it to turn competitors into teammates? It was virtually impossible to build a team here in Battlefield unless they had extraordinary competence or had a special charm. A person who didn't have skills couldn't get a team. Grid shook the moment he realized this.

‘The means of proving my skills to people is far more diverse than I thought. I don't have to be obsessed with just showing off combat skills.’

Proof. That's right. Grid recognized Battlefield as a place to prove himself. It was a game where everyone else was in the same situation. Grid wanted to prove himself to people by surviving to the end. The rankers had pure talent who didn't rely only on his items or class. Grid hoped that he would be perceived as equal to those people. Foolishly, he confined his talents to combat ability. He was compelled to show he had better control skills. But not now. A ranker's skills weren't just about combat ability. It was much more diverse.

‘I'll show them.’

Grid had skills. He would show everyone in the world why he could rise to this place. A smile crossed Grid's face. He found the answer and shouted without hesitation.

“Everybody listen! Surrender! From now on, I will make an item for anyone who surrenders!”

“...?”

There was awkward silence as the players in the trees tensed up. The survivors looked at each other with bewildered expressions.

‘What nonsense is this?’

‘Is he crazy?’

“I am the Overgeared King!”

In the confusion, Grid revealed his identity. He announced himself as the legendary blacksmith. He would take advantage of this ability to win. This was Grid’s ‘pure talent’ that he advertised to the world and it was the proof of his ‘competence.’

“This is a rare opportunity. Why are you hesitating to surrender?”

Grid was confident. There were few people who could resist his temptations. It was actually the case. The survivors started buzzing.

‘Grid?’

‘That bastard, pulling out something like this to win.’

‘But think about it. Isn’t it much better to surrender and earn items than to lose everything after failing to win an uncertain victory?’

‘It’s true. How easy is it to gain items that Grid produces? Doesn’t it go up to a legendary rating?’

‘He can even make growth rated items.’

Gulp!

The survivors started to realize what a wise choice it was. They bit the bait.

『 ... 』

The commentators were silent. The atmosphere of the survivors as they looked at each other showed they were willing to surrender. Looking at it objectively, there were few reasons not to surrender.

『 Why is this result...? 』

One commentator broke the silence. He wanted to relay a fierce

and cool final match so he didn't welcome Grid's position. But he couldn't condemn it. The way that Grid caused the survivors to feel conflicted wasn't lousy. It was a strategy that caused admiration.

『 It's a shame to those watching but... I have to acknowledge it. Grid is a wise person. He's resourceful. 』

『 I agree. I never imagined he would use his ability to make items in order to manipulate the survivors. It's a strategy I couldn't imagine. 』

Currently, the survivors were playing the game called Battlefield. Wasn't it cheating for Satisfy to intervene here? There were few people who thought this. In the end, the survivors were Satisfy players and Satisfy was the reason why they joined Battlefield. It was natural for Grid to use his influence in Satisfy to survive.

Just.

-Nobody did this except for Grid...

-They didn't use it because they couldn't. If it wasn't Grid, who else can make the survivors surrender?

-You're right.

-Really amazing. He will win without fighting.

-I felt it from the beginning, but Grid's wit is really great. He doesn't have enough strength? It isn't that either. He even beat Hao. He's a perfect combination of intelligence and strength. He's exceptional among the high rankers.

-He also has the quality of an alpha, allowing him to be the first king. There seems to be a huge difference between the Grid we know and the actual Grid.

-That's right. We only got a few glimpses of him from videos and the National Competition. If we watch by his side...

-...There will be a huge liking towards him. Look at the members

of Overgeared. I know why the Overgeared members are so loyal to Grid now.

-Isn't this why Pope Damian likes Grid?

The praise continued. They accurately saw Grid. He proved his abilities and his value to people.

Now.

-I don't think there will be any more fools ignoring Grid.

Grid was reborn as a complete existence. Just like Kraugel who Grid so envied.

"Now, what is everyone's choice?"

Grid didn't know the outside situation and was only focused on right now. He was expecting a few of the 30 survivors, apart from Jishuka, to surrender to him.

‘Maybe not everyone will surrender?’

Grid was well aware of the value of his production items. Thus, he used his items as a means of transaction and diplomacy. He believed it would work again this time. He knew most of the survivors coveted his items and would surrender. But there was a problem.

Putting aside Grid and Jishuka, 14 of the 30 survivors were Overgeared members. The Overgeared members were able to get Grid's items even if they didn't surrender here. This was the part that Grid overlooked. It was evidence of his still lacking intelligence.

An achievement was an achievement. Just as Grid aspired to win, the Overgeared members also wanted to win.

“That Grid is fake!” Lauel shouted. “There is no way to prove that he is Grid! Don't be confused!”

He loved Grid. He wanted to be companions for all his life. This was Lael's true heart. Lael really liked Grid. That's why he had been by Grid's side for so many years and wanted to be with him in the future. But he clearly distinguished between priorities. Lael never thought about giving up victory just because he liked Grid. He also wanted to win. He would do his best to win. It was for himself and the people of his country.

It wasn't just Lael. It was the same for the other Overgeared members.

"That's right! Grid isn't that kind!"

"Grid isn't that kind!"

"What...?"

All of a sudden, a wave spread! Grid was confused by the unexpected development while the survivors, who were misled by Grid's proposal, felt overwhelmed.

"That's right. Maybe it is someone pretending to be Grid. I almost made a mistake."

"In the first place, will Grid really make us a 'free' item if we win?"

"No, I didn't mean I would make it for free..."

"That person isn't Grid!"

"No!"

"Oh!"

Grid had no chance to talk. The Overgeared members kept interrupted when Grid tried to talk.

Jishuka laughed. "Indeed, our kids aren't that easy."

"What? They are Overgeared members?"

"Yes, just look."

"You stupid bastards!"

Grid was irritated but he was smiling proudly. He liked that his colleagues were doing their best in their respective positions.

‘Yes, if you want, then let’s fight to the end.’

He would fight fairly like they wanted. The moment Grid became prepared.

"I won't surrender... I want to join your team. Will you make me an item in return?"

“...?”

In the middle of the bustling atmosphere, a man opened his mouth. He was alone. Unlike the other survivors, he didn't have a team. Everyone's gaze focused on the man. As if he was accustomed to attracting attention, the man approached Grid.

"You have two people, so it won't be a problem if I join?"

The man moved right in front of Grid.

Grid asked him, "Is it okay? I just pulled a lot of aggro because of this turmoil. Won't it be dangerous to team up with us?"

The man snorted.

"Who would be afraid with you and I together?"

“...?”

Who was this guy? The moment Grid cocked his head with confusion.

-Cra... Crazy.... I can only say that it is crazy...

-Really ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ It is an unthinkable development.

-Isn't this the dream team?

The audience became excited. The community sites around the world were alarmed, as if they heard about Earth's destruction. A commentator shouted.

『 K-Kraugel...! Sword Saint Kraugel has announced his intentions

to join Overgeared King Grid! 』

That's right. The only person who didn't pass up Grid's production item was the sky above the sky. The strongest person beyond the standards of a human.

“Why are you here...?”

As Grid looked stunned, the world sensed it.

Battlefield. It would end soon. The last three had already been set.

Chapter 746

"Who would be afraid with you and I together?"

"...?"

Who was this guy? Grid felt deja vu as he saw the man who intended to join his team. It felt like he had seen the man somewhere before. Then someone popped up in his head.

'No, it's impossible.'

Grid denied it. The man he thought of wouldn't be someone tempted by items.

"Don't you see the other teams coming?"

The participants were heading towards Grid. They didn't want Grid to form a team of three like them. They had to act quickly before the three people could team up.

Ping!

Piiing!

There was a flood of arrows. Four arrows shot from various place flew towards Grid, Jishuka, and the unknown man.

"Che!"

Things had become twisted. He ended up getting more aggro. Grid clicked his tongue and avoided an arrow. He would've been pierced by it if his reaction time was 0.5 seconds later. Meanwhile, an arrow was stuck in Jishuka's forearm. She couldn't avoid the arrow like Grid. In addition.

Chaaeng!

"...!!"

The unidentified man struck two arrows with his sword. Grid, Jishuka, and the survivors admired the skill involved.

"You...!" Grid was forced to admit it. He knew the identity of the

man who wanted to join his team. “Kraugel...?”

“That’s right.”

“...Why are you here?”

Yes, the sky above the sky. A person who combined skills with confidence!

Kraugel explained to the confused Grid. “Why am I here? Did you think I would be eliminated?”

“No, I don’t mean that. Running over here for an item doesn’t match with you.”

“Should I shake from a lofty position? I’m not stupid enough to turn a blind eye to a golden opportunity because of dignity.”

“Really? Even the great sky above the sky is like this?”

Grid’s rivalry with Kraugel was beyond imagination. Kraugel’s attitude of not even blinking when the enemies were rushing here was hateful. He could even afford to relax in a situation like this? Grid grumbled towards Kraugel.

“Kuk!”

Another arrow flew and stuck in Grid’s side. He frowned as he received 2 damage and shouted to Jishuka.

“Let’s first take refuge in a nearby building!”

“Yes!”

Grid and Jishuka didn’t hesitate. They rushed into a building that was right behind them. On the other hand, Kraugel was standing in the wrong place. Behind him was a group of 20 enemies flocking like dogs.

Grid hurriedly exclaimed, “Why aren’t you moving?”

“Do you accept me as a team member?”

“What...?” Had Kraugel been waiting for an answer? In this urgent situation? “This jerk...! Hey! Do I have a choice other than

to join hands? Come quickly!”

By this time.

“...Yes.”

Step.

Kraugel started moving. But it was already too late. He was surrounded by four enemies.

"Where are you going?"

"Do you think we will let you join hands?"

There were only three final winners! The participants in Battlefield were obliged to disqualify other competitors and it was wise to choose the relatively weak prey to be eliminated. Grid had only two people in his team and the unidentified man who hadn't yet joined them was alone. It was natural that they would be the first targets.

But.

Sakak!

Chukakakakak!

“Keok..!”

“W-What?”

One lone man was stronger than a group of 100. Number wasn't a measure of power. Kraugel fought back while avoiding the four attacks, causing each of the four people to look like they had seen a ghost as they suffered 2 damage. They suddenly realized it.

What was the identity of the lone man?

“The sky above the sky...!”

“Crazy...!”

Cries of shock were heard everywhere. The momentum of the group chasing Grid stopped. It was an incredible sight. The top

rankers representing each other were overwhelmed by one person and standing as stiff as a stone statue. The impact of the viewers watching this was very large.

-A different dimension... Could anything else be said?

Kraugel stood alone. He stood between dozens of competitors and the building that Grid and Jishuka entered. But he wasn't like a moth in front of a lamp. He was looking down at the other people from a high position. No one was able to rush at Kraugel. It seemed like the winner was already Kraugel.

At that moment.

"Kraugel! I'm glad!" Among the crowd of dogs, a man rushed out. He was also a tiger. He took out the claws that he had been hiding among the dogs. "It is the first time I can compete with you on an equal footing. I'm so happy!"

The man cried out childishly. He was a top ranker of the Overgeared Guild and represented the United Kingdom, Regas. Kraugel noticed his identity based on personality and laughed.

"It doesn't seem like an equal footing."

He was referring to the group Regas had been part of.

Step.

Kraugel took one step.

Step.

He took another step. In no time, he had reached the entrance of the building that Grid and Jishuka had entered.

"If you're really serious about fighting with me, chase after me."

Kraugel knew Regas' nature. Once he said this provocative words as he entered the building, Regas would have to chase after him.

"Of course I'm serious!"

"Wait! Please wait!" Lauel shouted but it was useless. In Regas'

eyes, only Kraugel was visible. He had already entered the building. “Shit...! That stupid fool! Chase after him!”

The moment Lael and Pon were going to enter the building.

Puk!

Puuok!

Arrows flew from above and pierced Lael and Pon’s shoulders. The arrows were perfectly fired. Pon and Lael were reminded of one person.

“Jishuka?”

A light flashed through their heads. In their field of view...

"Hi~ nice to see you kids."

A woman sat on the window and pulled her bow. It was the woman who had been standing by Grid.

‘It’s ruined!’

Lael and Pon had a hunch.

"You should raise your hands if you don’t want your head to be broken."

Jishuka made a surprise announcement and started firing rapidly. It was terrible for the people on the ground. Most of them were members of Overgeared and recognized Jishuka. They avoided the falling arrows by sticking close to the wall of the building and exchanged opinions.

"Shit, Jishuka secured high ground."

"We were too relaxed. We have to get out of that witch’s sight."

"No, let’s go into the building like that fighting idiot before. In any case, we have no choice but to work together."

A party consisting of Grid, Jishuka, and Kraugel. They hated to admit it, but it was the best party. Unless they cooperated, there was no way to stop the trio.

“First join forces to get rid of those three and then we will compete. How about it?”

"Wouldn't it be too bad to form an alliance? Won't the viewers criticize us?"

Someone expressed their concern. The rankers who represented their country were really nervous about their image. Someone replied to the hesitating participant.

“Are we are ones who are wrong? Isn't it a foul for those three to join together?”

“...You're right.”

"Nobody would call us names.”

“Okay! Then let's enter the building!”

"We will move to the building next door! We can use the clothesline!”

It was obvious that Kraugel and Grid would be guarding the stairs. It would be a tough fight because it was a difficult structure to try a pincer attack. But they had overwhelming numbers.

‘As time goes by, Grid's party will reach the limits of their health and will eventually fall.’

Confidence! Momentum!

The participants smiled with satisfaction and started moving in teams. Those who were confident in their combat skills entered straight into the building where Grid's party was. Those with bows and arrows moved to the next building and secured sniping spots. They would use the window to fire at Grid's party and help their allies. Some also planned to use the clothesline to infiltrate.

The viewers watched them move and started sweating.

-The purpose of the event seems to have changed a lot...

-...

Battlefield was no longer a battlefield. It was catch Grid's team! This was what the game had become. The commentators called it a natural phenomenon.

『 It's the destiny of a strong person to rally the weak. 』

『 I wonder how long Grid, Kraugel, and Jishuka will last. 』

『 It doesn't matter how great the three of them are, they can't beat all these rankers. They were all intimidated by Kraugel, but look at Regas now. Isn't he fighting well? He might beat Kraugel alone. 』

『 Isn't it counterproductive to gather too strong team members? Grid's party will surprisingly be the first to fall... Heok? 』

The commentators hurriedly shut up. It was because while they were speaking a few words, Regas was in a fatal condition. Regas seemed so strong throughout the game, but now he was losing to Kraugel. At first, it seemed like a close match, but now he was being completely overwhelmed.

“Pant... Pant... Incredible. How did you become so strong?”

The injured Regas. On the narrow stairs, he struggled with Kraugel and foresaw his loss. Kraugel thought it was absurd.

‘Does this man really want to win against me?’

There was a reason why Kraugel had this question. Regas was fighting with his bare hands. That's right. Regas fought Kraugel without a weapon. It was because he was a martial artist. He chose the warrior class that dealt 1 damage with bare hands and believed he could show his true skills without a weapon. That's why he fought on Battlefield with his fists. Of course, the same applied when dealing with Kraugel.

“...”

The Overgeared members were really great people in several ways. Kraugel dealt the final blow to Regas.

“Kuk...! Truly the sky above the sky!”

Regas expressed his admiration as he turned to grey! The viewers mourned and felt admiration for Regas who fought in Battlefield with his bare hands. Then Kraugel faced the next crisis. 10 enemies were coming.

‘I have surprisingly lost a lot of health.’

Regas’s fists and kicks had dealt five blows to Kraugel. He decided that he shouldn’t ignore the skills of the top-level talents and gripped his sword.

“Leave this place to me. Go protect Jishuka.”

"Grid, you..."

Kraugel became speechless. Grid belatedly appeared in front of him. He was holding 10 scriptures in his hands.

“Hiccup!”

The advancing enemies were amazed at the sight. Grid stood on the stairs and declared, “I am the Overgeared King?”

“...”

Chapter 747

"...Are those scriptures?"

"No way...but the design is really similar."

The people climbing the stairs with dignity. They were just as good as Regas. They were the strongest people who everyone in the world knew. They survived to the end for a reason. It was natural for them to be filled with confidence. They didn't doubt that if they united their strengths, they would be able to win relatively easily. The characters in Battlefield only had 20 health. The maximum number of potions held was only two, so it was natural to think they would win. Until they witnessed over 10 scriptures in Grid's arms.

'This crazy guy...'

'Did he only collect scriptures throughout the game?'

A thin booklet with a blue cover. The identity of Grid's items was definitely a scripture. The scriptures, which were difficult for the other weak clerics to secure even a single one... The eyes of the people present shook. In the awkward silence, someone opened their mouth.

"Brother Grid, it's great that you are here. It's amazing. You have been only looking for scriptures? I know how important it is for a person to persevere every time I see you."

Ibellin, a member of Overgeared, laughed after speaking to Grid. There weren't many people who called him 'brother' so Grid recognized Ibellin straight away.

"Oh, Ibellin? You survived?"

"I was lucky. I was able to survive because so many people were eliminated earlier."

"Is it lucky that you are here?"

“We’ll see.”

The fact that Grid secured a large number of scriptures was confusing. No, it was almost the level of a disaster. At least 10 scriptures. Using simple maths, it meant Grid had 100 health. If he had two potions as well, Grid would have almost six lives. But in the end, he was a cleric.

Clink!

Ibellin opened his inventory and took out a magic wand. It was a weapon that dealt 3 damage.

“Wow.”

“Heok.”

“Where did you get that?”

Grid and the other people temporarily allied with Ibellin were amazed. It was the first time they saw a magic wand, the strongest weapon in Battlefield. Ibellin laughed brightly as the magic wand illuminated with magic power.

“Isn’t the game about items?”

“...I raised a tiger cub.”

Grid started sweating. There was an atmosphere of death. All the viewers and the allied forces shrank back.

Ibellin was the same.

‘Now!’

Ibellin was well aware that Grid’s power was much better than what was known. He had watched Grid’s growth right next to him. Ibellin still vividly remembered.

In the Mystery Forest, Grid had fought Pagma’s doppelganger 83 times before finally winning.

‘I can’t give Brother a chance!’

He had to break Grid from the beginning. The momentum of the

‘monster’ called Grid rose as time passed. The determined Ibellin wielded his magic wand.

Jeeeeeeong!

The railing of the stairs broke. It was the railing where Grid had been standing just before.

“...Wow.”

Grid barely avoided the attack and made a dumbfounded expression. He was impressed by the power. The other people saw it and thought.

‘He’s definitely shrinking back.’

Was it due to the obsession that he shouldn’t be hit by the magic wand? Just now, Grid’s eyes were only focused on Ibellin as he avoided the attack. He did his best to avoid the magic wand. His eyes were only chasing after the magic wand. It was obvious that all his nerves were concentrated on the magic wand.

‘This is our chance!’

Grid was currently distracted by Ibellin’s magic wand. The other rankers saw the best opportunity. They realized the right timing was when Ibellin wielded his magic wand again.

Then.

Wuuong!

Ibellin’s magic wand moved in a large circle and magic aimed at Grid.

‘Now!’

Three of the top rankers moved at the same time. They jumped up the narrow stairs and waved their weapons. They swung their weapons in the direction that Grid moved to avoid the magic wand.

‘Perfect!’

Conviction passed through the minds of the rankers.

"No...!"

Ibellin noticed the crisis. He noticed it from the moment he missed his second attack. Grid didn't shrink back at all despite his outside appearance. Grid's composure was still perfect. It was evidence that he was tracking Ibellin's attack orbit and reacting. But even Ibellin, who was directly competing with Grid, only noticed at the very end. The other rankers couldn't read Grid's real intentions. He was playing around.

Grid looked at the three swords heading towards their escape points and smiled. He had already used the movements of Revolve to avoid Ibellin's attack.

Sururuk.

"?!"

The eyes of the three people attacking Grid widened. Grid reacted as if he had eyes in the back of his head, turning to avoid two of the three attacks.

Teong!

The stairs were too cramped for five people. Grid was tangled up in the three people and used the weight of their shoulders to push them away.

"Eh? Ohhh."

The three people in an unsecure position were pushed back a few steps.

'Eh?'

A chill went down the spines of the three people. It felt like that feet were stepping on thin air. That's right. They were pushed to the ledge that Ibellin created. The result?

"Kuaaaaaaah!"

Kwajak!

Ku tang tang tang!

Falling down.

All three of them fell from the fourth floor to the first floor, suffering 10 damage each. It was a critical wound that couldn't be overcome with one potion. Grid spoke to the enemies who were looking blank.

“There is no room for carelessness. Isn't this the basics?”

Grid's previously shaken eyes looked different. They were sharp like a bird of prey. The Overgeared members, including Ibellin, knew these eyes. It was the eyes of their king.

Gulp!

It was unknown if this was Battlefield or Satisfy. Ibellin was frightened and stepped back. His attitude was like he wasn't holding a magic wand in his hand. The moment that Grid stabbed him without hesitation.

Teeeeeong!

A greatsword flew. The lower part of the blade blocked Grid's sword and then it tilted, causing the axis of Grid's sword to incline.

Then.

Seokeok!

The top of the greatsword approached Grid's neck. During this process, the master of the greatsword moved naturally and took control of Grid's rear.

Chukakakakak!

The blade descended. Grid hurriedly retreated. He escaped to the top of the stairs. The fourth floor landing was occupied by the enemies in an instant. It was faster than expected, causing Grid to laugh bitterly.

"Isn't this too big?"

The owner of the greatsword.

"I'm only a shade in front of you and Kraugel."

"No. Nobody would think so."

1st on the unified rankings, Chris.

Grid inwardly grumbled.

'Ah, why didn't he go to Kraugel's side?'

Chris' greatsword contained an unparalleled force. The world acknowledged his abilities and Grid admired it every time he saw it. One of the reasons why Grid was greedy for the greatsword was due to Chris. Why? As long as Chris existed, Grid knew he couldn't be the symbol of the greatsword.

'Yes...'

Grid confirmed the time remaining in Battlefield and counted the number of enemies in front of him. It was 13 people, including Chris. Grid's goal was drastically modified.

'I won't destroy them.' The ideal thing to do it... 'Hang in there until the others come.'

That's right. Grid's original purpose was to destroy all the enemies here. They were the highest rankers representing their countries. Was it pride? No, it was a realistic judgment based on solid grounds. Grid was above ordinary rankers from the moment he knocked out Hao. He was a master.

'Well, I have a name.'

In addition, there was the sky above the sky and the godly archer. He believed they would block all the enemies coming from the rear and then help him.

"Now, the first one."

Shaaaaaah—

Grid opened one of the scriptures and a light covered his body. The wounds on his body disappeared like a lie and his health was restored.

“I still have 11 scriptures left.”

“Cockroach...”

“...”

Someone muttered. It was undeniable, striking a chord in Grid’s heart.

Peng!

“...Oh my.”

Dust fell on Jishuka’s head as she drew the bowstring. An arrow pierced the place right above her head.

“Are you aiming for a headshot?”

Tiing!

Jishuka fired arrows through the window of the building across the street.

Puk!

[You have dealt 1 damage to the target.]

"Amazing."

Kraugel felt admiration for the third time. Jishuka’s archery that pierced the enemies was astonishing even to the sky above the sky. Jishuka shrugged.

"It’s nothing. I’m no Grid.”

“...”

The nature of the Overgeared members was somewhat difficult for Kraugel. He didn’t know what to say and just wielded his sword. It was to cut an enemy coming across the clothesline. The

moment Kraugel exposed himself through the window.

Ping!

Pipiping!

Three arrows flew from the building across the street.

“It’s dangerous...!”

Jishuka shouted. Kraugel twisted his body and avoided all three arrows.

“...Are you a person?”

“I am.”

It was an easy question to answer. Kraugel was pleased.

At that moment.

Kwajajak!

A spear flew through the window on the left. Kraugel blocked it and was alert, but the next move came through the right window instead of the left. Jishuka tried to cover him but she couldn’t cope with the arrows that suddenly focused on her. She had to hide in a corner to avoid the flying arrows.

‘They have realized it’s useless to shoot at Kraugel.’

It was stressful. Jishuka avoided the flying arrows and noticed two men. They surrounded Kraugel on the left and right. It was Pon and Lauel.

Chapter 748

‘Why didn’t I see them?’

A tough clothesline that couldn’t be cut or sawed off. At the window, Kraugel was blocking the enemies crossing the clothesline. In other words, he was looking at all the clothesline connected from the building across the street. But he didn’t see Pon or Lael at all. They suddenly appeared at the windowsill like ghosts.

‘This is it.’

Kraugel was feeling puzzled when his gaze landed on a spear stabbed into the wall. It was a completely dull spear, like the durability had been exhausted.

‘They crawled up the outer wall.’

This five-storey building they were gathered in was old and ugly. The exterior wall was rugged and cracked in places. It was a structure that could be climbed using a tool. However, the condition was showing agility, patience, and concentration.

Suook.

Kraugel watched the two men who surrounded him. One of them was armed with a spear while the other was holding a fan made of iron.

‘Who are they?’

Kraugel was feeling alert when they told him their identities. It was honestly without any lies.

“I am Lael of the Overgeared Kingdom. Oh, should I introduce myself as American Representative Lael. This is a separate event not related to the National Competition, but I regret that we couldn’t fight together...”

Shortly before Lael’s words finished.

Syuk!

Kraugel swung his sword. His target was Lael. He judged that Lael needed to be taken care of quickly. What was the identity of the man holding the spear next to Lael? Of course, it was Pon.

‘Pon is strong.’

On the other hand, Lael was a schemer. His fighting skills were weak. Kraugel decided to take care of Lael first before focusing on Pon. That’s why he did a surprise attack. However.

Jjejeong!

“...!”

Lael blocked Kraugel’s attack, like he predicted it. He read the timing of the sword and opened the fan to defend. Kraugel was surprised by his unexpected skill. His eyes widened but there was no change in expression. Lael folded the fan back up and placed it against his mouth.

“I have also advanced. Well, it’s a different scale from you who is at the top of 2 billion users.”

Around three years ago, there were 10 geniuses who overturned the world. The young boys and girls topped the rankings despite playing late. They were the very first generation of the 10 Rookies. And Lael was the best of them. He was praised by countless people. After joining the Overgeared Kingdom, he became a flow master to direct the battle.

“But my basic skills are still present.”

In Battlefield where all characters were the same and strength was determined by control, Lael was a top player.

Kukuk! He laughed at Kraugel.

“In addition, I have the brilliant mind that allows me to predict your behavior pattern. Kraugel, you will have a pretty tough fight. The blood is boiling in my body. Huhuhut.”

“...”

He truly was an Overgeared member difficult to deal with. Kraugel got goosebumps from the words when a spear flew at him. It was from Pon. Kraugel rolled to the side to avoid it. Then he immediately rose and tried to counterattack.

Jjejeong!

Lauel's iron fan followed his actions. Kraugel defended and Pon's spear aimed at the back of his neck. Both of them were quick and fast. It was a perfect pincer attack.

Puok!

Kraugel was bleeding. It was a scene that shocked the world.

『Kraugel was hit by the enemy first...!』

『It's a sight I never imagined!』

The commentators of broadcasting companies around the world made a fuss. It was rare for Kraugel to allow a hit.

“Kraugel!”

Jishuka was surprised by the sudden development and tried to help, but...

Puk! Puk puk!

“Ugh...!”

The arrows constantly flying from the other side of the building made her unable to move. She was forced to hide behind a large leather couch.

'This is annoying!'

Jishuka felt angry at the situation. What was her role? Shoot as many enemies as possible before covering both Grid and Kraugel inside. But the situation was too difficult because the enemies allied with each other.

'I wanted to win with Grid.' She wanted to embrace him on the

stage while everyone was watching. If the atmosphere was nice then she might've kissed him. But this seemed to be difficult. 'I'm incompetent! I am too incompetent!'

Puok!

An arrow flew as Jishuka was busy lamenting. The tip of the arrow pierced through the leather sofa. The leather sofa Jishuka was hiding behind had completely become a hedgehog.

'There are almost no spaces left. I will be a hedgehog when I get out of here.'

The interior of the building was too bare and there were many windows. In order to shoot a bow, the target had to be followed with their eyes. But if she left the leather sofa, she would receive a flood of arrows.

'...I can't follow them with my eyes?'

Then...

'I will have to use my ears.'

Jishuka took deep breaths to calm herself and closed her eyes. She focused on the footsteps of Kraugel, Pon and Lauel, who were fighting in this narrow space, and pulled her bowstring. At that moment.

Puk puk puk!

Several arrows flew and threatened her.

'Ah, they can see what I'm doing because of the mirror over there.'

Who would place a mirror in an old building with almost nothing in it?

"The map designer had archers in mind. Hah."

She put down the bow with a deep sigh. Surprisingly, she didn't feel despair.

‘It is okay. There is a limit to the number of arrows.’

After joining Grid, Jishuka looked for arrows and scriptures and discovered it was actually very hard to find arrows. They were hard to find and even if she found some, there were only one or two. It was an item close to a consumable so a lot of effort was needed to collect it. It would also be the same for the other people.

Jishuka thought that the arrows threatening her would stop soon. On the other hand, what about her?

‘My arrows are now almost endless.’

In the dusty mirror, Jishuka’s beautiful face shone. The sofa and walls filled with arrows made her feel good.

‘I’m glad there’s Jishuka.’

The arrows from the other building no longer headed for Kraugel. Kraugel’s evasion rate was high but he was worried that Pon and Lael would attack in that gap. It was good that the aggro of the archers were completely focused on Jishuka.

‘There’s a problem.’

The close range dealers. Earlier, they had unsuccessfully tried to cross the clothesline and now they were trying to move across again. Kraugel had to get rid of Pon and Lael as quickly as possible. But Pon and Lael wasn’t easy opponents.

Chaaeng! Chaeng!

A fan less than 30 centimeters long. Lael was tangled up with Kraugel and quickly hit him with the iron fan.

Swaeeeeek!

Pon stayed at a medium range and stabbed his spear. As time passed, the two men were completely grabbing Kraugel’s ankles.

Peok!

Lael, who was struck by Kraugel's sword in exchange for a punch, smiled instead of panicking.

"A damage of 1 isn't possible. Are you irritated because time isn't on your side?"

Lael confirmed that his allies had started to cross the clotheslines. Sooner or later, Kraugel would lose his composure. It couldn't be overlooked that he was still a human. Lael knew it for certain because he served by Grid's side. Grid was at the top like Kraugel and didn't he often lose his composure?

'You will also in the end... Eh?' Lael was puzzled as he was immersed in wielding the iron fan. His vision spun and he felt his body being hit. "What?"

He was caught unawares and blown away? Lael became aware of his situation when he had already fallen to the ground. He was defenseless and Kraugel struck him with the sword.

Puok!

"Cough!"

The moment Lael was pierced in the chest, Pon's spear flashed towards Kraugel. Then it was blocked by the shield.

[The defense is successful!]

[The damage received has been reduced.]

[You have suffered 1 damage.]

[The shield's durability has fallen by one.]

The shield, a warrior only item. It was one of the items that Kraugel had obtained from the 'underground hunt.' It could definitely block the enemy's attack but it lost durability every time it was used to defend. The total durability was only 10. But Kraugel wasn't disappointed by the loss in the shield's durability. It was because of who the opponents were. The skills of the Lael and Pon duo were excellent. Kraugel felt it was worth using the shield

against them.

Snap!

Kraugel gripped Pon's spear that was blocked by the shield. Then he used the elasticity of his body to dig it into Pon's heart.

Puk!

Puk puk puk!

An attack that maximized the benefits of a dagger! He hadn't reclaimed the sword piercing Lauel and there was already a small dagger in Kraugel's hand. Two strikes quickly accumulated on Pon's abdomen.

"Shit...!"

It wasn't an exaggeration to say that it happened in the blink of an eye. Lauel lost concentration. But at this moment, the situation completely reversed. Lauel got goosebumps. He rushed to help Pon but Kraugel had already grabbed Pon's neck and pushed him out the window frame.

Peok!

Kraugel grabbed Pon's ankle to tilt him out the window and Pon fell out.

"Pon! Kuk!"

What was this creepy and realistic battle? Lauel got a chill as he was left alone. Kraugel dismissed the dagger and took out a new sword from his inventory. It was a great help that he secured many weapons in the underground hunting.

"This place is a big wide so it would be more advantageous for Pon. But as you can see, this is inside a building. From the beginning, the odds were low."

"You...!"

The word 'monster' almost popped out. Lauel barely closed his

mouth as he looked out the window. He could see his allies coming on the clothesline.

In addition.

Piing!

He also saw the arrow aiming at Kraugel. The situation started to change rapidly once the archers fired. Lauel's judgment was quick. Surprisingly, he was running to Jishuka, not Kraugel. It was to create a situation where Jishuka couldn't control his enemies. Thanks to this, Kraugel was surrounded by arrows. His enemies managed to cross the clotheslines safely and reached the window frame.

Seokeok!

Kraugel judged that the answer wasn't to avoid the arrows. He used the shield to block the arrows. Then he abandoned the shield that lost its durability.

He took a potion while attacking the enemies hanging on the window frame. But potions were more limited than the shield and Kraugel couldn't hold out against the arrows forever. In the end, he only caused four enemies to fall and the remaining six enemies succeeded in entering the building.

"Lauel! You bastard!"

Jishuka shouted at Lauel while counterattacking. Lauel was amazed that she could fire an arrow again after being hit with an iron fan.

"Battlefield is great training. Thanks to the battle today, the Overgeared Guild will grow bigger. Please think about your trials as growing pains."

"The training instructor is a dog! A master at ganging up on people! You lousy bastard!"

"...Is it King Grid's influence? You use a lot of Korean curses.

Well, it's a hundred times better than learning from Huroi's curses."

Lauel had regained his composure. Jishuka lost her motivation and her resistance started to weaken. Meanwhile, Kraugel was besieged in a narrow space.

'We will win.'

Lauel smiled as he watched a man competing with Kraugel. It was Soul Predator Seuron.

"You bastard! I will knock you down!"

Chaaeng! Chaeng chaeng!

Kraugel's momentum weakened quickly as he blocked Seuron's sword. He was already in a tired condition. In the first place, it was impossible to stop over 20 enemies. Were the enemies regular players? They were mainly rankers in the top 100. They were talented enough to be called the best wherever they went.

'I'm sorry, Grid.'

Jishuka felt a sense of defeat as she saw Kraugel's wounds. She couldn't help being disappointed that she got help from Grid every time. She was filled with bitter frustration. Then suddenly,

"Kuaaaak!"

"This damn guy...!"

Jishuka came to her senses as she heard an enemy scream. She shifted her gaze and saw that Kraugel was still fighting against the enemies with unshakable eyes. He didn't care that his health was in the single digits. He was focused. He always did his best. The arrows kept flying from the opposite building and he stood up to the six strongest people without flinching. Every time there was a wound on his body, he dealt two or three injuries to the enemy.

'Me too...!'

Jishuka's heart was grabbed. She was inspired by Kraugel, who

did his best and didn't feel despair under the same circumstances. She took a step forward.

At the same time.

Kwajak!

The firmly closed door opened with a loud sound. It was the door connected to downstairs. Yes, the door that the intruders were so eager to open. In addition, it was the door Grid was guarding.

“Grid...!”

At the same time, Jishuka and Kraugel faced the door. They were waiting for Grid. How funny. Could Grid fight alone against 10 enemies? He came here after repelling all enemies. It wasn't a feasible fantasy.

Indeed.

“...It's chaos.”

The person who opened the door wasn't Grid. It was a man armed with a greatsword.

“Chris!” Lael knew his identity and shouted with pleasure.

‘Grid was defeated?’

‘It's hard to see.’

Jishuka and Kraugel were forced to accept reality. They thought that Grid hadn't survived. It was a reasonable judgment. So what if he could restore his health with scriptures? He could only inflict 1 damage on the enemy... Such a non-threatening attack couldn't wipe out 10 of the strongest people. Jishuka's face filled with dark clouds while Kraugel silently wielded the sword.

“Then... I wish you luck... Cough!”

Chris, who opened the door, suddenly coughed up blood and turned to grey.

Then.

"Ah, what is with you guys? Why are you so late? No matter how long I waited, I had to do it all by myself. Sigh, forget it."

Grid appeared among the grey ash scattering.

"Wave."

Sharp flashes reminiscent of a crescent moon cut down many enemies at the same time.

Chapter 749

“Wave.”

‘A skill?’

How was this possible? All players in Battlefield were given characters with the same abilities. There wasn’t one active skill that could be used. But Grid was triggering a skill at this moment. It was even the famous Pagma’s Swordsmanship. A legendary rated skill in Satisfy was being implemented in Battlefield.

‘A bug...? No!’

Grid approached using the sword dance. Seuron, who had been shrinking back from Grid, regained his mind. Grid’s attack was just a simple slash. That’s right. Grid’s attack wasn’t a skill but a basic strike. He just mixed in the attack with the motions.

"A trick!"

It was a low quality trick to shake them by pretending to use a skill. First of all, how could a skill emerge in a place where a system didn’t exist?

‘I was playing so seriously that I was almost deceived!’

The Overgeared King, he was a treacherous guy. There were hundreds of sly foxes in his head.

‘He isn’t a good king...!’

Seuron moved his sword to defend against Grid’s attack. However.

‘What?’

Grid’s orbit suddenly changed. It went down and then back up. As the name suggested, it had the momentum of a wave.

‘Crazy?’

Chukakakakak!

Seuron failed to defend because of the unexpected anomaly. Another ranked player next to him was simultaneously hit by Grid's sword.

[You have suffered 1 damage.]

Seuron's eyes shook fiercely as he checked the notification window.

'He has this much control?'

Grid was overgeared. He was merely a person who relied on the performance of his items, meaning his combat skills were low. Seuron couldn't deny that Grid's ability to use items was extraordinary, but this was how Seuron evaluated Grid. But now that assessment had changed.

'He grew this much in a year...? He has the best combat qualities!'

This was a talent from the heavens.

'Another sky above the sky...!'

Chill!

At this moment, Seuron got a chill.

'Grid has given me new enlightenment.' Kraugel was also surprised by Grid's technique that cut Seuron. It was more shocking than when Grid appeared with over 10 scriptures. 'He uses the motion of Satisfy's skills to add real power to the attack.'

Grid sublimated his skill in the game into real martial arts. Kraugel naturally felt admiration.

'Grid's idea has a clear basis.'

Satisfy's skills weren't realistic. Walking on water, smashing rocks, moving in a flash, etc. It was ridiculous for such transcendental effects and powers to be manifested in the real world. But the motions when using the skill weren't foolish. Such motions weren't significantly different from the laws of physics.

The supercomputer Morpheus based them on martial arts theories that existed all over the world. There were strangely realistic and sufficiently practical parts.

‘Grid and his Pagma’s Swordsmanship is a good example of this.’

Sigh.

‘Being able to implement Pagma’s Swordsmanship in reality, he will reap the benefits of fighting here in Battlefield.’

Wonderful. Kraugel’s appreciation of Grid could be summed up with this one word.

‘Making an effort to memorize, study, and become completely accustomed to the skill so that the movements could be used just by crying out the name... It’s definitely far from normal.’

This moment proved it. Grid was a person looking 10 steps ahead.

“Kraugel!”

It could be expressed as a short moment. Kraugel heard Grid’s voice and settled his mind. Grid’s eyes were looking at the right side behind Kraugel. Based on this, Kraugel tilted his head to the left. Then a spear shot by his face. If Kraugel had been a little bit late, his head would’ve been pierced by the spear right now.

“...It seems the rumor that you have eyes in the back of the head is true.”

Grid was astonished by Kraugel’s amazing evasion and Kraugel explained.

“It is just instant analysis and fast judgment. It’s nothing compared to your foresight.”

“Foresight?”

Did he have foresight?

‘It’s the most ridiculous thing I’ve heard all year.’

Was this bastard teasing him? Two arrows flew toward the

frowning Grid. They were shot by archers from the other building.

Puk puk!

[You have suffered 1 damage.]

[You have suffered 1 damage.]

“Kuk...!”

Grid couldn't escape. He wasn't free enough to respond to arrows flying from a distance. Seuron would strike when he tried to avoid the arrows.

"Che!"

Seuron had a nasty expression as he saw Grid defend against Seuron and his colleagues' attacks in exchange for being hit by the arrows.

"I understand that you are guarding against me, Soul Predator Seuron, but can you afford to keep accumulating damage? Aren't you going to become a hedgehog while worrying about my attack?"

‘Ah, it was Seuron.’

Seuron believed that Grid had recognized him from the beginning but it was just excessive self-confidence. Grid only now realized his identity. In addition, he didn't care. Seuron was a threat in Satisfy, but it was different in Battlefield.

‘He isn't Pon or Regas.’

Jjejeong!

Grid hit Seuron's incoming sword and kept advancing.

“Kill.”

Puk!

“Kill. Kill.”

Puk puk!

“Kill. Kill. Kill.”

Puk puk puk!

"Ugh...?"

"Barley."

"?"

"A fake! Kill!"

Puok!

Grid's attack was a mere stab. However, the momentum seemed more vicious than a normal stab. It was because Grid kept taking one step forward. Grid gave off a strange sense of pressure every time he got closer to Seuron.

'This bastard, it's clear that he has practiced stabbing tens of thousands of times.'

Seuron saw the skill and confidence in Grid's movements. It was because Grid had been steadily training in swordsmanship every day.

Chaeng!

Chaeeeeeng!

"Cough!"

Seuron was pushed back by Grid, but he wasn't one-sidedly hit. He blocked as many attacks as possible and sharply counterattacked. But he couldn't fight to the end and let out a huge scream. It was because an arrow shot by an ally in the opposite building pierced him.

'A mistake?'

The flying arrows had hit the wrong target. The allied archers weren't experts like Jishuka, so he couldn't blame them for making mistakes. Seuron thought so but it didn't seem to be a mistake.

Puk puk!

“These scum...!”

It wasn't just Seuron. His other colleagues were started to get hit by the arrows flying from the opposite building. The atmosphere was strange.

"What are you doing?"

Seuron gritted his teeth and yelled as he pushed at Grid. There was an immediate reply to Seuron from the other building.

"You guys are useless. Just die together."

There was less than 10 minutes left in Battlefield. The map was gradually narrowing. It seemed like all areas were going to disappear and only one building was left. Therefore, the six archers in the opposite building agreed. They had to get rid of their allies and Grid's party before the map was completely destroyed.

“Son of a bitch!”

Seuron was irritated. The same was true for Lael who was fighting Jishuka alone.

‘I didn't imagine that it would take so long.’

Grid was too big a variable. Lael never imagined he would crush Chris' team alone.

Puk!

Chaeng!

Chaeeeeeng!

It was pandemonium. Grid, Seuron, and Lael fought hard as they struggled with the rain of arrows from the other building.

‘There's still hope!’

Seuron hadn't given up. It was because Grid was much more tired than him.

‘There are no more potions left.’

It was shortly after Grid struggled with many competitors. It was safe to say that all his potions were consumed. On the other hand, Seuron still had one potion remaining. It was the power of numerical superiority.

[Battlefield will end in 7 minutes.]

Kurururung!

Along with the notification window, part of the map started to disappear. Now the only area remaining was this building. The other building with the archers and the clothesline started to collapse. Seuron saw this and shouted. "Let's finish this off and then deal with the traitors... Heok!"

Even if he was hit two or three more times, he just needed to succeed with one counterattack.

The enemy's limited health would soon be depleted. Seuron judged and shouted, only to close his mouth.

Swaaaaah.

Grid opened a blue booklet and was covered with light. It was a scripture.

"You monster...!"

Seuron had guessed Grid was a cleric based on the damage. He noticed that Grid had secured a large number of scriptures, allowing him to wipe out Chris' party. But he hadn't expected Grid to have scriptures left. Seuron was feeling astonished when a sword flew from behind.

It was Kraugel's sword. As Grid was struggling two against one, Kraugel joined in and took care of the rest.

"Let's finish this."

"Pant... Pant... Yes, please finish it."

Grid and Kraugel's gaze headed to the window at the same time. There were new enemies crossing the clothesline.

Kwajajajak!

Without needing to say anything, Grid and Kraugel pulled out spears and stabbed them. The two of them made the same judgment simultaneously. The enemies were pierced and fell down one by one. They hit the ground and started to vanish.

“...I’ll surrender.”

Now the only one left to face Grid’s party was Lauel, who realized that he was outmatched and abandoned his weapon. The final three survivors of Battlefield was determined to be Grid, Kraugel, and Jishuka.

Shortly after arriving in Japan, hundreds of reporters and Japanese fans were waiting for the South Korean team representatives. The crowd was huge enough to paralyze the airport. Most of them were Grid’s fans.

Chapter 750

"A glass of beer."

Red Deer, Canada. It was a small town in southern Alberta. In this small city with 80,000 residents, the black-haired foreigner was conspicuous. But today was an exception. Due to the live broadcast of Battlefield, the streets were quiet and most people were focused on the TV.

Thanks to this, the black-haired man was able to sit in the seat without receiving any attention. His white skin, small lips, less developed brow bone, and ebony hair showed that he was a man with Asian blood in him. The eyes behind dark sunglasses were also black.

His name was Ray and he had a Korean father and a Canadian mother. His ID in Satisfy was Faker. Of course, people didn't know his identity.

"You never take off your sunglasses. It has been a while since you've come. Jennifer often asks about you."

A middle-aged man running the shabby pub alone handed him a beer. Was it because he didn't want to indulge in useless chatter or because of his original reticent nature?

"..."

Faker nodded silently and drank a mouthful of beer. Like the other guests, his gaze was on the TV.

"Oh, Grid's movements are fantastic.

"But Chris is a level above him."

"Hahaha! Chris is Canada's pride for a reason."

"Have strength Chris! Forget that Grid is your king for the moment!"

The customers were enthusiastic. They praised Grid's skills in

protecting the stairs alone and were excited by Chris' skills, which overwhelmed him. On TV, Grid was continuing to read the scriptures. However, he was being overwhelmed. There was too big a difference with Chris' skills.

‘But Grid is doing well enough. If he puts in a bit more effort to protect his health, he will be able to hold on.’

This was Faker's impression.

‘If it was last year's Grid, he wouldn't have been able to face Chris in Battlefield.’

It was a bright growth rate. And the root of this growth wasn't talent, but effort.

‘Excellent.’

Faker wasn't aware of it himself but he had a habit of smiling every time he observed Grid. If Grid found out Faker had such a good impression of him, he would be moved to tears. A normal class user who was strong enough to beat sun-grade powerhouses. Faker was above a sun and Grid was one of his targets.

“What?”

“What's Chris doing all of a sudden?”

At this point, Faker's glass of beer was half empty. The development of Battlefield changed rapidly. Grid, who was being one-sidedly pushed by Chris, starting pushing back as if he had awakened. As Chris was on the defensive, Grid caught the other rankers in the confusion. The enemies turned to grey one by one.

Faker's gaze was fixed on a woman. Her name was Yura, one of the rankers allied with Chris. A South Korean representative.

‘Her movements are limiting Chris' actions.’

Faker's saw her actions accurately. In fact, Yura was interfering with Chris. She blocked his path every time Chris tried to respond to Grid's attack. Of course, it wasn't blatant. The movements were

very fine. There were few people in the world who would see that she was bothering Chris. Even the people in Battlefield couldn't read her intentions. Only Chris probably noticed her interference.

"Young Master is in a crisis... Yura's heart is for Grid."

Faker heard an old man's voice as he was concentrating on the TV. Faker turned his head and was surprised. The old gentleman had neatly brushed white hair. Zirkan. He was once the first ranked swordsman. But at some point, he devoted all his energy into raising Chris. He was Chris' mentor, a captain in the Giant Guild, and now a solid power in the Overgeared Kingdom.

"You... Why didn't you go to Japan with Chris?"

Faker wasn't surprised to see that Zirkan had found out his position. He knew what a big influence Chris' family had in Canada. It was easy for Zirkan to find out when he was a steward of Chris' family.

"It isn't easy to travel long distances at this age. Isn't it better for me to rest at home than to be a burden?" Zirkan laughed and sat across from Faker. The old man laid down his cane and tapped his knees. But Faker could see the solid muscular body beneath the coat. "Grid is blessed. He has the love of so many beauties. I would be jealous if I was 10 years younger."

Zirkan didn't have any hard feelings about Yura interfering with Chris. Yura was also a valuable colleague in the Overgeared Guild and above all, he liked her feelings towards Grid. It was from his years of experience.

"Love is good. Really good." Zirkan neatly folded his coat and gave an order to the owner. "A glass of Coke over here please."

"Yes, I understand."

The owner was very kind to Zirkan. It wasn't just because he was an elderly person. It was a pleasure to know that this young man had a friend.

“He’s a good person.”

‘That’s why I have been going to this store for a few years.’ Faker swallowed back the words he wanted to say to Zirkan. It was better not to advertise this place.

"Please understand why I am only drinking Coke. My body is getting old and can't handle the alcohol properly. That's why I'm trying to stay away from alcohol."

Zirkan spoke shamelessly. Faker bluntly asked him, "Then why did you come here from Toronto?"

"I thought you would be lonely."

“...?”

The words were unexpected. What was this old man saying? Zirkan smiled benignly at the rarely embarrassed Faker.

"You have more talent than anyone else and are more passionate than anyone else. Like Chris and Grid, you can also play in the sun. You would surely win medals."

“...”

“But you’re forced to stay in the shade because of your position. That’s why you can’t participate in the National Competition this year.”

“...”

“Your blood will be boiling.”

That’s right. Zirkan saw through it exactly. Faker felt a desire to act in the National Competition. He wanted to compete with Grid and the other talented people in front of the public. He wanted to publicize his existence to the world. However, Faker was a person who could control himself.

"This boiling blood is easily settled. I know that much. Even if I don't participate, the public is already aware of me. This is sufficient."

“...Excellent.” Zirkan was happy. “You’re much better than the me last year. Was I like this at your age?”

The reason why Zirkan was focused on Chris’ education was because Zirkan was old. Once he determined that international activities were difficult, he decided to concentrate on his role as Chris’ steward and teacher. But he soon regretted it.

Zirkan liked the game more than he expected. He enjoyed standing in front of the public. He regretted it and realized that his retirement was too soon. When he failed to compete in the National Competition last year because of his rusty skills, his stress was very great. That’s why he came to Faker. Zirkan wanted to heal Faker, who would feel a similar grievance to him. However, he was mistaken. Faker was already well-centred.

‘At a young age, your heart is mature without being overburdened by your talent... Is it the blood of your grandfather?’

Decades ago, when South Korea was still called a powerhouse in e-sports, there were many legendary gamers in South Korea and as a young man, Zirkan was fascinated with them. One of them was Faker’s grandfather. The information wasn’t officially disclosed, but Zirkan could see it when he first met Faker. Faker was the spitting image of his grandfather.

“...This talent might’ve been inherited from your grandfather.”

Faker’s gaze returned to the TV as he answered. Grid was rampaging.

“I have learned about hard work from Grid.”

It wasn’t a lie. Faker was originally a diligent person full of tenacity, but he was reasonable. No matter what, he didn’t do anything that violated common sense. There was a limit. But Faker changed as he met Grid and watched Grid’s changes. Now there was no limit to his efforts. That’s why he could grow enough to

defeat a sun-grade powerhouse.

“There’s no greed to be in the sun as long as there is Grid. I will let Grid be the king in the sun while I will be king of the shadows.”

“...Even your spirits are similar.” Zirkan’s eyes were blurred with memories as he called out to the pub owner. “A glass of beer over here please. I will have a drink. It’s rare to get a chance to drink with a legendary bloodline.”

“Kyaaaaak! Grid-sama!”

“God Grid! God Grid!”

“Yura! Yura! Yura!”

“...”

The airport staff rushed to the Korean representatives after the immigration process. They requested for the representatives to wait while they extended the security.

‘I knew there would be a lot of fans waiting.’

Peak Sword saw the crowd and clicked his tongue.

‘It’s beyond imagination.’

It wasn’t thousands, but tens of thousands. Over 10,000 people gathered here to meet Grid and Yura. They were even Japanese. Peak Sword felt very proud.

‘Koreans are truly great! We have a small population, but we’re steadily becoming a global giant!’

He didn’t intend to denounce foreigners. He just ‘objectively’ saw Koreans as superior to foreigners.

“Um...”

Peak Sword felt proud as a member of the Korean Patriotic Association. He nodded with satisfaction.

"Player Grid, there are evaluations that you control skills have improved dramatically in one year. Can I ask about the secret to your improvement?"

"I did well from the beginning. It was just buried by my items."

"The Overgeared Kingdom is the first of the West Continent countries to establish an alliance with the empire. As a result, it's speculated that the composition of the continent will greatly change. Now that you have the strong backing of the empire, what will happen to the Overgeared Kingdom?"

"It isn't an alliance with the empire. We just signed a temporary truce agreement. It isn't right to describe the empire as being behind me."

"Is there anything you like about Japanese culture? For example, manga."

"Hey... Hum hum, hum! I like baseball videos."

"Baseball videos? Do you mean recorded videos of the Japanese Baseball League?"

"Ah, yes. That's correct. Baseball is a representative sport of Japan... No, it's significant in developed countries. I have great interest in it."

"As a Japanese person, I am happy and proud that you like Japanese baseball. If you don't mind, can I ask what team your cheer for?"

"Es O di?"

"Huh? There isn't a team like that?"

"Too bad... No, I was confused for a moment because of all the questions at once. I like and cheer on every team."

"You encourage everyone while cheering on a particular team? You are very considerate. As expected from the leader of a kingdom."

"Excuse me. I have a question. What is your favorite food?"

"I like wraps."

"You mean the popular style of wrapping beef or pork in lettuce?"

"Isn't it eaten with canned tuna?"

"...?"

"I don't eat meat with vegetables... The taste of the most expensive meat with the taste of vegetables is a bit..."

They were specific questions for Grid. In the past, he would've refused most interviews because he was uncomfortable or annoyed. But now he was well aware of his position. He never forgot that he represented a kingdom and answered all questions faithfully.

The result.

【Lettuce, canned tuna, and hot pepper paste are temporarily out of stock. Sorry. We hope to secure more quantities quickly. Thank you.】

Such signs were attached to various marts and convenience stores in Japan. It was the moment when a new Korean dish (?) was spread to Japan. This was the ripple effect of a huge star.

Chapter 751

『 Satisfy's opening ceremony held in Tokyo has the largest number of tourists in history. 』

『 The Tokyo Dome has heated up. The 1,500 participants from 50 countries have determination on their faces and the crowd is giving them an enthusiastic cheer. 』

『 The National Competition is significant. It's an opportunity for the players to gain wealth and honor at the same time. For the people of each country supporting them, it's a chance to get a big buff. 』

『 I wonder what countries and participants will play a big role this year. 』

『 I'm looking forward to the birth of a new star. 』

『 Won't it be hard for a new star to emerge because the existing top talents are so big? 』

『 Don't forget that the world is wide. I believe there are countless hermits who haven't been discovered. Ares and Agnus... People like them. 』

Satisfy could be described as a game enjoyed by the whole world and the size of the National Competition expanded every year. As a result, the attitude of the players became more serious. It was because the size of the compensation grew with the size of the competition.

The gold medal winner received an item equivalent to the legendary rank or a material equivalent to the myth rank. The silver medal winner would receive an item equivalent to the unique rating or a material equivalent to the legendary rating. Bronze medal winners were able to obtain items equivalent to the epic rating or a material equivalent to the unique rating.

At first glance, there seemed to be no merit to the bronze medal.

But there were parts that shouldn't be overlooked. There was no explicit mention of 'no growth type items' in the compensation description. That's right. Becoming a medal winner meant that a person could get a growth type item with a minimum epic rating. Most growth items starting at the epic rating were able to grow to the legendary rating.

'I will surely win a medal!'

As Chris, the 1st ranked player on the unified rankings stood on the podium, the eyes of the participants from all over the world were blazing. Most of them were feeling nervous.

Grid, Kraugel, and Jishuka had won rewards equivalent to a gold medal from the Battlefield event a few days ago. The fact that these powerful people went one step further placed a great pressure on the others. They were nervous because the walls they had to cross had become even higher.

'In particular, Grid's item making is a problem.'

The use of high rated materials didn't necessarily mean that high rated items would be produced. The production result relied on probability.

But people perceived that Grid was an exception. They speculated that as a legendary blacksmith, he could produce myth rated items with legendary rated production materials. They were concerned that if Grid and the Overgeared members secured a large number of medals, the strength of the Overgeared Guild would rise exponentially.

Of course, it was a big misunderstanding.

'Should I get a finished product?'

Grid originally wanted the by-products of the sacred creatures. They were in the same class as the Red Phoenix Breath. Grid's goal was to create a second or third masterpiece like the Red Phoenix Bow and Enlightenment Sword.

However, it didn't mean a myth rated item would be created if he used a myth rated material. He wasn't able to produce any myth rated items when he used the by-products of Great Demon Belial to make items for the Overgeared members. If he was lucky then he made legendary rated items. If he was unlucky, there were times he made unique rated items.

It meant Grid could fail.

'On the other hand, if I can get a legendary growth type item then I will surely acquire a myth rated item.'

After the opening ceremony was over.

Jishuka approached Grid, who was still trying to decide on the compensation. Her reddish hair and golden skin was absolutely charming under the sunshine.

"I will ask for a Red Phoenix Breath. Grid, I hope you will make a good item that has synergy with the Red Phoenix Bow."

"I can't unconditionally create a myth rated item using the Red Phoenix Breath. Is that okay?"

"I believe in you."

"..."

Grid's heart thumped. Jishuka's beautiful face wasn't the only reason. The absolute trust she gave Grid filled his heart. Thanks to her, Grid also gained courage.

"Okay... I will get the Blue Dragon Breath."

Then.

"Once I win two more medals, I will get the White Tiger's Breath and the Black Tortoise's Breath. Jishuka, I'll cheer you on as well."

"Yes... I'll always be cheering for you. Thank you."

Jishuka's smile became more beautiful. Grid's presence itself was a great strength for her. Had she ever been so dependent on

someone since being born? She was happy. She willingly wanted to stay with Grid.

"...So we have to get married."

"Huh? What? I couldn't hear because it's so noisy."

"Ah, no. It's okay if you didn't hear me. I was talking to myself."

Jishuka's face turned red. She was more nervous when facing Grid in reality, unlike Satisfy.

"Grid." Another beauty arrived as there was a friendly atmosphere between the two people. Unlike Jishuka, who was as bright as the sun, Yura was like the moon. "The events that other players hope to participate in had been released."

Yura's cold eyes examined Jishuka. She didn't like Jishuka, who was always dressed in cleavage revealing clothing.

"Everybody is waiting in the waiting room. Let's go."

The participants had three hours to change after seeing the hopes of others. It was necessary to have a meeting to confirm the hopes of other players so that better results could be created. Jishuka bit her lip as she saw Yura grab Grid's wrist. She kept her smile but there was clear hostility in her eyes.

"Ah, it's good to be on the same team."

"It's better than living in distant lands."

"If your relationship is good just because you live in the same country, shouldn't you be nervous? My Korean immigration project is currently in progress."

"I'm wondering if you can easily move to another country when you have a large amount of debt. Surely you aren't dreaming of being an illegal citizen?"

"Uh...! I will get a gold medal in this National Competition and get rid of my debt!"

“I don’t know. We will probably be competing in the same events.”

“Are you going to interfere? Bah, okay! Feel free to come! I’ll see how great you are after coming back from hell!”

“Will you be able to breathe?”

Pajik!

Paijijik!

Once Jishuka’s hot gaze met Yura’s cool eyes, the air froze and it was like electric currents were flowing. Grid looked puzzled as he stood between two girls who showed hostility to each other.

‘Why are they like this?’

Grid didn’t know what the men around him were feeling right now.

This year there were a total of 27 events. There was no rule that a country had to participate in all events. The players from each country had to win medals by participating in their own event or events with relatively low competition. The reason why the S.A. Group revealed the hopes of other players was to create more diverse strategies and variables.

Thanks to this, the players had a headache. Were the players actually participating in these events or were they lying? The players held a meeting to discuss the various possibilities.

"Grid, what are you going to participate in?"

The South Korean team’s waiting room.

The players’ eyes were focused on Grid. It was natural to give the right to decide to the person with the highest winning rate.

“Um...”

Grid’s worries increased as he looked at the events the US team

wanted to participate in. It was due to Kraugel's desired events.

"PvP is natural but what is saint sword drawing?"

Saint sword drawing had been a steady event in the National Competition for three years. But it was classified as a relatively minor event. The event was complex and slow, making it less popular.

"Isn't this a game where the brain needs to be used extensively?"

That's right. Participants in the saint sword drawing event had to first check the story of the saint sword. Then they would follow the hidden hints in the story to figure out what the saint sword wanted. Then in order to become a person that the saint sword wanted, various types of quests were carried out. There were combat-oriented quests as well as puzzle quests. It wasn't an event that people with shallow knowledge could participate in. It was an event that wasn't suitable for Grid at all.

"Is Kraugel really going to participate in this?"

These were just the 'desired' events. Grid was convinced that Kraugel wouldn't actually participate in the saint sword drawing event.

"Why is this guy giving a fake...? Um, what type of event will Kraugel participate in?"

Grid wanted to compete in both events with Kraugel. It wasn't just because of Damian's press conference. He had a bigger desire after losing in PvP last year. Last year, Kraugel took a gold medal for him so Grid wanted to take two gold medals from Kraugel. He was trying to predict Kraugel's events when Yura and Peak Sword told him.

"Kraugel is a clever person. There are few people better suited for saint sword drawing."

"Kraugel's current level is low and he can't exert his full combat power, so saint sword drawing is perfect from Kraugel's

perspective. He can cover his lacking combat power with intelligence.”

“...Kraugel is smart?”

"Of course. Think of his actions when he was the first ranked player. They were extraordinary.”

“ ... ”

No, then he was really going to participate in the saint sword drawing event? Grid asked cautiously, "What if I participated here?”

"...Don't do it.”

“ ... ”

Maybe this year's revenge could only be done in PvP. Grid felt both regret and relief. In fact, there was no guarantee that he could win against Kraugel.

‘Then let's go to an event where I will unconditionally win a gold medal.’

What event was it? Of course...

“Then I shall participate in PvP and blacksmithing.”

People might laugh at him participating in the blacksmithing event. They would say he was blatantly avoiding Kraugel.

‘Well, they can mock me all they want.’

Those people would mock him no matter what he did. The determined Grid watched Yura's choices. Then he was surprised. It was because Yura chose the target processing and saint sword drawing event. Target processing was a major event that was famous for having as many strong players as PvP. In addition, didn't she see that Kraugel would participate in the saint sword drawing event? Why did she want to take the risk?

Yura explained to the confused Grid and players.

"We have to compete against those who are likely to win gold medals in order to boost South Korea's ranking."

He understood her heart.

"But what about the odds? Yura, you are one of our greatest powers. The blow will be big if you miss out on gold medals. Don't fight a losing battle... Oof! Oof!"

Grid blocked Peak Sword's mouth. Then he smiled at Yura's unwavering eyes.

"Have you become really strong in hell?" She could even match Kraugel. "I'll trust you and cheer you on."

Grid had never seen Yura bluff. He didn't doubt her confidence.

"Thank you. I will return your faith."

Yura replied with a smile. She looked so beautiful that Grid blushed.

Then Eat Spicy Jokbal spoke up, "Me and my friends will participate in two team events."

"Ohh, that's good!"

Peak Sword barely tore away from Grid and cried out enthusiastically. He was full of expectations for Dungeon Master Eat Spicy Jokbal's power in the team events. The world might expect South Korea's overall ranking to be at the bottom this year but Peak Sword thought differently.

'South Korea will get the top position this year!'

There was a person filled with hopeful expectations.

"I'll try to get at least one bronze medal."

It was beast master Toon who had been guarding Grid's side since coming to South Korea last year.

"Puhahaha! Hooray South Korea!"

Peak Sword was dancing with excitement. He didn't even know

what events he was participating in.

Chapter 752

『 The two billion Satisfy players all over the world! It is the 3rd National Competition that you have been waiting for long for! Finally! Start!!! We will now watch the first event! 』

“Waaaaaaaaah!”

The event that was the prelude to the 3rd National Competition was the saint sword drawing. The public originally wasn't interested in saint sword drawing, but this year was different. It was because there were many people waiting for the National Competition which was held three months later than usual. In addition, Sword Saint Kraugel's name was on the list of participants.

-We can see Kraugel on the opening day! This is completely exciting!

-The opening is with God Kraugel... He's the main character.. ㄅ
ㄅ

-Isn't it a game where the person who draws out the saint sword first is the winner? Since he's a Sword Saint, he will surely be picked by the saint sword. Will Kraugel wins as soon he starts?

-Ey, that doesn't matter. Otherwise it wouldn't be a match.

Saint sword drawing was based on the famous Arthurian legend, the sword stuck in the rock. It had the simple rule in which the person who pulled the sword out of the rock first would win. But the process wasn't easy. In order to draw the saint sword, certain conditions had to be met. The participants had to break through the missions with strength, intelligence, and competence. It was very difficult for the participants because they had to be proficient in both literary and martial arts, and the public's interest wasn't easy to attract. It was inevitably less popular than other stimulating events.

Due to that, few people participated in saint sword drawing. In the 2nd National Competition, this event was reduced to anonymous rankers. However, this year Sword Saint Kraugel and Demon Slayer Yura would participate in saint sword drawing. People's expectations were heightened.

“It will be thrilling to watch the saint sword drawing!”

“By the way. Kraugel is a Sword Saint and well suited to saint sword drawing, but why is Yura participating? Can't she play separate events?”

“Hrmm... Is it because it's reliable to secure a medal based on the low competition? Just one medal will be invaluable to South Korea, who will be ranked at the bottom.”

“It's a big blow to her that hell running was abolished due to equality issues.”

“She picked out saint sword drawing but ended up meeting Kraugel. She has no luck. I'm sorry for her.”

One of the best players in the Great Demon Belial raid was Yura. However, it was speculated that her abilities were only powerful against a great demon. It was true. Until a few months ago.

Bruton Island, the stage for saint sword drawing, was largely divided into three sections.

First, there was the safety zone. It was impossible to PvP in the safety zone. Players couldn't attack each other in here. The 'sword in the rock' was placed in the center of the safety zone.

Secondly, there was the route zone. PvP was possible, but you would be classified as a criminal when attacking a player and could be attacked by guardians. It was a neutral zone where players could be killed. There were villages where NPCs gave clues and shrines which increased resource recovery. There were a total of nine villages on Bruton Island and the distance between villages was

around three kilometers. The location of the shrines weren't marked on the mini-map.

Finally, there was the chaotic zone. It was a chaotic zone where PvP was allowed without any restrictions. Apart from the safety zone and route zone, all of Bruton Island was considered a chaotic zone. Players in the chaotic zone had to pay attention at all times, since it was filled with many types of monsters, including named bosses.

{ A sword isn't important. }

“...?”

The center of Bruton Island. The 42 people participating in saint sword drawing fell into confusion at the beginning. A sword was stuck at a right angle in the sparkling marble. The sentence ‘a sword isn't important’ floating at the bottom of the saint sword made it difficult for them. No, why was the verse decorating the sword denying the necessity of a sword?

‘This isn't right?’

The participants' minds went blank but not all of them.

‘Does it mean it wants a master who doesn't rely on it?’

‘Does it mean to not become stronger by holding the sword, but to be an inherently strong master?’

Kraugel and Yura immediately knew the meaning of the sentence.

Supak!

The two people moved at the same time. What did it mean to prove they were ‘strong?’ It was simple. Combat. Kraugel and Yura judged this and moved out of the safe zone towards the chaotic zone. In the process, they faced each other.

Surung!

Kraugel discovered Yura entering the forest opposite him and

wielded his weapon. It was a silver weapon made from the bones of a dragon, White Fang.

‘She’s dangerous.’

Yura had been one of the 10 strongest players in the world for a long time. Kraugel acknowledged her skills and was naturally wary. He knew it could be a disaster if he didn’t get rid of her in the beginning.

Supak!

Just before Yura hid in a shady forest. Kraugel used White Light Steps and aimed at her. He used the refraction of the sunlight to enter a stealth state.

“Ah! Yura!!”

The crowd cried out. The crowd was sure that the beautiful woman would be eliminated at the beginning of the event.

“Kraugel is a bloodless person with no tears!”

"That cruel side is good! Win Kraugel!"

Some people criticized Kraugel for trying to kill his biggest contender while others cheered him on. The premise behind both was common. Yura would die soon. That’s right. The crowd expected that Kraugel would easily beat Yura. Kraugel’s PvP ability was superior and his footwork was quick because he added stealth. Yura didn’t notice Kraugel’s approach and would suffer a critical injury. Most of the Korean representatives monitoring the game from the waiting room had the same idea.

"There are very few people who can handle Kraugel’s power. It’s the end the moment she allowed him access.”

Peak Sword bit his nails. He prayed that Yura would see Kraugel’s approach and pull out her gun. The only way for her to survive was to block Kraugel’s approach in advance. He thought there was no other answer. But Grid was different.

‘Will you show me?’

Grid still believed in her. The confidence expressed by his dear colleague.

‘Have strength!’

Yura had been stuck in hell for several months. She must’ve grown. Now she had to prove the value of her efforts. If she failed to prove it, she would be more shocked than anyone else.

Grid cheered on Yura.

‘I will repay your faith.’

Maybe it was a coincidence or faith. Yura was reminded of her promise to Grid. Then.

Supak!

The fight went different than what everyone expected. The moment that Kraugel approached Yura.

“Hell Leap.”

Yura responded like she knew he was here. Her body was surrounded by a red light as she used the skill and disappeared without a trace.

‘Stealth?’

It was impossible for a person to disappear unless it was a teleport magic. In addition, teleport type magic belonged entirely to magicians. Based on this, Kraugel judged that Yura’s disappearance in front of him was simply a gimmick. He didn’t panic and just kept up the trajectory of the sword.

It was at the point where Yura had been standing. Kraugel expected Yura to bleed and reveal herself again.

But.

Wuuong.

“...?!”

There wasn't the sensation of cutting anything. White Fang left a faint afterglow in the air and Kraugel raised his eyebrows. At the same time.

Suruk.

A small black hole was created behind Kraugel. There were no precursors and no sound, so Kraugel couldn't notice it. Then Yura emerged from the black hole.

“?!”

After hearing the sound of a collar rustling, Kraugel sensed the change and reflexively swung White Fang back.

Puk!

Kraugel wasn't a monster. Unlike what people thought, he didn't have eyes in the back of his head. The White Fang that he swung back didn't hit Yura. The problem was that his super super Sensitivity detected Yura too late. On the other hand, Yura precisely pierced Kraugel's back.

“...!!!”

"!!!!"

『 !!!! 』

The players, the crowd watching the game, the commentators and the viewers were shocked, their mouths dropping open. Above all, the one who was most surprised was Kraugel himself. He was caught. It wasn't the same as when he fought Lael and Pon on Battlefield.

This was Satisfy. Here, Kraugel was a complete presence. He was the sky above the sky. An absolute person. Now he lost to a person in a frontal confrontation. It was the first time he'd experienced this.

Hwiririk!

While Kraugel was feeling confused, Yura reclaimed her sword

and spun. It was an elegant movement like a swan.

Swaeeeeek!

The sword with a centrifugal force pierced Kraugel. It was steadfast swordsmanship based on her experience in hell.

Kaang!

Kraugel barely managed to defend.

Now that he was face to face with Yura, his super sensitivity passive was active. He used White Fang to fend off Yura's attack and showed his strength. The new acquired 'Weapon Swallowing' of a Sword Saint caused White Fang to interlock with Yura's sword. Due to this, Yura's upper body leaned forward and her face neared Kraugel's. The distance between the two of them was so close that it wouldn't be strange if their lips touched.

"Ohhhhhh!"

"It is Kraugel instead of Grid!"

The crowd was excited at the beautiful sight. However, the atmosphere between Kraugel and Yura was cold. Their faces were expressionless as they whispered to each other.

"I didn't know I would be subjected to this type of defeat by someone other than Grid."

"Don't take him for granted. Youngwoo-ssi is the only one special to me."

"Hah...?"

Tatang!

Yura lost her balance due to Kraugel's sword swallowing. People judged that Kraugel would win. After allowing a counterattack from Yura, they thought Kraugel would overpower her. However, that wasn't it. Yura's left hand held a gun and she pulled the trigger. The speed at which her bullet flew was slightly faster than Kraugel's sword.

“Kuk...!”

Kraugel couldn't escape from the bullets shot at close range. Blood flowed from his forehead and his eyes reddened. He could see Yura with his blurred vision. She held a sword in one hand and a gun in the other. She obtained the Demon Slayer 'Use Both Hands' passive when she reached level 300.

“...Interesting.”

Kraugel allowed two attacks in a row and was surrounded by a blue sword energy. Now he recognized Yura as a 'competitor.' She was on the same level as Grid. But he couldn't compete with Yura's power.

“Hell Leap.”

Yura judged that it was disadvantageous to face a Sword Saint head on and immediately disappeared. Her movements that disappeared into a black hole and reappearing in another place couldn't be pursued by Kraugel's super sensitivity. It was like she leapt into space itself. The moment she entered the hole, she was completely removed from his senses. There was no precursor to the creation of the black hole.

“...Demon Slayer.”

Kraugel muttered as he gazed at the back of the distant Yura. His feelings were similar to when he first faced Grid. And...

“Waaaaaaaah!”

“Yura! Yura!! Yura!!!”

“Ah!! My goddess has finally returned!!”

Yura, who had been wandering after becoming a legendary class, regained her old reputation. It was a splendid return.

Chapter 753

Duk.

A black object fell and dirtied the marble floor. It was the chocolate pudding that Grid was eating.

“...”

The South Korean team's waiting room. Grid had lost his soul. He didn't even notice that the expensive pudding he normally didn't buy had fallen to the ground.

“God Grid? Hey, God Grid!”

Peak Sword noticed Grid's unusual state. He grabbed Grid's shoulder and randomly shook it. He couldn't help feeling worried. Among the many snacks available in the waiting room, Grid had only picked the most expensive chocolate pudding. He had already eaten six consecutive ones!

"Hey! I told you! I told you it was dangerous if you consumed so much sugar at once! But you...! You just said that freebies are good...! Hey! God Grid!! Wake up! Look into my eyes!"

‘...It's different from the image I imagined.’

The representatives' images of Overgeared King Grid and Peak Sword was very big. In particular, Grid and Peak Sword were heroes and idols to the young rankers participating on the Korean team this year. They imagined a noble image. However, reality was the exact opposite of their imagination. They seemed like neighborhood idiots.

But why weren't they disappointed? Grid and Peak Sword had no authority? Well, it was better to be friendly and comfortable.

"It's okay. I was just thinking about something else.”

In the turmoil, Grid belatedly regained his mind and focused on the screen again. He watched Yura hunt monsters and gather the

‘proof of strength.’

“Really... Really strong.”

In fact, he hadn’t expressed it, but Grid had been worried about Yura. She had been in the top position. How hard would it be for her to be in a slump for more than a year after becoming a Demon Slayer?

“Demon Slayer...”

A conditional class that exerted exceptional power in certain conditions. It was a good fit for ordinary people like Grid. However, it was poison for a versatile person like Yura. It was a poison that regulated Yura’s talents, who could act in various fields. Grid worried that Yura had been regretting her choice.

‘...I would certainly regret it.’

But she didn’t. She walked alone without relying on anyone. Then she descended to hell. This was the result. Yura succeeded in returning as a dominant power in the National Competition.

"Good work."

Grid was someone who always tried. He knew how much Yura had done for this moment. Thus, he was in awe.

“God Grid...”

Peak Sword handed a tissue to Grid with a solemn expression. There was no handkerchief.

"Wipe your mouth..."

[The crystal skeleton has been defeated.]

[All the Proofs of Strength have been gathered. Visit Andrew Village and meet the chief. He will give you the second version of the ‘Saint Sword’s Song.’]

‘I shouldn’t overlap with Kraugel.’

Had Kraugel already collected all the proofs? Or was he still at the collecting stage? According to Yura's calculations, it was naturally the former.

‘I might meet Kraugel if I go directly to the village.’

She didn't want to admit it, but even if they were both legendary classes, Sword Saint Kraugel's combat ability was much better. The pressure that Yura felt when she was hit a while ago was considerable. If Yura had pulled the gun a bit later then she was likely to be hit. Kraugel's strength was beyond what she had expected.

‘If only Hell Leap was a bit more stable...’

It was the trump card that Yura acquired by clearing a hidden Demon Slayer quest. Unfortunately, it was difficult to use. It was a skill that temporarily moved the user's body ‘somewhere’ in hell. No one could guarantee where the caster would fall. In the worst case, she could fall where a great demon was or directly onto hell fire.

In fact, 30 minutes ago, Yura used Hell Leap during her confrontation with Kraugel and fell right in front of the castle of the 15th great demon. She was caught by a red monster guarding the gates and even the legendary passive couldn't completely resist the ‘absolute petrification.’ The agility of her body fell significantly.

“Hah.”

Yura couldn't help letting out a sigh. She lamented being weaker than Kraugel despite also being a legend. Her level was even higher. She had passed level 300 before the start of the National Competition, while Kraugel was still in the mid-200s. Even so, Yura had a low chance of winning in a frontal confrontation.

‘...No, it's an excuse.’

Class wasn't the only important thing. The grim reality was

proven when the normal class Kraugel had defeated Grid.

‘Hurry.’ Acting in front of Kraugel wasn’t her first choice. She would miss the gold medal if she kept avoiding Kraugel. Then there would be no meaning in participating in the saint sword drawing. ‘I can’t avoid a fight with Kraugel.’

Yura realized the cold reality and ran to Andrew Village. She wished that Grid’s support would bring her good luck.

"Ah, they met again."

"Yura is pitiful."

"Isn't it really dangerous this time?"

It was two and a half hours since saint sword drawing started. By the time most participants acquired the third verse of the Saint Sword’s Song, Kraugel and Yura were on the last verse and encountered each other again. It was their sixth clash. No matter how much Yura was damaged, she kept chasing after Kraugel.

As the confrontations continued, Kraugel’s side overwhelmed Yura. Kraugel’s combat adaptability was unmatched. In the repeated battles, he grasped the unique characteristics of a Demon Slayer and reversed them completely to neutralize Yura. Now it was hard for Yura to resist. The only path she could choose was to retreat from Kraugel’s swordsmanship. She didn’t look back when she met Kraugel and used Hell Leap.

In the process...

"Heok! What?"

"Now she is summoning a demonkin?"

The people were startled at the sight of Yura. She disappeared with a red light and reappeared through a black hole with something on her shoulder. People naturally assumed it was a demonkin that she summoned. But the demonkin was biting her

shoulder.

‘What?’

The commentators, crowd, and even Kraugel was confused at the situation. They couldn’t understand why Yura had ended up like this. But they noticed it within a few minutes.

‘No way, has she been going to hell every time she uses the skill?’

It had been like this from the beginning. When she disappeared and reappeared, Yura often seemed injured or affected by a status condition. It was obvious that the teleportation skill she used was different from normal instantaneous movements.

“Isn’t this skill too dangerous?”

Kraugel asked as if he knew everything. But Yura’s expression didn’t change at all.

“I don’t know what you mean.”

Sakak-!

Yura cut off the demonkin biting at her shoulder and pointed her gun at Kraugel. She had to open the distance and recover enough resources to make full use of Hell Leap. Kraugel read her intentions and tried to narrow the distance, but she was the sky above the sky for female users. She didn’t allow him to easily narrow the distance.

“Oh! Kraugel is a completely bad guy!”

Grid was extremely agitated. It was because Kraugel hunting Yura instead of proceeding with the quests was too hateful.

"Can't you share a gold medal and silver medal? Why are you acting like you want to eat everything?"

"It's because he acknowledges Yura's skills. There's a chance he might miss the gold medal if he spares her."

Like the other player, Eat Spicy Jokbal was concentrating on the game. Viola, the woman in a hanbok sitting next to him nodded as if she agreed.

"That lady, she's too strong."

It was obvious that Kraugel was one level higher. The problem was that so far, only Grid had managed to go against Kraugel. In people's eyes, the difference in skills between the two people was minimal.

"But what the hell is that Hell Leap?"

"Yes. I thought it was simply a fraudulent movement skill, but now a monster has come out."

Yura once again retreated. She escaped from Kraugel and lurked in the forest, escaping from a great crisis for now. Grid's throat became parched as he felt relief. He was just grabbing a soda when a security guard approached him.

"That... A guest has come."

"Guest? Who is it?"

Who would come to the South Korean team while the National Competition event was going on? The security guard replied to the confused Grid.

"Panmir of the US team."

"...?"

The first ranked blacksmith since Satisfy opened. He was the person who made Grid participate in the blacksmithing event in last year's National Competition.

'Is he coming to ask me to participate this year?'

After thinking about last year's incident, Grid laughed and left the waiting room. Panmir was an opponent difficult to ignore. Grid respected his position but didn't fear him. Grid was familiar with Panmir's craftsmanship. He understood the sense of deprivation

Panmir felt because Grid was a legendary blacksmith. Panmir was an opponent Grid had to be careful of in many ways.

“It has been a while.”

Grid discovered Panmir in the hallway and spoke first. Panmir had more grey hair than last year. But his solid body and strong eyes didn't make him look old. He looked like Khan would've 15 years younger.

“I'll speak bluntly.” Panmir responded to Grid's greeting and immediately got to the subject. “This year, I will beat you.”

“...”

No, this was the only reason why he came? It was disturbing his day with this silly thing. Grid couldn't hide his displeasure and frowned. Panmir added, “Even if I win, it doesn't necessary mean I'm better than you. Your craftsmanship and perseverance in manually making each item is naturally better than me. Nevertheless, there's a reason I can say that I will beat you.”

Panmir stopped speaking and pulled out a thin booklet. It was the book that described the rules for the blacksmithing event.

“It's due to the manipulation of the organizers.”

From this year on, the rules of the blacksmithing event changed. Last year, all participants made the ‘same item’ with the ‘same design.’ But this year, the participants could make the item they wanted with any design. The most important change was the victory criteria.

Unlike last year, where the ‘comprehensive value’ was judged based on the item's ability, this year's blacksmith event only looked at the ‘rating’ of the item. The criteria was changed so that those who produced unconditionally high rated items would receive good evaluations. Growth type items were no exception. It didn't matter if the item could grow to the legendary rating. If it was a normal rating when it was finished, the gold medal would be

lost.

Panmir spoke with straightforward eyes.

“Haven’t you already noticed? The reason why the rules and evaluation criteria for the blacksmithing event changed this year was to keep you in check.”

Even if items of the same rank were produced, Grid’s items would have higher average stats. If the criteria for evaluating items were just stats, the winner of the blacksmithing event would be Grid.

This was why the organizers changed the evaluation criteria for items.

"Changing the rules to keep a certain player in check... In your position, I would feel that it’s unfair.”

"What do you want to say?”

"I want to tell you not to take it personally if you lose to me in this event. You aren’t worse than me. You were just defeated by the organizers.”

“...”

What type of confidence was this? The biggest problem was that Panmir was speaking with good intentions. Grid was forced to shut up because he was too embarrassed to reply.

Panmir smiled bitterly at him.

"I achieved level 280 and completed three hidden quests. Now I have a 0.01% chance of producing legendary rated items. In addition, my items will be at least epic rated... I can make crazily fraudulent items. So prepare your heart. Then I’m going.”

After a while, Panmir left and Grid was left alone scratching his head.

"The conclusion is that you are worried about me?”

He knew for a long time that Panmir was a person with excellent craftsmanship. But Grid didn't know Panmir was such a gracious and sensitive person.

‘I'm sorry...’

Grid wouldn't show mercy to Panmir. At present, Panmir could never imagine that Grid was holding back a surprise card.

Chapter 754

The stronger the predator, the more prideful they were. They weren't cautious when hunting small rabbits. Patience and strength were the basics. It was important to do their best when competing with the same beast.

Clink!

The second half of saint sword drawing. Kraugel was doing his best to stop Yura. He was very wary of her since she was also qualified to draw the saint sword.

'There's a slight difference in movement speed due to the difference in basic stats. I need to deal with her before entering the safety zone.'

Kraugel hadn't achieved level 300 before entering the National Competition. His stats failed to reach the third awakening and were generally lacking. He needed to be tenacious to make up for this. Kraugel placed his hands on the sheath at his waist.

He aimed for Yura's predicted path and drew White Fang. It was Space Sword, one of the ultimate skills of a Sword Saint.

Supaak!

"...!"

Kraugel's silver-coloured sword cut the earth, rivers, trees, rocks, mountains, and sky. The landscape in his field of view was cut in two. All except for one thing. It was Yura. The moment Kraugel's sword reached her, she used Hell Leap to make Kraugel's technique useless.

-Wow...!

-How does she match the timing like that?

-I have goosebumps.

The crowd and viewers had already been impressed by Yura

several times. From what they saw, there was only a difference in class between Kraugel and Yura. People thought that if the Demon Slayer class had the ability to fight the Sword Saint class, she wouldn't be in the position of a fugitive.

But that was just their perspective. Kraugel dominated Yura in all ways, albeit subtly.

“You can't run.”

“...!!!”

Yura was surprised when she emerged from a black hole. It was because Kraugel stood before her.

‘He read the path?’ Yura noticed. ‘It's my mistake!’

The problem was that she chose the shortest route to reach the saint sword as soon as possible. Kraugel read her thoughts. The cause of her defeat was a failure to overcome her anxiety.

Sakak-!

A white flash projected towards Yura's trembling eyes.

[You have suffered 5,900 damage.]

White Fang descended towards Yura again.

Sakak-!

Chukakakakak!

Kraugel didn't lose momentum after hitting Yura once. He used tricky orbits to deal with Yura.

“Ugh...!”

Yura's vision kept flashing red. She attempted to defend against Kraugel's attacks but it didn't work. Kraugel perfectly analyzed her behavior patterns and his super sensitivity supported his analysis. Yura had only one option left to counterattack.

Tang!

Tang tang!

As Yura was caught in a storm of swords and bled out, she aimed her magic gun at Kraugel. But Kraugel read her gaze and the direction the muzzle was pointing in, moving in advance to avoid the bullets. In the end, eight of the ten bullets shot by Yura were deflected. On the other hand, Yura allowed seven out eight hits by Kraugel. The difference in health between the two people greatly widened.

『 It seems to be over. 』

『 Ah, Player Yura is really miserable. After all this, she's missing the medal. 』

Yura's performance had been dazzling through saint sword drawing. She quickly met the requirements of the saint sword with a good strategy and overcome the difficulties experienced in the process with her strength and wits. The commentators and the crowd had no doubt that she would win a medal for her country. But now Kraugel from the United States was about to trample on Yura and South Korea's dreams.

『 As you all know, the players in South Korea are very shallow. Apart from Grid, Yura, Peak Sword, and Toon, all participating players are unknown. 』

『 The experts guess that apart from Grid and Yura, the other players can only obtain silver medals at most. 』

『 It's desperate news for South Korea that Yura is being eliminated without winning a single medal. 』

『 It's a pity. The Korean people will feel a great deal of heartache. 』

The commentators were telling the truth. The rules were revised so that one player could only participate in two events. The elimination of Yura was a painful loss for South Korea. Even if Grid won two gold medals, South Korea would stay at the bottom

of the rankings as expected. Then the Korean players wouldn't receive any buffs.

“Meteor Sword.”

Kwa kwang!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Kraugel's sword fell like a meteor and continuously struck Yura's injured body. Yura used her skills to resist, but her health was currently at the bottom while Kraugel's was close to being full. Kraugel was several times stronger than last year after becoming a Sword Saint and was on a different level from Yura. At this point, people thought the winner of the one on one PvP was determined. They started speculating about the results of the events that hadn't yet started.

Then Kraugel prepared to deal the final blow to Yura.

‘End it.’

Kraugel decided after checking Yura's health gauge. He precisely calculated Yura's health and defense figures during the course of the battle and used a charging skill. He prepared to deal a blow to Yura's heart while simultaneously opening the distance, in order to avoid a counterattack from Yura in her immortal state.

"Jajinmori."

Peeok!

A secret technique obtained from the East Continent. It was a kick that unfolded without any preliminary movements, striking the enemy and pushing him away. He kicked Yura's abdomen. At the same time, Yura's health was depleted, she entered the immortal state and fell far away from Kraugel. Kraugel naturally didn't approach her. He judged that he could prevent her from accessing the safety zone during her five seconds of immortality.

"Huhut."

In this desperate situation, Yura laughed. Kraugel's actions were within the range that she anticipated. Since she was far away from Kraugel, she cast a spell that took some time to use.

“Hell Summoning.”

“...?!”

Kurururung!

The Demon Slayer class exerted great influence in hell and operated with a penalty on this middle world. It was too unreasonable to call it a legendary class when it couldn't exert its abilities outside of hell. That's why the skill set involved a hell summoning. It was a field magic that allowed a Demon Slayer to show 100% of their abilities by transferring over a certain random area of hell.

Shaaaaaah—

A dark curtain fell. A radius of 1km around Yura was flooded with demonic energy and turned black. It was the moment when the bright Bruton Island was contaminated.

『 Hup...! 』

The world was astonished. Hell Summoning was a unique magic used by Great Demon Belial! How could a player use it?!!

“Um...”

Kraugel was also surprised. He frowned as he was contaminated by the demonic energy.

[You have entered hell.]

[You are affected by a strong evil energy.]

[Your body is exhausted. Attack power, defense, and agility will decrease by 30%.]

[Health won't recover naturally.]

[You have received a mental blow. Mana regeneration rate will

slow by 50%.]

[You have resisted.]

‘The status resistance is meaningless.’

Yura was strong. Kraugel became vigilant and grasped White Fang.

Jjeejeeong!

Yura leapt over the boiling hellfire river reached Kraugel in an instant and used three joint attacks. It was a much faster and stronger attack than before.

‘Kuk...! She managed to keep this trump card hidden so far?’

He understood her thoughts. It was uncomfortable for players to reveal their true power in the National Competition, where everyone in the world was watching. It was better to hide as much power as possible. But if she had to release it to the public, shouldn't it be in a better situation? Kraugel felt negatively about Yura's Hell Summoning.

‘Revealing it in a situation where defeat is already determined... She isn't that stupid.’

The summoning of hell was too late. Even if Yura was strong in hell, the gap between the two people's health was too big to be reversed. The outcome of the battle couldn't be changed. She should've summoned hell earlier or not summoned it at all.

Kraugel thought this as he avoided two bullets that flew from Yura in the darkness. He moved his sword while enduring the heat of the hellfire flowing near his feet. It was a counterattack aimed precisely for when Yura's immortal duration ended.

But.

Sakak-!

Kraugel couldn't cut Yura. He was a bit confused because he hadn't yet been able to adapt to the sudden change in landscape.

Yura used Hell Leap and left the battlefield. It was a retreat using her last remaining mana.

'I can't miss her!'

The moment that Kraugel used White Light Steps and was about to pursue Yura.

Kiyaaaaoh!

“...?!”

Kurururung!

A hell bone dragon emerged in sky that contained thousands of hell eyes and blew a poisonous breath at Kraugel. The hell summoned by Yura was a habitat for the hell bone dragon. It was extremely good luck from Yura's position.

“Kuk!”

The hell bone dragon was a powerful high level named monster that would make a player scream. Kraugel gave a rare scream as he was attacked by it. He suffered a critical injury as he flew back.

At this time.

Surururuk!

The hell vanished. The hell summoned by Yura only had a duration of a minute or so. In that short period of time, the situation of saint sword drawing dramatically reversed. Breaking everyone's expectations, Yura was going to reach the safety zone first.

The only area where PvP was impossible. It was the central area where the saint sword was stuck.

『 Y...Yura....! 』

『 South Korea's Yura will be the first master of the saint sword!! 』

Who would've imagined that someone other than Grid would win a confrontation with the sky above the sky? No, it was the

opinion of most people in the world that even Grid couldn't win against Kraugel. Yet Yura pulled it off...

Puk!

“...!”

『....!!』

One step. One step was lacking. Just before Yura entered the safety zone, dozens of swords rushed at her. It was the long-ranged skill of a Sword Saint, which caused 10 swords to be released from his inventory to hit the target. It was one of the skills Kraugel wanted to hide until he met Grid.

“Ugh!”

A sword stabbed Yura's ankle. Fortunately, she kept her life because she drank a potion. However, she fell down while entering the safety zone. Then...

Teook!

Kraugel jumped over her. He reached the saint sword first.

『 K-Kraugel wins! Kraugel has won the gold medal by drawing the sword first! 』

『 Ahh, Player Yura has ended up with the silver medal. It is really a waste. But she fought well. I admire her. 』

“Waaaaaaaah!”

Huge cheers shook the Tokyo Dome. The premiere of the 3rd National Competition was fierce and gorgeous.

The Korean team's waiting room.

"Well fought. You fought really well."

On the screen, the sight of Yura tearing up could be seen. It was the first time she had ever looked so frail. She became a legend before Kraugel and actually achieved a higher growth, but she

eventually lost. Was it because her efforts were lacking?

No. In fact, Grid knew better than anyone. It was purely-

‘The difference in talent...’

Humans were relative. A person who was praised as the best would end up being humble in front of someone better than them. Grid had been through this painful reality many times. That’s why he could figure out what Yura was feeling right now. He was able to feel her desperation.

‘I’ll get revenge for you.’

Talent?

‘I will overcome it with items.’

Grid’s blood boiled. After witnessing the victim of Kraugel’s talent, he wanted to win even more.

After that. Four more events took place and South Korea didn’t win a single medal. On the first day of the National Competition, South Korea’s medal status was only one silver medal. But this one silver medal was very valuable. South Korea, which originally should’ve been at the bottom of the rankings, ended up being near the top of the overall rankings.

At this time, no one knew what this small difference would lead to.

Chapter 755

United States: Gold (4), Silver (3), Bronze (0)

Canada: Gold (2), Silver (4), Bronze (1)

China: Gold (2), Silver (0), Bronze (0)

United Kingdom: Gold (1), Silver (0), Bronze (4)

Japan: Gold (0), Silver (1), Bronze (2)

South Korea: Gold (0), Silver (1), Bronze (0)

France: Gold (0), Silver (0), Bronze (2)

This was the result of the first day of the 3rd National Competition. As with previous years, the North American, European and East Asian countries were remarkable. Of course, this table was only temporary. There were still 18 events remaining today and tomorrow. New countries would emerge on the leaderboard. Last year's number one, Russia was included.

『 Just like yesterday, there will be nine events held today. Six of those are team events. Today is the most important day out of the National Competition's three days. 』

In order to win the team events, the team must have a wide variety of players. Countries with many outstanding athletes were more likely to win a team medal. The US, Canada, China, and Russia met these conditions. Other countries were significantly less likely to win medals at team events.

『 The countries that wins many medals in the team events out of the four major powers will be ranked first in the overall rankings. 』

『 Will Russian achieve first place for a second consecutive year? Will the United States regain its reputation after winning first at the 1st National Competition? Will Canada, which has always been a first place candidate, finally be different this year? Will China

gain the honor of being the first Asian country to be ranked first? 』

『 The possibility of Russia getting first is very low. Alexander is outstanding and there are other great talents, but the team is much weaker than when they had Kraugel last year. 』

『 I agree. Russia's goal is to reach the top 10 and get the country buff. If Russia's strongest ranker Knight, who has been raising his reputation recently, participated, then there was a chance they could get first. 』

『 What about France, the third ranked country in the 1st National Competition? 』

『 Bondre, who lost his status since the collapse of the Seven Guilds, isn't participating in the National Competition this year. France also has no hope. 』

In the end, it would be the trilogy of the US, Canada, and China. It was as everyone expected, causing the commentators to smile bitterly.

『 It's sad that South Korea, which took second place in the 1st and 2nd National Competitions, isn't being talked about at all. 』

『 The reason why South Korea was able to be placed high in the past National Competitions was because the number of events was small. On the other hand, this year's National Competition has 27 events. Grid might win two gold medals alone, but it's impossible for South Korea to be ranked as highly as before. Look. Today South Korea is only participating in two out of six group events. The players on the participating list are all obscure. 』

『 Based on the atmosphere, South Korea seems to have half given up already. 』

『 The attitude is like just participating in the National Competition is fine. 』

South Korea was a country shallow in players. There weren't many notable players except for Grid and Yura.

『 Yura might win one more medal and Grid might win medals in the PvP and blacksmithing event tomorrow, but that's it. 』

『 Frankly, I wonder if Grid can win a gold medal. The new rules for the blacksmithing event are disadvantageous to Grid. Then in PvP, Kraugel is standing in the way. 』

"They're making too much noise."

The Korean team's waiting room. Eat Spicy Jokbal was burning with enthusiasm as he prepared to take place in the subjugation expedition event. As a Korean person, he felt the desire to prove the commentators who undervalued South Korea were wrong.

"The commentator isn't necessarily wrong."

The hanbok-clad woman Viola giggled. She had long eyes and a long chin, looking like a fox when she laughed.

"Is South Korea really weak?"

"That's right. South Korea is weak." Eat Spicy Jokbal nodded as if to agree with Viola's words. "But only when we weren't here."

A ranker's official activities might bring wealth and fame, but there were also large constraints. That's why Eat Spicy Jokbal, Viola, and Ma Bongshik had always been unofficial rankers. But now they decided to reveal themselves to the world. As long as they decided, they didn't intend to do it roughly.

"Our appearance should be gorgeous. Just like a certain someone."

Eat Spicy Jokbal looked at Grid. Grid saw him and said easily, "Come back with gold."

"Okay. We will bring back two."

"..."

Eat Spicy Jokbal's momentum! The other young Korean players didn't know his identity and clicked their tongues. They were questioning why he was so confident. On the other hand, Grid's

expectations were high since he knew Eat Spicy Jokbal's identity.

‘Blood Carnival’s master.’

Eat Spicy Jokbal was a big person who created and operated the strongest and worst dark gamers group. Grid also acknowledged the power of his hidden class, Dungeon Maker. Grid and Peak Sword were sure that his appearance would bring a tremendous shock to the world.

[Eat Spicy Jokbal? The ID is real.]

[Crazy! What is this? ⇨ ⇨ ⇨]

[Wow, this name is more idiotic than childish.]

[I guess he likes jokbal.]

Subjugation expedition was an event that introduced PvP to the existing raid. Three countries participated in a raid at the same time, hunting the boss while keeping each other in check. The country that accumulated the most damage to the boss would be the champion.

The boss was a cockatrice. It was one level below the drake, the boss of the existing raid. If the raid target was too strong, the players would take a cooperative attitude instead of keeping each other in check. Thanks to this, the subjugation expedition event was expected to be much faster and more intense than a raid. This was the S.A. Group's intention.

“Our first opponents are South Korea and Japan. We have good luck.”

The participating countries in Group A were South Korea, Japan, and Russia. It was good luck for the Russian players. South Korea was weak apart from Grid and Yura. In fact, the Korean players participating in this event were completely unknown. Japan was no different. Damian and Katz weren't participating in this event,

only second level rankers.

On the other hand, Russia had Alexander. He was the strongest ranker in Russia after Knight, who had recently started to gain popularity. Last year, he acted with Kraugel to make Russia first in the overall rankings.

“Our goal is the gold medal. We have to get through this first game.”

The results of the previous four group events made the development of the National Competition interesting. The United States didn't win any gold medals, Canada won three gold medals and China won one gold medal. It meant the United States failed to be first. If Russia succeeded in winning gold in the remaining two team events, maybe Russia could be in the top position in the overall rankings. The Russian players were motivated.

“Hey.”

Three minutes before the boss emerged. Alexander glanced at his successor, Ikonikoski, now one of the leading rankers in Russia. Ikonikoski rushed to his side and answered vigorously.

Alexander ordered, "There is a high possibility that South Korea and Japan will feel a sense of crisis and ally with each other. We must aim for the Korean players at the start of the match. Don't give them a chance to cooperate with Japan.”

Ikonikoski's abilities were equivalent to the former Alexander. It would be simple for him to get rid of three small fries alone. Ikonikoski replied confidently.

"Yep! I'll get those yellow monkeys...ugh!"

Ikonikoski suddenly screamed. It was because Alexander hit the back of his head. Alexander warned him with a grim facial expression.

“Don't be racist.”

“Huh...?”

Alexander was a notorious skinhead. Ikonikoski was stunned once he talked about racial discrimination. Alexander explained to him, "Kraugel is also Korean! You stupid bastard!"

“I-I’m really sorry!”

Many people didn’t know that Alexander was following Kraugel. Ikonikoski hadn’t known. He wasn’t able to understand the situation properly but had to respond like this. He was afraid of Alexander. Right as the Russian team were in turmoil.

"The first match opponents are too weak." Eat Spicy Jokbal on the South Korean team was unhappy. "Shouldn’t my debut appearance be at least the level of Kraugel?"

It was the exhibition he had thought hard about. Eat Spicy Jokbal wanted a gorgeous debut to the world. He wanted to imprint his presence on people. However, the Russian team were the first opponents. Ma Bongshik comforted him.

"Alexander is quite famous. It’s lucky that we’re matched against him."

"Hmm... it isn’t the worst."

Unfortunately, he couldn’t do anything. Eat Spicy Jokbal thought positively as he looked over the battlefield. Sand and dust blew through the steep canyon on the center of a wasteland and a cockatrice was on top.

‘The key is the climb the canyon first.’

The team that reached the cockatrice first could accumulate more damage. In the end, it would be a game of speed. It was a space where flying magic was blocked. Who could climb the high and steep canyon quickly?

‘In addition, the other players have to be kept in check. Well, it has nothing to do with me.’

Eat Spicy Jokbal paid attention to the cave at the entrance of the canyon.

"It's a good structure to summon a dungeon."

A Dungeon Maker became stronger when dungeons were created. It wasn't just because of the rise in stats. He could also summon a dungeon that he created into a specific area. Eat Spicy Jokbal made a variety of dungeons and was able to cope flexibly in any situation as long as the terrain was suitable.

"Let's go over there."

"Yes."

Viola and Ma Bongshik started to move according to Eat Spicy Jokbal's basis. While the Russian and Japanese rankers moved towards the top of the canyon, they headed towards the cave at the entrance of the dungeon.

『...??? 』

『 What is this...? .』

Immediately after the subjugation expedition match between South Korea, Japan, and Russia started. The commentators who were sure that Russia would win were surprised. It was absurd that the Korean team members were hiding inside the cave instead of defeating the monsters.

『 It's hard to see the actions as meaningful. They must be very nervous. 』

The commentators thought that the Korean players had panicked. They thought there was no possibility of winning and decided to 'hide' in the cave. They were stupid cowards. The Russian rankers thought the same.

"They're worth half a penny."

Shake shake.

Alexander laughed. He was stunned that the Korean players hid

out of fear.

"Ikonikoski, just ignore them. Move faster than the Japanese players."

"Yes!"

The Russian players moved in an orderly fashion. In the process of climbing the canyon, they narrowed the distance with the Japanese players. The cockatrice was pecking the sand on top of the canyon. It seemed that both the cockatrice and the Japanese players would be killed by the Russians. But it went differently from everyone's expectations.

Kyao?

The cockatrice pecking at the sand suddenly looked down at the canyon. The sharp eyes were looking at the cave entrance where the Korean players were hiding.

Kyaoooooh!

The cockatrice let out a loud sound. Its long legs stretched out. It ignored the Russian and Japanese players climbing the canyon and jumped down.

"What?"

The Russian and Japanese players were upset. When did it suddenly jump down when they had gone through so much effort? It was also where the Korean team was hiding!

"C-Chase it!"

Even if the Korean players were small fries, their levels were over 250 if they were participating in the National Competition. The three of them would be enough to catch the cockatrice. The Russian and Japanese rankers were nervous. But the canyon walls were too steep. They couldn't catch up with the speed of the cockatrice. The cockatrice arrived in the cave where the South Korean players were hiding.

“Hey! This damn chicken head! Stand there!”

Why was it doing this? Why did it show such great interest in the cave? Alexander questioned it as he yelled at the cockatrice.

Tak!

The moment the cockatrice entered the cave.

“Chicken isn’t bad.”

Sakak-!

Eat Spicy Jokbal’s sword cut at the cockatrice. It was the moment when dozens of cameras moved from the Russian participants to focus on Eat Spicy Jokbal.

Chapter 756

Most dungeons contained monsters. The monsters were precious prey that gave experience and riches, making it natural for players to recognize a dungeon as a hunting ground. Nobody was interested in the origin of the monsters in the dungeon.

“Chicken isn’t bad.”

Kiyaaaaaaack!

Eat Spicy Jokbal’s sword cut at the cockatrice. The cockatrice let out a sharp scream as it struggled. Its eyes were bloodshot as it kept heading deep into the dark dungeon. There was no interest in Eat Spicy Jokbal, who had just seriously decreased its health gauge with one blow. Thanks to this, Eat Spicy Jokbal was safe from ‘petrification.’ He was safe from one of the top status effects.

“The Snake Dungeon was the right answer.”

People might ignore it, but most dungeons were built with a purpose. They all had different features and purposes. That’s why different types of monsters lived in different dungeons.

[Snake Dungeon]

Rating: Epic

A dungeon built by Dungeon Maker Eat Spicy Jokbal.

Due to the argandi trees planted in large quantities inside, rodents such as the ratmen proliferate in large quantities. It is a paradise for snake monsters who eat them.

...

...

Eat Spicy Jokbal had built this Snake Dungeon in order to communicate with the Burangtang Clan, who worshipped snakes. He built the Snake Dungeon near the Burangtang’s village and became friends with them, allowing him to clear the ‘Burangtang’s

Treasure' hidden quest. In other words, the Snake Dungeon was originally meant to be near the Burangtang's village.

But Eat Spicy Jokbal had the Dungeon Summoning skill. Dungeon Summoning was a skill that could only be triggered when the cave, building interior, mountain etc. was placed in a 'occupied' state and had the ability to 'summon your dungeon for a limited time.'

The reason Eat Spicy Jokbal summoned the Snake Dungeon was to target the cockatrice. The favourite food of monster which had the head of a rooster and the body of a snake was the 'amphisbaena'.

Kieeeeeeeek-!

The cockatrice recovered from the wound on its neck with its unique resilience and resumed dashing. It was blinded by its appetite and didn't even look at Eat Spicy Jokbal's party. It only chased after the delicious smell coming from deep in the dungeon.

"Bongsik!!"

"Stop! Severe Cold Spear!"

Ma Bongshik. One of the four founding members of Blood Carnival. He enchanted his spear with spells. In other words, a magic spearman. His spear had the power to induce the 'chill' state.

Jjang!

Jjeejeeong!

The cockatrice was stabbed by the spear and its movements started to slow rapidly. This was the power of severe cold. It wasn't as dramatic as other status conditions such as 'frostbite' or 'frozen.' But it showed the power to ignore resistance to abnormal conditions. The chill caused the one affected to slowly lose health and agility.

“Okay! Well done!”

Eat Spicy Jokbal jumped high as the cockatrice was slowed down. His battle power, supplemented by the dungeon buff, was comparable to Grid before Grid for the Enlightenment Sword.

Sakak-!

Strong. The cockatrice’s health gauge fell by a tenth when hit with Eat Spicy Jokbal’s sword.

Kiik...! Kiiiiik!

The cockatrice’s eyes widened. After receiving a certain amount of damage, it woke up from the prey it was focused on. As soon as its gaze moved to Eat Spicy Jokbal...

“Oh my! Boys! What are you doing?”

Viola wore a witch’s hat and spun her magic wand. Like Ma Bongshik, she was a founding member of Blood Carnival and her class was a conjurer. She had the power to strengthen an effect or increase the duration of a status effect. The gaze of the cockatrice once again returned to the dungeon. It immediately started running again while the Eat Spicy Jokbal attacked it.

『 W-What is this...? 』

The commentators were filled with great doubts. Why was there a dungeon in Reilt Canyon, the stage of subjugation expedition? According to the information released by the S.A. Group, a dungeon shouldn’t exist here. Then why was the cockatrice obsessed with this dungeon and why weren’t the Korean players affected by its petrification?

More than anything else.

‘Strong!’

The Korean team members were performing tremendously, despite being unknown. In particular, Eat Spicy Jokbal was outstanding. The cockatrice was only a level 260 field boss, but its

base defense was high. There were few who could cause it to lose one-tenth of its health with one blow out of the 1,500 rankers participating in the National Competition. However, Eat Spicy Jokbal was doing this continuously. The cockatrice's health fell every time his sword struck it.

"Waaaaahhhhh!"

"I don't know who he is, but he's great! I'm cheering for him!"

While the commentators couldn't understand the situation and had fallen silent, the crowd and viewers were cheering. The development beyond expectations excited the audience.

"A dungeon?"

Finally, the Russian players descended the canyon. They were confused when they entered the cave where the Korean players had hid.

[You have entered Snake Dungeon.]

[You haven't received permission from the creator. The dungeon considers you an intruder.]

"Now I understand why the cockatrice headed here." Alexander confidently said after thinking about it. "This dungeon is the real stage of the subjugation expedition. The canyon was just a bait."

Ikonikoski admired Alexander's interpretation.

"I see! We wasted our energy and time trying to climb the canyon to get the cockatrice!"

"That's it. It's my fault for not seeing it from the beginning."

"On the other hand, isn't it great that the Korean players came here from the start?"

"..."

Was the story like this? Alexander panicked for a moment before

soon denying it.

“No. They just got lucky.”

Eat Spicy Jokbal, Viola, and Ma Bongshik. The Korean team members participating in this event were really nothing. They were unknown players he had never heard of before. Alexander was certain that the three of them were certainly the lowest of the 1,500 players competing in this National Competition. The lack of skilled Korean players gave credence to this thought.

“The cockatrice came to the place where they are fearfully hiding... Those guys are really lucky.”

They were really ugly players who got to eat for free.

“Let’s go after the cockatrice. No matter how weak, the Korean players can hunt the cockatrice. We can’t give them the chance.”

It had been three minutes since the cockatrice entered the dungeon. It was the time when the cockatrice had just unleashed its opening petrification offensive. It was the right timing for the Korean team to counterattack.

‘They will slowly chip away at its health... It should be around 1/30th so the momentum isn’t that high. All variables should be blocked.’

It wasn’t good to relax. Alexander lit a torch and started running with his colleagues. They advanced into the depths of the surprisingly large dungeon. Snake-type monsters popped up several times along the way. But they were only level 100 and weren’t a threat.

‘Strange.’

Alexander and the Russian players got goosebumps. It wasn’t convincing that monsters who were only level 100 would appear in the National Competition. There was also the warning window about not getting the permission of the creator when they first entered the dungeon.

‘It’s like a separate space...’

There were many reasons to be wary, but they lacked grounds to doubt the situation. The Russian players were forced to move forward and eventually reached the end of the dungeon. Then they saw it.

Kyaak!

The cockatrice’s head was separated from its body!

"What?"

Only seven minutes. It had been seven minutes since the cockatrice entered the dungeon. Yet the cockatrice ended up being raided. It was by the unknown Korean players!

“W-Who the hell are you?”

How could they do this? Alexander asked in a trembling voice and Eat Spicy Jokbal replied while dealing the final blow to the cockatrice.

“The two gold reserves.”

“Run!”

The wave that occurred when South Korean defeated Russia and overturned everyone’s expectations was huge. After the Group A game, the other players participating in the subjugation expedition ran to the cave at the entrance of the canyon at the start of the game. It was because everyone knew that the cockatrice would come to this place.

But,

“...?”

“...????”

The cockatrice didn’t move from the top of the canyon. It stayed in place and waited for the invaders. It was the same in the other

games. Apart from South Korea's Group A match, the cockatrice never descended from the canyon.

‘What is this?’

The commentators, spectators, participants, and viewers thought they were possessed by ghosts. No one could understand why the cockatrice showed a different behavior pattern only in Group A. In the meantime, the games continued and now there were only 12 countries remaining

The quarterfinals began. The first teams in the quarterfinals were South Korea, the United States, and Canada. Nobody felt sorry for South Korea, who was assigned to be in the same group as the strongest winning candidates. It was because the players were aware of the Korean players' strength after they defeated the cockatrice in an instant.

‘It's tricky.’

The US representative, Cloud clicked his tongue. The United States hadn't won a single gold medal in the four group events that were held. They were in a position to win a gold medal in the subjugation expedition, but they had to face Canada, who had won three gold medals in the previous team events, and South Korea, who showed an unexpected power.

‘If we fall here, there won't be a bronze medal.’

The United States representatives had to figure out how to increase the odds and the conclusion was surprisingly quick.

“We have to stop the Korean team from entering the cave.”

It was a fact that the cockatrice showed a strange behavior pattern when the Korean players entered the cave. They didn't know what the principle behind it, was but there was a possibility that unexpected variables would occur when the Korean players entered the cave.

As a result, Cloud and the other US players ran in the direction of

the Korean players at the start of the game. The Canadian players made the same judgment as the American players. They were worried that they cockatrice would jump down while they climbed up the canyon.

『 Ah! South Korea is in a great crisis at the very beginning!! 』

South Korea became a common target because of their unimaginable power. The commentators were making a fuss while the Korean players were calm. No, they rejoiced at being noticed.

"Cloud and Henry... It wouldn't be an excellent debut if I didn't face people of at least this standard!"

"Yes. It's better than one Alexander."

"Then let's hunt humans instead of a chicken this time."

The six US and Canadian players participating in the subjugation expedition were the highest ranked players in the top 500 unified rankings. It was evidence that both the US and Canada recognized this event as important. Since both countries wanted to secure the number one position in the overall rankings, it was natural to boldly invest in this event. However, South Korea had invested more than the two countries.

Eat Spicy Jokbal. The concept of ranking was meaningless to a sun grade powerhouse. South Korea had the strongest players who could match Grid. The rankers in the top 500 were just hatched chicks in front of Eat Spicy Jokbal.

Puk!

Sukakak!

Without needing to reveal any special powers, the Eat Spicy Jokbal trio slaughtered the American and Canadian representatives with pure combat power. Both the United States and Canada missed out on a bronze medal while South Korea won the gold medal.

Throughout the day, Eat Spicy Jokbal rose to the top of all portal sites' search queries. The sale of spicy jokbal in the country rose sharply. Ironically, the jokbal store that Eat Spicy Jokbal operated in Haenam was on holiday.

Chapter 757

"There were such high rankers in South Korea?"

"Cloud couldn't do anything..."

The United States wasn't able to win a single gold medal in the team events held today. The result of the 'subjugation expedition' was very important since their overall ranking was reversed with Canada. It was a situation where Cloud, the right arm of Zibal, participated in the subjugation expedition. The US wanted Cloud to win a gold medal and didn't doubt that he would live up to their expectations. Yet he was disastrously defeated by the unknown players of South Korea. The US representatives were in a big shock from the unexpected situation.

In this atmosphere, Skull was feeling impressed.

"It's a perfect combination."

Skull. He was the US's top ranking player who maintained the top 10 in the unified rankings for the last four years. He used his excellent eyesight and saw that the Eat Spicy Jokbal trio was really perfect.

Ma Bongshik used his spear to cause the 'chill' status condition, Viola used her magic to maximize the power of the cold, and Eat Spicy Jokbal finished off the weakened enemies with his powerful attacks. The three Korean representatives had excellent individual ability and also compatibility with each other. Looking at their activities, they had been colleagues for at least a few years.

'Grid and Kraugel won't be able to easily go against them.'

Skull thought this and saw Kraugel's eyes. He witnessed Kraugel's black eyes shining with interest.

'This is it.'

He thought that the DNA of Koreans were still alive when he saw

the Korean players captivating the minds of the people. It was the gaming DNA of South Korea, which used to be a powerful in e-sports.

"This is..."

The Canada team's waiting room. Unlike the other players, Chris already knew about Eat Spicy Jokbal and was thrilled. He knew that Eat Spicy Jokbal was acknowledged by Grid but he hadn't expected Eat Spicy Jokbal to be at a level to kill Henry at once.

'Just looking at the strength stat, he has more than me.'

Chris paid attention to Eat Spicy Jokbal's attack power.

'Dungeon Maker... it isn't a combat specialized class. There were very few combat skills. However, the ability to exert a high attack power is purely due to the high strength stat.'

It was evidence that Eat Spicy Jokbal's strength stat was very high. The Dungeon Maker could be classified as an architect. Unlike the production classes of blacksmiths, construction workers, and tailors where 'stats were increased every time an item was made,' the architects increased their strength and stamina by two every time they built a building.

'I know why Grid and Peak Sword covet him so much.'

Eat Spicy Jokbal was basically a good fighter. Once he combined his strength with his colleagues, he would be a full-fledged presence in PvP. Indeed, he was the head of the former PvP group Blood Carnival.

'Becoming stronger in a dungeon...? I also want to fight him someday.'

Eat Spicy Jokbal. He captured the attention of the popular rankers as well as the general public, making it a splendid debut.

『 South Korea's victory! South Korea has won the gold medal in building walls after the subjugation expedition! 』

『 South Korea has won two gold medals in the team events! I never imagined that this development was possible... 』

『 This is a huge variable. The United States hasn't won a single gold medal in the team events today, while Canada missed the opportunity to widen the gap with the US. China, who is chasing these two countries, is also shaken. 』

South Korea had shaken up all three candidates to be first. The country that would be first in the overall rankings was becoming more and more of a mystery.

Canada: Gold (5), Silver (5), Bronze (1)

United States: Gold (4), Silver (5), Bronze (2)

China: Gold (3), Silver (1), Bronze (1)

South Korea: Gold (2), Silver (1), Bronze (0)

United Kingdom: Gold (1), Silver (2), Bronze (4)

Japan: Gold (0), Silver (1), Bronze (3)

France: Gold (0), Silver (0), Bronze (3)

Brazil: Gold (0), Silver (0), Bronze (1)

South Korea obtained two gold medals and their ranking rose. Considering the fact that there were still Yura, Peak Sword, and Grid remaining for South Korea, it was likely South Korea would finish in a high position in the 3rd National Competition.

It was an entirely different result from before the competition started. South Korea's strength went beyond expectations and turned the whole world upside down. South Korea had a completely festive atmosphere.

"Every season of the National Competition is very enjoyable."

"I agree. Grid was active last year and the year before, while there

are new faces this year...”

“Ah, I’m really happy! This year we will get the National Competition buff!”

“I’m really excited about Eat Spicy Jokbal. I’m going to eat spicy jokbal instead of chicken during the National Competition.”

“I like Ma Bongshik. I didn’t know there was a person who raised the ‘chill’ skill to such an extreme.”

“Yes. It’s usually evaluated as a junk skill. He must have special insight.”

“If Viola wasn’t there, they wouldn’t have been able to do this.”

“It’s the first time I’ve seen a conjurer. It has a high difficulty.”

There were those who were happy and those who were sad! While South Korea was excited, China had a funeral-like atmosphere. The wide country that contained 1.5 billion people didn’t know what to do.

“Will we once again be ranked lower than South Korea in this year’s National Competition?”

“No way! How can a small nation with a population of 50 million beat us every time? I can’t accept it!”

Did South Koreans have particularly good genes? Some people had these types of doubts while others were angry at being questioned. The fact that their great nation was caught by a small country shattered the pride of the Chinese people. One of the 50 Chinese players, Zhang Zheng, was the same. He was extremely proud that he was born in the great country of China and grew well enough to enter the world stage.

“Silver medal... not even a silver medal?”

China had been in the last four countries in the subjugation expedition and had advanced to the finals. He thought they could win a gold medal against South Korea, who defeated America and

China. But reality was cruel. The Chinese players were trampled by the Korean players and were the first to be eliminated. As a result, China didn't win a single medal in the subjugation expedition. This was despite the fact that they were within the top five rankers of China. The loss was very large.

The agitated Zhang Zheng seized the throats of the players who participated in the subjugation expedition.

"Do you think you can live if you bring such humiliation to our great country? Huh?"

"Kek! Kekek!"

Among the Chinese rankers, Zhang Zheng was known as a crazy person. Zhang Zheng had his father, a high ranking official, behind him. He was really outspoken and easily hurt people. There was a rumor that he stabbed people with a small knife he always carried.

He took out the knife and threatened his colleagues.

"Remove your hand. They also fought very hard. Don't blame them as if they were sinners."

"Hao...!"

Zhang Zheng's bloodshot eyes stuck to Hao. He wanted to stab and kill Hao right now. But Hao didn't even blink. Zhang Zheng's influence and the knife he wielded didn't pose any threat to Hao.

"Che!" Hao looked at him slowly and Zhang Zheng eventually lowered the knife. He removed the hands gripping his fellow players' necks and muttered towards Hao. "Isn't this funny? Are you the person who kneeled to the Korean dogs twice? Why don't you go and live in South Korea?"

"...Speak any more and you will be hurt."

"Ah? No, aren't you scary? What did I say? Aye, I was just talking to myself."

"Trash."

Hao turned away like he didn't want to argue with Zhang Zheng anymore. Hao returned to his own seat while Zhang Zheng cried out.

“But do you know? People are hating you. Kneeling to someone else when standing on the world stage? You should be careful. If you don't get any good results this year, you might die without knowing it.”

“...”

It wasn't a threat, but the truth. Hao surrendered to Grid in last year's National Competition and in Battlefield this year. He wasn't in a good position. If he went home without any results like Zhang Zhang said, he might receive a knife in the back. China was huge and there were many crazy people.

Hao closed his mouth and Zhang Zheng giggled.

"On the other hand, won't I be cheered on by the people? Yes, I will break the Grid who you kneel before every year.”

Zhang Zheng had established a large-scale workshop in China using his wealth and power. He hired more than 100 high level players and repeatedly had them do raids, acquiring their raid items. Currently, Zhang Zheng had reached the highest level, in items as well as level. Hao gave up when Jang Zheng announced his intention to participate in PvP this year.

‘Grid, be careful. You will receive all types of insults if you lose to him.’

In this situation, he was worried about Grid rather than his country. Hao realized his attitude and smiled bitterly. He deserved to be stigmatized as a traitor by his people.

“How is it?”

There were glittering gold medals around the necks of the Eat

Spicy Jokbal trio as they returned from two events. They were the first gold medals that South Korea had won this year. The eyes of the young players shone brighter than gold as they saw the gold medals.

“Brothers, Sister! Really cool!”

"I admire you!"

"To be honest, when I saw your ID... No. I really admire you!"

“Huhuhut!”

Eat Spicy Jokbal puffed up at the enthusiastic response of their fellow players. Grid came up to them for a handshake.

“You have suffered. Congratulations and thank you.”

“Um... hum hum! Why are you thanking me? Don't misunderstand that I brought the gold medal for you!”

Eat Spicy Jokbal was about to grab Grid's hand when he suddenly gave Grid the cold shoulder. It had already passed but Grid was the one who disbanded Blood Carnival and took away the insane dragon's egg. Eat Spicy Jokbal's abilities were lacking and he couldn't complain. However, he had no intention of being friendly with Grid.

Bah! Viola snorted and approached Grid on his behalf.

"Jokbal is originally a bit narrow-minded. Overgeared King, please generously understand.”

“...”

Viola continued to be pleasant to Grid throughout the National Competition. Grid saw that Eat Spicy Jokbal was surrounded by other players and asked her carefully.

"You don't blame me?"

“Of course I blame you. Our big business collapsed because of you.”

“...”

"But I don't want revenge just because I blame you. Looking at the way you treat Jokbal, you look like someone who can give us bigger profit than before."

She saw it properly. Grid wanted Eat Spicy Jokbal to join the Overgeared Kingdom. It was clear that the power of the Overgeared Guild would rise sharply if they joined.

"You can see people properly. I want you. We can be a great help to each other."

"I think so as well. But."

The problem was Eat Spicy Jokbal. It would be hard for them to be colleagues unless Eat Spicy Jokbal opened his heart. Grid was thinking this when Viola mentioned a completely different person.

"The princess will hate you even when she wakes up. Therefore, we probably won't be able to join you for a while."

"Princess?"

"The youngest of the founding members of Blood Carnival. She's a pretty university student? Huhut, please be careful, because that child is a fierce leopard."

The second day's schedule was over. China, England, and Mongolia won the gold medals in the three solo events after the team events.

There was the 'truth game' where the players had to capture the hearts of 10 NPCs based on the clues they obtained during the game. Once Grid saw that Huroi took part in the event, he thought, 'Ah, this is going to be bad.' But unexpectedly, it was a big success. Huroi didn't mention the opponent's parents, despite facing stressful challenges. He showed his dignity by calmly charming the NPCs. Looking at it, Grid was reminded that Huroi's class wasn't a

curse debuffer, but an orator.

Now there were nine events remaining. Tomorrow, the 3rd National Competition would be over.

Then.

“It’s starting now.”

Grid, Yura, Peak Sword, and Toon. South Korea’s flagship members were ready to play.

Chapter 758

“Hahahahat! The Japanese surprisingly know the taste of food! Ah~ they have great taste!”

The second day of events for the National Competition finished. Peak Sword was satisfied after dinner at a famous restaurant. He embraced people passing by and even danced. Why was he feeling so good?

"Heh, I guess he's happy that I won a gold medal."

Eat Spicy Jokbal thought this way but reality was different.

"The restaurant has kimchi as a side dish! It's really wonderful that the Japanese know the taste of kimchi! Nice! Puhahahat!"

“...”

The president of the Korean Patriotic Society, Peak Sword! He was very happy that most of the restaurants he visited during his stay in Japan sold kimchi. He felt great pride that the great food culture of Korea had completely captivated the hearts of the Japanese people.

“I especially like the fact that kimchi is being sold! Right! It's right! Good food like kimchi should receive money to eat it! Don't just give it for free! In Korean restaurants, the kimchi side dishes should be paid for separately! Right! That's right!”

"...No, most side dishes in Japan you need to pay for..."

"Kuhahahaha! Hooray kimchi!"

“...Crazy guys.”

They were tired of dealing with the extreme Peak Sword, who fell into a world of his own without listening to others. Eat Spicy Jokbal and the other representatives left Peak Sword alone. Thanks to that, Grid frowned as he was left alone with Peak Sword.

"No, this country doesn't have jjampong?"

That's right. Grid was also in a world of his own.

『 It's finally the day. 』

『 Yes, it's the last day of the 3rd National Competition. Most people are looking forward to this day because it's a big day of popular events. 』

『 There are more people who feel regret. There are claims that it's necessary to increase the duration of the National Competition to two weeks like the Olympics. 』

Before the start of the third day of the National Competition, the commentators of various broadcasting companies spoke freely. The commentators were as excited as the audience and the viewers. They were all filled with expectations.

They didn't know which country would make it to the top 10 of the overall rankings and receive the country buff. They didn't know who would win the target processing event. They didn't know if Grid could do well in the blacksmithing, if Kraugel could prove himself to be the strongest, etc.

All nine events held today were enough to stir up a hot topic. The result was that the expectations of billions of people around the world were boosted. What would unfold? In the midst of this...

『 The first event of the third day of the 3rd National Competition will now begin! It's starting! 』

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

The first event on the third day started. The first event was the blacksmithing game! It was an event that Grid, who played a leading role every year of the National Competition, was participating in.

"I will cheer you from afar!"

"You will surely win! Prove that there is no use in the S.A. Group's actions!"

"Fighting Grid!"

The Korean team's waiting room. The young players of South Korea didn't hesitate to cheer for Grid. Grid felt strange as he saw them looking at him with envious eyes.

'Those who dream of being me...'

He had always been ignored and now he was the target of envy for someone. It was like a dream for Grid. It felt like he was experiencing a hidden camera prank. But this was reality.

Duguen! Duguen!

Grid's heart thumped. Grid didn't want this reality to shatter like a dream overnight. He desired to prove himself further. Interestingly, the form of his aspirations was somewhat different from before. Grid previously wanted to prove his worth for himself, but now it was different. For those who envied him, Grid wanted to prove his worth to return their faith.

"Believe in me."

He had overcome the jinx a long time ago. Grid spoke a trustworthy line and smiled at the young players. The smile of an idol was eternally engraved in the minds of the young players.

"Do you remember what I said before?"

Panmir greeted Grid after they connected to the stage of the blacksmithing game. His appearance in the game was somewhat younger than reality. It was because the character created four years ago didn't age. There was a longing to catch the years that flowed on endlessly.

"Don't be too frustrated if you miss out on the gold medal today. You aren't any worse than the others."

The criteria for this year's blacksmithing event was purely the 'item rating.' The item performance didn't apply to the evaluations, making Grid a clear victim since he could produce better items than other people. Panmir sympathized with Grid. He saw Grid as a lamb sacrificed to the tyranny of the large corporations. Grid knew Panmir had no hostility and took a friendly attitude.

"Well, I will accept your encouragement."

"Haha! You surely are a king. I praise your solid mentality that can be so calm in front of an unreasonable situation."

Panmir, who had dominated the blacksmith rankings for the past several years, knew the sad truth. The fact that top-quality blueprints only guaranteed an 'epic' rating.

'The situation is the same for Grid...'

Like the other participants, Grid didn't have a way to ensure a unique or higher rated item. Those who were less skilled than Grid became equal to him in this competition.

'It's the moment when all the items you have made become meaningless...'

Panmir confirmed the time and moved to his position.

After a while. The host confirmed that all players were in front of the furnace they were assigned to.

"Everyone, do you see? This year's blacksmith event has 50 people! All 50 nations participating in the National Competition this year have a representative taking part in the blacksmith event!"

The result of making an item was pure luck. Depending on the creator's capabilities, the performance might vary. But the rating wasn't affected by the creator. It was determined by probability. In the end, there was no winning candidate for the championship. The luckiest person would win. There were many people who

wanted to participate.

‘I prayed all night for the sake of today!’

‘J gave an offering to the temple!’

‘I prayed on a totem. Please give me a unique rated item!’

The blacksmiths became religious! They adjusted the firepower of the blast furnace and dreamt of winning. They brought out their best blueprint to prepare for this fight. It was the highest grade production method that guaranteed at least an epic rating.

‘I will definitely beat Grid this year!’

The blacksmiths pulled out materials suitable for the production method and started making items. Dozens of blacksmiths lined up in five rows and wielded their hammers. It was a common sight in the Overgeared Kingdom, which had large smithies.

『 Many people will remember that last year, Player Grid made a growth item and won. At the time, the judging team appreciated the potential of the growth type item and give Player Grid the gold medal. 』

『 It backfired. There was a backlash in many countries. People questioned whether Grid’s item, which was just a normal rating at the time, was worth a gold medal despite being a growth item. 』

『 This is the result of the public opinion. The criteria for this year’s blacksmithing event is just the item rating. The people who created the highest rated item will win the championship. 』

『 There is a rumor that the blacksmith rankers have achieved the minimum qualifications to make a legendary item. What if several players make a legendary item? 』

『 Those players will proceed with a separate rematch. 』

『 Ah, I see. Hrmm... I am really curious about the result. The title of ‘only legendary item maker,’ supposedly owned by Player Grid, will end soon. I’m really looking forward to seeing which player

will make a legendary rated item. 』

The Only Legendary Item Maker. Grid had been aware of the fact that the lifetime of his unique title, which raised dexterity by 350, was finite since the time he produced a myth rated item. Grid wasn't able to produce myth rated items originally, but grew to be able to make them. It wasn't difficult to deduce that other blacksmiths would also be able to make items of the legendary rating.

‘Maybe this title will change.’ It would likely change to ‘First Legendary Item Maker’ the moment another blacksmith made a legendary rated item. ‘I don't know if the effect of raising dexterity by 350 will be maintained.’

If the title effect was eaten then he would definitely complain to the customer service. Grid pledged and pulled out a production item. It was Design: Failure. It was a production method that Grid originally created and the minimum rating was guaranteed as ‘unique.’

‘The change in rules this time doesn't affect me.’

Only Grid knew. The others couldn't imagine it, but the new rules of the blacksmithing event couldn't hit Grid. The S.A. Group was conscious of public opinion but didn't infringe on the rights of individuals like Grid. It was natural for the company to operate the game as fairly as possible. It was the S.A. Group's policy to try and exclude any unfair advantage or disadvantage to a particular person.

“Then I'm going.”

Grid pulled out the large number of blue orichalcum that he prepared for this event.

“Let's start the production.”

Grid grasped the production hammer he had been using for several years. His goal was naturally to make a legendary rated

Failure. It was because there was a higher possibility of a rematch if he made a unique rated item.

‘At least one out of the 50 people will make a unique rated item.’

But Grid was certain.

‘I am the only one who can make a legendary rated item in three hours.

The odds were much higher than 1%.

Kkuok!

He placed strength in the hand holding the hammer. He thought it would be great if he could give the legendary rated Failure to Chris.

Ttang! Ttang!

It was two hours after the blacksmithing event began. There was sympathy in the eyes of the crowd watching Grid work hard. He seemed pitiful since the revised rules meant he could no longer see the benefits of a legendary blacksmith.

“It’s futile.”

“If I was Grid, I would go to the headquarters of the S.A. Group and flip it upside down. Honestly, they’re sniping at certain players too obviously.”

“But Grid didn’t say even one word. I once again realize what a great person he is.”

“Isn’t he a king? Grid is the ruler of hundreds of thousand of people. His heart is like a wide ocean.”

“Maybe not. It’s obvious to be angry about this situation. However, the people who follow him might be disgraced if he shows it. Therefore, he’s patient.”

“Isn’t he not even 30 years old yet? His mindset is very deep for

his age. I'm over 50 years old, but I respect him.”

The process of making an item wasn't gorgeous. It was the simple task of heating, cooling, and hammering. But it was strangely addictive. The audience was focused on watching the powerful yet delicate blacksmithing work.

“The given time limit is over!”

Before they knew it, three hours had passed. Some blacksmiths smiled as if satisfied with the result of their item, while some blacksmiths looked disappointed. Some blacksmiths wanted more time.

“Grid?”

The crowds' eyes were focused on Grid. There was a transparent blue sword that looked like a shark in front of Grid.

“Oh! Look at that!”

It was the greatsword that Grid once used. The audience was excited about Failure while the judges started to check the information of the items that the players had made. Panmir was smiling.

‘Okay. A unique rating has emerged. I was lucky!’

He wasn't expecting a legendary item. The probability of making a legendary item was only 0.01%. Panmir was satisfied. No one could make a legendary item in this short time. Panmir expected that he would win the event or have a rematch with someone as lucky as himself. The judging panel finally finished their examination. The host received the examination results and immediately shouted.

“Grid wins!”

“Huh?”

“Player Grid has made a legendary rated item, becoming the winner for two consecutive years!”

“Huh??”

Panmir’s eyes widened as he witnessed the scene.

Chapter 759

‘Grid made a legendary item? In such a short time?’

Panmir analyzed that the probability of Grid making a legendary item was less than 0.01%. The evidence was sufficient. Grid had been Pagma's Descendant for at least three to four years. In other words, Grid was already qualified to produce legendary items from three to four years ago. It was as long as 10 years in Satisfy time. However, it was estimated that Grid had made less than 10 legendary items in these years.

‘The blue greatsword, black greatsword, black scale armor...’

Grid had steadily used the same items over the years. Despite being called the Overgeared King, he was suffering from an item famine. Based on this, Panmir thought that the probability of Grid making a legendary item was very low. He was convinced that Grid had an almost 0% chance of making a legendary item in this event. Panmir thought it wouldn't be much different from himself.

But what was the reality?

[(Seeing the Gods' Techniques) Legendary Blacksmith's Craftsmanship Skill Lv. 8]

Grid's blacksmithing technique had evolved and now displayed a better performance than before. While the past Grid had a 'very rare' chance of producing legendary items, the current Grid had a 'slim' chance of producing legendary items. That wasn't all. Grid had the Legendary Blacksmith's Hammer which he designed and produced himself. It was a hammer that raised the probability of making a legendary item by a huge 1%. Theoretically, one out of 100 items that Grid made would be a legendary item.

Nevertheless, why did Grid have so few legendary items? It was purely because he was unlucky. The bad luck that Grid was born with overshadowed the system's probability. Yoon Nahee, head of

the S.A. Group's operations team, still vividly remembered. It was the dozens of emails that Grid had sent to the operations team a few years ago.

[Operators, I'm a legendary blacksmith. I clearly made the item according to the production method, so why do I only make normal items? Is it a bug??]

[Operators?? I sent you an email the other day. I spent a few hours making an item, but why is it only normal or rare?? Even the rare item rarely emerges.]

[Hey, this XXX people! I have already made hundreds of items but I haven't seen an epic item! Huh? Is this a fart? Why am I called a legend when I don't make legendary items, you XXX!! Is this a bug or the operators' manipulation? Eh?? Eh?!]

[Ah! XX! This scammer! Do I have to go to headquarters?? Will good words stop the manipulation??]

“...”

These were the contents of Grid's emails. At that time, Team Leader Yoon Nahee and the management team hadn't applied any sanctions to Grid. They turned a blind eye to his senseless behavior. It was because he was too pitiful. At the time, the odds of Grid making an item was too low for the operations team. The operations team even doubted if there was a bug and checked it out. Of course, the conclusion was that it wasn't a bug. It turned out that Grid's luck was just bad. The operations team sympathized with Grid.

‘At that time, I couldn't imagine.’ A smile spread on Yoon Nahee's face as she confirmed the result of the blacksmithing event. ‘I didn't think that person would become so big.’

The misfortune that Grid accumulated led to a burst of good fortune at important moments. It was possible because Grid fought to the end, rather than feeling frustration or giving up. Team

Leader Yoon Nahee saluted Grid.

“Congratulations. I look forward to your continued success in the future.”

'...Luck is also a skill. My defeat is natural.'

The opponent was a legendary blacksmith. The fact that Grid was a legend in the first place suggested that his luck was overwhelmingly good. Panmir tried to convince himself after being defeated for two consecutive years. But it wasn't easy either. He was overwhelmed when he thought that his efforts of the past few years were meaningless.

Look at the tailor's event and the jewelry maker event. The number one tailor and number one jeweler both won gold medals in their events. On the other hand, the number one blacksmith had never won a single gold medal.

'It's no use trying.'

Why did the sky give birth to Panmir and Grid in the same time? Panmir was lamenting and feeling frustrated when the performance of Failure was revealed to the public.

“Wow! Look at this performance. Really crazy.”

“This is a production item? Isn't the performance much nicer than dropped items?”

“No, what? It's even an item that Grid designed?”

“The name is Failure...”

"If that's a failure, what's a success...?"

The first item that Grid created, Failure was only a tier two item according to Grid's current standards. Failure was lacking compared to the Red Phoenix Bow and the Enlightenment Sword. However, the public perceived Failure as a master weapon. Failure started popping up in the real time search of portal sites in various

countries. The netizens were busy analyzing the performance.

In the midst of the turmoil.

“Panmir.”

Grid approached Panmir. Grid was worried. Panmir’s eyes were full of grief, resembling Khan remembering the loss of his son. It was as if he would quit the game at once. Grid didn’t want this development. An excellent blacksmith was a must for the Overgeared Kingdom!

“Look at this.”

[Player Grid wishes to share the item information with you. Would you like to accept?]

“...?”

Panmir was stunned. He couldn’t understand why Grid passed the hammer to him.

“Heok...!” Panmir accepted the item information sharing while feeling puzzled. It was like he had seen a ghost as his eyes widened.

[Legendary Blacksmith’s Hammer]

Rating: Legendary

Durability: 550/550 Attack Power: 130~150

Odds of Making a Rare Rated Item: +30%

Odds of Making an Epic Rated Item: +20%

Odds of Making a Unique Rated Item: +8%

Odds of Making a Legendary Rated Item: +1%

* The amount of experience acquired for production related skills will increase.

Conditions of Use: Pagma’s Descendant

“U-Unbelievable!!!”

13 years. That was how long Panmir had been working as a

blacksmith in Satisfy. Panmir had produced countless items over the years and cleared all types of quests, giving him a 0.01% chance of making legendary items. However, the hammer produced by Grid raised his chances of making a legendary item by 1%. Everything was useless in front of the power of items.

Panmir received a great shock and stumbled. He tried to give strength to his weakened legs.

“I’d be happy to make a hammer for you.”

Grid helped him. Grid held Panmir’s thick waist to support him and suggested.

“The condition is that you move to the Overgeared Kingdom. Panmir, I want you. Please join the Overgeared Guild.”

“...B-But.”

Panmir felt very greedy at Grid’s proposal. He became motivated again. However, after learning how to make ego items in the dwarf kingdom, Panmir was now the chief blacksmith of the empire. He beat prominent NPCs and was directly acknowledged by the emperor. He wasn’t lacking wealth and power after receiving the protection of the empire that dominated the continent. Was it worth it to give up all of this to move to the Overgeared Kingdom?

Grid made the hesitant Panmir realize reality.

“Is there anything more important than items in the world? The empire can’t give you items.”

“Ah...!”

The fog in Panmir’s mind cleared. Life was items! Panmir realized the truth and his hesitation was gone.

“Understood...! I will put in my application to the Overgeared Guild immediately!”

“It isn’t the Overgeared Guild but the Overgeared Workfor... No, put in your application to Overgeared Two. That’s the guild for all

non-combat classes.”

“Yes...? "U-Understood."

If he wasn't wrong, Grid was about to say workforce? Panmir doubted his ears and nodded.

Then.

“What...?”

Numerous audience members and viewers witnessed a middle-aged man and a young man whispering to each other while holding each other. A lot of people misunderstood what was going on between Grid and Panmir. The flush on Panmir's face just increased the misunderstanding.

‘Something is suspicious.’

Grid got a chill but he wasn't overly concerned. In any cause, today the workforce of the Overgeared Kingdom... No, it was the day he secured a huge talent. Grid was very happy. The more the National Competition repeated, the bigger Grid became.

“Pathetic.”

The US team's waiting room. After the match, Skull criticized Panmir. It wasn't because Panmir lost to Grid for two consecutive years. Panmir, who won the silver medal, was to be praised, not blamed. Skull's anger was because Panmir joined Grid.

"I heard from the other blacksmiths. You decided to join the Overgeared Guild?"

"That's right."

“Kuk...! Don't you have any pride? You're actually going to serve Grid? Didn't you say you would always deny Grid, who obtained the class of legendary blacksmith from luck?”

"Don't downplay his feats as mere luck."

“You’re crazy! You’re out of your mind because you’re blinded by items!”

In fact, Skull had admired Panmir. Skull respected Panmir for being at the top of his field, despite his age. That’s why he was more disappointed.

“Panmir! I...! I wanted you to resist Grid to the end and overcome him!”

“...I’m sorry.”

Panmir knew that Skull admired him. Panmir couldn’t help smiling bitterly.

“I’m not like you! I will deny items and rely on my skills!” Skull declared as he ran out of the waiting room.

Two hours later.

“...Can I join the Overgeared Guild?”

After participating in the monster obstacle race, Skull was hit like a dog by Jishuka’s Red Phoenix Bow and went to find Grid. Skull realized the true power of items.

Chapter 760

Break through 13 gates guarded by different boss monsters and reach the destination. This was the goal of the monster obstacle race. If saint sword drawing combined strength and intelligence, this monster obstacle race required both stamina and strength since it required constant raids.

The most important thing was stamina. The player's stamina was consumed quickly in the process of moving through continuous raids and rough terrain. The basics for the participants had to be high stamina and stamina management. It was natural that all 15 participants taking part in the monster obstacle race were the strongest representatives of each country.

It was strange that only Jishuka of the Overgeared Guild was taking part, but people predicted a fierce battle. But the result was different from everyone's expectations.

“Fly Up!”

Kiiiiiiing!

Peng! Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

“What...?”

“This is crazy! Uwaaaack!”

One overwhelming attack! Jishuka climbed on top of the third boss, the pinky dragon. The moment she put all the participants in her sight, it could be said that the game was already over. The overwhelming bombardment of the Red Phoenix Bow dealt a fatal blow to all participants. The pinky dragon's breath also caused some of the injured participants to grey.

"Riding the pinky dragon and not being burned... Isn't this a scam?"

"It's good that we didn't participate."

The Overgeared members in the waiting rooms of each country muttered. They were reluctant to participate in events with Jishuka since they knew the options of the Red Phoenix Bow. The host was shouting.

『 J-Jishuka wins! Brazil has successfully obtained a valuable gold medal! 』

The other players were noticeably tired as they passed through each gateway, while Jishuka alone was different. Hundreds of cameras focused on Jishuka's bright smile as she broke through the 13th gateway. She looked beautiful no matter the angle, causing the hearts of men all over the world to thump.

“Grid, have strength for the event remaining. Chu!”

Jishuka's concern was only for Grid...

“Boo! Booo!”

“Die Grid!!”

The anger of the crowd rang out all over Tokyo Dome and across the world.

"Isn't it nice to be encouraged by a beauty? Is the chocolate pudding sweeter today?"

“...?”

The Korean team's waiting room. Grid didn't know why he received a scolding from Yura.

The last day of the National Competition.

Unlike the wishes of the people, time flew quickly and four of the nine events scheduled for today had already ended. The global festival that occurred once a year was almost over.

"I'm sorry."

Toon returned after winning two bronze medals in two events

and apologized to Grid. It was difficult from Grid's perspective.

"Why are you apologizing for doing well? You were amazing. Thank you for the two precious medals."

"Yes Toon! You fought really well! The people will be delighted!"

"But..."

Toon's gaze was stuck to the rankings board. There was a big screen in the center of Tokyo Dome that showed the overall rankings.

United States: Gold (5), Silver (7), Bronze (3)

Canada: Gold (5), Silver (5), Bronze (4)

China: Gold (4), Silver (2), Bronze (1)

United Kingdom: Gold (3), Silver (2), Bronze (4)

South Korea: Gold (3), Silver (1), Bronze (2)

Brazil: Gold (1), Silver (0), Bronze (1)

Mongolia: Gold (1), Silver (0), Bronze (0)

Japan: Gold (0), Silver (2), Bronze (3)

Italy: Gold (0), Silver (2), Bronze (3)

France: Gold (0), Silver (1), Bronze (4)

Bronze medals didn't have a significant effect on the rankings. A silver medal was more valuable than dozens of bronze medals. That's why Toon didn't feel proud. Toon was frustrated that South Korea had the same rank before and after gaining the medals.

"I wish that South Korea can be number one. I wanted to please Grid and your family. But..."

Toon was an orphan who didn't know the face of his parents. He'd been in the underworld from a young age and was active in the mafia until encountering Satisfy. He was a criminal in Italy and not loved by anyone. But Grid and his family were different. Toon

came to South Korea and received a warm greeting from Grid's family. They believed and cared for him just because he was friends with their son or brother. They treated Toon like a son, a brother.

Toon felt warm every time he sat with them. It was the first time he'd felt this way. He didn't know how many times he cried himself to sleep out of happiness. A happiness he learned much later than others...

Toon wanted to help those who gave him happiness. It was a desperate wish. But the truth was that it didn't help at all.

"I know how good Yura is. But it'll be hard for her to win a gold medal against Jishuka, who's armed with the Red Phoenix Bow."

"..."

"And Peak Sword... Even if Grid gets a gold medal by beating Kraugel in PvP, South Korea won't get the first ranking. All this is because of my incompetence."

"Why was I omitted?" Peak Sword cried out, but Toon didn't hear his words. His eyes were blurred by helplessness. He bowed his head when Grid's large hand touched him.

"Raise your head. Aren't you my bodyguard? Who will protect me if you're looking at the ground? Don't worry about Yura and Peak Sword. Both of them will give us a gold medal."

"...?"

South Korea getting first in the rankings was realistically impossible. All the Korean players were aware of this reality. Therefore, they turned to look at Grid with a stunned expression. They felt the full confidence in his voice.

Grid smiled. "Wait a minute. I'll log into the game."

Grid pointed to the capsule in the corner of the waiting room and called Yura and Peak Sword over.

"Shouldn't we try taking first place? How long will we be second? Isn't that right?"

"...?"

"The Overgeared King cares a lot about his colleagues."

Viola smiled and spoke to Eat Spicy Jokbal after seeing what Grid had done for Yura and Peak Sword.

"Does Eat Spicy Jokbal like it?"

"Stop talking useless words."

Eat Spicy Jokbal blushed, but didn't remove his gaze from Grid. He was interested in Grid's every move.

Target processing was a popular event every year. It was the event where Grid announced his existence to the world. But this year it was Yura participating, not Grid. The revised rules had changed it to a one player event and the winning candidate was naturally Jishuka. It was speculated that she would summon the red phoenix to simultaneously shoot down the targets and competitors on the map. In theory, there was no way Jishuka couldn't win.

『 Originally, Yura was one of the strongest candidates... 』

『 It's no longer possible to talk about a winner other than Jishuka. 』

The experts also thought the same. The Korean commentators were disappointed.

『 There are a number of ways that South Korea can get the overall first ranking. 』

『 It's possible if Canada and the US don't win a gold medal in the remaining five events and South Korea wins four gold medals in a

row? 』

『 Yes, that's right. But it's sad since that's impossible. 』

『 Jishuka is too strong. Peak Sword is an excellent player, but he's somewhat lacking to receive a gold medal. But this isn't something to be sad about. It isn't necessary to be first. 』

『 That's right. Our players have done well enough. We should pay tribute to our players. 』

Everyone in the world had expected South Korea's ranking to be the lowest this year. However, the Korean players were excellent and as a result, South Korea was in the top rankings. There was no one who would blame the South Korean players for failing to be first.

“I'm sorry for Grid, but personal matters should be separated.”

The target processing began. At the same time, Jishuka moved through the forest and aimed to occupy the highest spot. She was planning to take advantage of the power of Fly Up! She would put as many targets as possible into her field of view and would win a gold medal at once.

『 Jishuka has climbed to the top of the hill! 』

『 She plans to see all targets in the sky and on the ground. 』

The target processing event, which was intense every year, was on the verge of facing an unprecedented result.

Kkirik!

People didn't doubt that Jishuka would soon be the winner as she pulled back the Red Phoenix Bow. Of course, it was the same for Jishuka.

'I must win the gold medal and obtain the Red Phoenix Breath...'

Jishuka had 120 targets in her field of view. The moment she was about to use the Fly Up! skill.

Taaang!

A shot rang out from the forest below the hill. It happened when Jishuka noticed the birds simultaneously flying up out of surprise. Her vision turned black and white.

[You have been shot.]

[You have died.]

‘What...?’

Swaaaaah.

Jishuka couldn’t understand the situation as she turned to grey.

Clink!

After confirming Jishuka’s death, Yura changed Alex’s Magic Engineering Bayonet (Produced by Pagma) from sniper mode to rifle mode. It was the moment that the Demon Slayer exclusive item that Grid obtained from the Behen Archipelago was revealed for the first time to the world.

This was the power of items.

"Our goddess has done it!!"

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

“Yura! Yura! Yura!!!”

The winner of the target processing was Yura. South Korea was heating up. Over 50 million people were delighted that Yura exceeded expectations. Everyone cheered at the thought of South Korea’s overall ranking rising higher. In addition, they sent personal congratulations to Yura. There were a surprising number of people desperately happy for Yura after she suffered a painful defeat in the saint sword drawing event to Kraugel. It was evidence that Yura had the love of the people.

"Canada and the US might continue losing in the remaining four

events. Then maybe we can get first?”

“It will be possible if South Korea wins three more gold medals in the future!”

“The remaining players are Grid and Peak Sword?”

“Yes!”

“...That isn’t possible.”

“Uh... Peak Sword can’t win.”

It was undeniable that Peak Sword was one of the top three strongest in South Korea. He was definitely a world class player. The problem was that there were more talented people in the world. People didn’t expect much from Peak Sword. In the midst of these worries.

“...”

Unlike usual, Peak Sword had a solemn expression as he entered the battlefield. There was a beautiful sheath of a transparent red color hanging from his waist. It was the strongest sheath exclusive to Iyarugt and made of bloodstone, Iyarugt’s Sheath.

Chapter 761

Seven players from six countries participated in breaking the hero. There was a 'Hero' in the center of the stage.

"Are you challenging me?"

A black-haired man asked with a nonchalant face. He was the 'Hero.'

[Breaking the Hero]

It was the event Peak Sword was participating in. The participants would fight one on one with the Hero and the contestants who defeated the Hero the quickest would win. It was an ordinary time attack game. However, the public's expectation for the event that was debuting this year was very big.

It was due to the identity of the Hero. It was the PvP winner of the 2nd National Competition, Kraugel. That's right...

To be precise, the Hero was a 'doppelganger' who duplicated Kraugel's stats and skills from last year. How many of this year's contestants could fight against the strongest player last year? Breaking the hero was enough to stimulate the curiosity of the public and attracted a great deal of attention long before the 3rd National Competition began.

『 Chris from Canada, Damian and Katz from Japan, Pon from Spain, Regas from the United Kingdom... The participants are amazing. But the number of participants is much lower than expected. Why? 』

『 This the majesty of Kraugel. It might be the Kraugel from one year ago, but Kraugel of last year is still recognized as the 'best.' How many would dare challenge him? I think it's great that there are seven participants. 』

Some experts interpreted this way, but reality was different. The reason why other players didn't participate in breaking the hero wasn't because they feared Kraugel's doppelganger.

"What's the point of knocking down a ghost of the past?"

The Argentina team's waiting room. Soul Predator Seuron scoffed as he confirmed the participants of breaking the hero.

"Pathetic losers. If you want to be a real hero, you should play in PvP."

It wasn't just Seuron. The elites of the other countries also laughed at the participants of breaking the hero. What was the pointing of winning a fight with the Kraugel from one year ago? It was clear that this year's Kraugel would be much stronger than last year after becoming a Sword Saint. They had to fight and win against this year's Kraugel in order to be qualified to win the title of the strongest.

'Breaking the hero is nothing but a refuge for the cowards who don't dare to challenge the true Kraugel.'

The people who thought like this didn't realize that all the participants in breaking the hero were members of Overgeared or deeply related to the Overgeared Guild.

"In the end, we gathered like this."

1st on the unified rankings, Chris. He broke the expectations of many people and participated in breaking the hero instead of PvP. Then he greeted the other participants.

Pon, Regas, Peak Sword, Katz, Ibellin, and Damian. All the participants except for Damian belonged to the Overgeared Guild and Damian was a famous Grid fan. The people who challenged the non-PvP event, breaking the hero, had one thing in common. They were those who knew the power of Grid's new sword, the Enlightenment Sword.

In particular, Damian had the direct experience of dying from the Enlightenment Sword. That's right. The reason they didn't participate in PvP wasn't because they were afraid of Kraugel like the other strong players thought. Grid was scary.

"But..." Katz ignored the other participants and talked to Peak Sword and Ibellin. "Isn't it too difficult for guys like you to challenge Kraugel?"

It was a realistic question, not a hurtful one. Peak Sword and Ibellin were vulnerable to Kraugel. It was suicide for Peak Sword to compete one on one against the nimble Kraugel, since Peak Sword had a big delay after attacking. Ibellin was very talented, but he was still inexperienced. He couldn't handle Kraugel's skills.

Ibellin replied ambitiously, "I don't believe I can win! But I think this is a good chance to measure my skills! I'm determined to use today's challenge as a platform for my growth!"

On the other hand, Peak Sword...

"Hut. The Japanese have such futile hobbies? You don't need to worry about me."

The replies were very enthusiastic.

Chris laughed. "It's nice that you have faith. But it won't be easy. Don't you know? It will be very difficult to win a gold medal against me."

Chris carried the fate of his country. Once he won a gold medal in this event, the chances of Canada being ranked first would be increased exponentially. Chris had an obligation and a desire to win. Chris' eyes showed his desire not to yield and it was enough to stimulate the other participants.

The participants became more competitive because they were close friends. Apart from Peak Sword and Ibellin, there was a fierce war of nerves between those who were regarded as the power of their countries. It was like there were flames in their eyes as they

looked at each other. However, their eyes were amiable when they looked at Peak Sword and Ibellin. The pity was obvious! In this event, they were clearly looking down on Peak Sword and Ibellin!

Peak Sword felt isolated, but he muttered with a calm expression. "...I will show you the spirit of South Korea today."

『 Chris and Damian have an 80% chance of winning in breaking the hero. 』

『 That's right. They're the strongest people who have been often compared to Kraugel since last year. After all, Chris is first in the unified rankings while Damian has been the pope for a few years. I think it isn't hard for them to beat the Kraugel of last year. Time is of the essence. 』

『 Chris has explosive power with his greatsword, so he's likely to kill the Hero faster than Damian. Apart from these two, Katz seems to have high odds. Katz has a high chance of winning if he can block the Hero's agility with his unique ability to control blood. 』

『 On the other hand, it's questionable if Pon and Regas can win. Their strength is in their control, the same as Kraugel. It will be difficult for them to win against Kraugel, who's the peak of control. 』

『 Peak Sword and Ibellin are highly likely to be eliminated. 』

The experts started speculating ahead of the match. The evaluation of Peak Sword was very cold. Peak Sword had a disadvantage against Kraugel because the characteristics of his class were weaker than the other participants. It was natural to analyze that he couldn't defeat Kraugel when he had a gap between attacks.

The Koreans couldn't deny it.

"It will be very difficult for Peak Sword."

"Peak Sword is a bit dubious. He's overwhelming when supporting a team, but there are too many vulnerabilities when fighting solo. There's no answer when his opponent is Kraugel."

No matter how much they thought, it was difficult to expect anything from Peak Sword. People thought that the chance of South Korea becoming first was gone. But Grid thought differently.

'Peak Sword has the highest possibility of winning.'

Grid was someone who knew exactly the power of Kraugel last year.

'He has a paper body. He just needs to be hit.'

Bloodstone. It was the best mineral that Grid acquired as a reward in last year's National Competition. The Iyarugt's Sheath that was made from it fit very well with Peak Sword. It wasn't something Grid intended from the beginning, but it ended up like this.

Duguen! Duguen!

Grid's expectations were amplified.

『 Wahhhhhh! It's an overwhelming attack power!! 』

Jjejeong!

Jjeejeeong!

Chris, the first challenger of Breaking the Hero, did as well as everyone expected. He blocked the swift attacks of the Hero while hitting back with his greatsword.

Puok!

In the end, the body of the Hero was damaged by the greatsword.

"Cough!"

The Hero perceived the danger and developed Super Sensitivity.

The evasion rate and accuracy of the Hero was instantaneously amplified. The Chris of last year wouldn't have been able to handle the Hero in this state. But Chris had been hunting harder than anyone in the past year. This was how he could maintain the number one ranking. He had encountered Super Sensitivity multiple times due to his 'Great Swordsman Hunting' hidden quest and quickly blocked the Hero with the wide area attack of his second class, Tyrant.

In the end.

Kwajajak!

At the end of the fight, Chris succeeded in breaking the Hero. It took him 19 minutes to turn the Hero to grey. It was 20 minutes shorter than the time it took for last year's Grid to be defeated by Kraugel. He was a strong candidate to be the winner.

"Wow, really great."

"I realize how big a year is after seeing this."

Last year. People thought that the confrontation between Kraugel and Grid were on a different dimension. At the end of a fierce battle, Kraugel was victorious. Now one year later. No, to be exact, it was one year and three months. Last year's Kraugel was no longer the best. He seemed like nothing in front of Chris, the first ranked player. Everyone was realizing how great the power of time was when Damian challenged the Hero.

The Hero was once again defeated by Damian, who used the strong defense of a paladin, various buffs, and the pope skills to win. Damian took 20 minutes and 55 seconds to take down the Hero. It was two minutes slower than Chris.

"Ugh, gold medal..."

Damian became frustrated by the fact that he lost first place.

'What a monster...'

Chris and the other participants were unable to close their mouths. It was because Damian's attack was incredibly powerful. It was comparable to a major damage dealer using the greatsword. His defense was also several times higher.

‘Watching him get beaten up by Grid...’

‘...I didn't know he was so strong.’

The Overgeared members pledged not to be enemies with Damian.

Then.

"I'm next."

The third challenger was Peak Sword. He went on stage without any expectations and faced the Hero.

‘What pressure...’

The Hero, which recreated Kraugel from a year and three months ago, had already been defeated two times. This didn't mean he was weak. Peak Sword forgot to breathe the moment he faced the Hero in a one on one match. The Hero caught the moment he was distracted.

Teong!

The Hero narrowed the distance to Peak Sword in an instant.

Clink!

Peak Sword used Draw Sword. He was also a strong representative of his country. He restored his breathing.

“Annihilate.”

Flash!

Iyarugt showed a beautiful appearance as it was pulled from the red and transparent sheath. At that moment.

[Iyarugt, who is 100% charged with magic power, is in an intoxicated state. He has lost his ego and is running wild.]

[The conditions of use for Iyarugt has been changed to ‘person to be sacrificed.’]

[It’s impossible to summon Iyarugt.]

[Iyarugt’s damage has increased by 500%.]

[Iyarugt’s state is delivered to Peak Sword through Iyarugt’s Sheath.]

Sakak-!

Among all the skills that existed in Satisfy, Draw Sword combined the best attack power and speed, drawing a red color in the air.

“What?”

“What’s this?”

Chris, the other participants, commentators from various broadcasting companies, and viewers were simultaneously amazed. It was because the Hero’s health gauge fell to the bottom with a single blow.

“...!”

The Hero was more surprised than anyone and stopped attacking, stepping back. He lost a large amount of health and entered defense mode, judging that he was in danger. This was the limit of an artificial intelligence. The original Kraugel wouldn’t have made such a stupid mistake.

Clink!

The Hero didn’t fight back, making it easy for Peak Sword to retrieve his sword.

[Iyarugt has been picked up by his sheath! 50% of your health has been lost!]

Peak Sword ignored the notification window and attacked again.

Sakak-!

The Hero used Super Sensitivity to try and evade, but it was impossible to escape the moment it had allowed Peak Sword to retrieve his sword. The Hero was hit once again and died. Just two blows. This was what it took Peak Sword to bring down the Hero.

Then.

Swaaaaah.

Peak Sword turned to grey.

Chapter 762

Only one minute. Peak Sword defeated an existence that people perceived as the best in a very short time. Peak Sword might've died as well, but people didn't care about this part.

"No way! A bug!"

Those who worshipped the Hero denied reality.

"Isn't this enough to beat Kraugel this year?"

"The real top is neither Kraugel or Grid, it's Peak Sword."

Some busybodies enjoyed the situation. A whirlwind of confusion swept across the globe. But Peak Sword didn't know this.

"Pant...pant..."

Peak Sword had died in exchange for using Iyarugt's intoxicated state. His entire body was soaked with sweat when he logged out. It would've been a failure if he missed a single attack. In the midst of this heavy burden, fighting the Hero was intimidating for Peak Sword. The mental power consumed was too great.

'God Grid who can fight this monster for dozens of minutes...'

Grid's presence became even bigger as Peak Sword lay in the capsule and shivered.

Grid, who had fought the Hero one year and three months ago, couldn't help looking great to Peak Sword.

In addition, this year's Grid made the item 'Iyarugt's Sheath,' which could devastate last year's Kraugel in two blows.

'Truly God Grid... he's a god.'

"...Player Peak Sword? Player Peak Sword!"

"Ah."

Peak Sword woke up from his thoughts. He looked up from the capsule and saw the host approaching. The excited host pushed the

microphone towards him.

“You did a great job! People are wondering how you beat the sky above the sky in just one minute and one second. Have you been hiding your skills until now?”

At the time of last year’s National Competition, Peak Sword had been branded ‘useless Peak Sword.’ Despite being in the top 15 of the unified rankings, he didn’t win a single medal. Then this year, Peak Sword’s unified ranking fell to the 20th place. People hadn’t expected him to play an active role in this year’s competition. Yet he showed a reversal.

The host’s eyes shone like lanterns while the crowd was breathless. Peak Sword realized that the world was focused on himself and wiped the sweat rolling down his cheek. Then he spoke with his best expression.

“Do you know Overgeared?”

“...”

“Do you know God Grid?”

“...”

It was unfortunate. It was impossible to get a normal interview with Peak Sword, who was fascinated by the power of Iyarugt’s Sheath and Grid’s items. He missed the chance to be reborn as a top star in the world.

[The secret to Peak Sword’s gold medal is Grid’s items?]

[Grid who makes the useless Peak Sword useful.]

[(Column) If Grid took part in Breaking the Hero, could he knock down the Hero faster than Peak Sword?]

And so on. Headlines around the world were concentrating on Grid rather than Peak Sword.

“God Gridddd!”

After the breaking the hero and piercing the waterfall events ended. Peak Sword wore the two gold medals that held the wishes of 50 million people and ran straight into the waiting room. He grasped both of Grid’s hands and cried out.

“Amazing! I won a gold medal thanks to your item! You are really the best! A god!”

“...”

Spit spit! Spit spit spit!

Peak Sword was so excited that he kept spitting while he talked. Grid’s face became terribly soaked.

"No, how did you make this monster-like sheath?"

“That...”

[Iyarugt’s Sheath]

Durability: 200/200

* Iyarugt’s demonic power is supplied to Iyarugt’s Sheath. 1% demonic energy will be charged every 10 seconds.

* Drawing Iyarugt consumes Iyarugt’s demonic energy. 1% demonic energy will be lost per second.

* Once 20% magic power is charged, Iyarugt will enter the satisfied state. At this point, Iyarugt will easily submit to the owner and gains 20% attack power. This state is maintained for 30 seconds after the sword is drawn. The cooldown time of Draw Sword is reset.

* Once magic power is charged to 70%, Iyarugt will enter the ‘excited’ state. At this point, Iyarugt won’t listen to the owner’s commands and will go at his own pace. This state is maintained for 70 seconds after Draw Sword. The cooldown time of Draw Sword is reset.

* Once magic power is charged to 100%, Iyarugt will enter the 'intoxicated' state. At this time, Iyarugt will recognize the owner as his prey. The damage of Iyarugt's drawn sword will increase by 500%. The user will lose 50% of its health in 4 seconds and will die within 30 seconds. In order to avoid death, the sword must be retrieved within 10 seconds and Draw Sword can't be used for two minutes while demonic energy is declining. The moment Draw Sword is used again, death is instantaneous.

Conditions of Use: None. However, the weapon is limited to Iyarugt.

Grid had succeeded in securing bloodstone in the 2nd National Competition. But he couldn't easily find a use for it. Iyarugt was already a sword and the quantity was lacking to make an armor. Then they raided Belial and secured a large number of materials. Bloodstone fell to the side. Grid had neglected the bloodstone only to make a hypothesis before the National Competition.

Maybe the reason why Iyarugt's soul was sealed in a bloodstone sword was because Iyarugt's soul was compatible with bloodstone? Wouldn't Iyarugt become stronger if a sheath was made with bloodstone? Grid was obsessed with reinforcing his items before facing Kraugel and immediately made a sheath. The result was Iyarugt's Sheath. It was a beautiful sheath that fit the standards of Iyarugt.

"As you can see, a powerful sheath was born. It's strong, but the penalties are huge."

Iyarugt's satisfied state had no merit for Grid, who had the Enlightenment Sword. Even with a 20% increase in attack power, Iyarugt was weak compared to the Enlightenment Sword. The same was true for the excited Iyarugt, who was uncontrollable.

Then what about Iyarugt's intoxicated state? As it happened, Iyarugt's intoxicated state also wasn't attractive to Grid. There was a 500% increase in pure attack power but it could only be used

safely for three seconds. The damage wasn't high compared to the various options of the Enlightenment Sword.

‘Of course, the pure attack power is higher than the Enlightenment Sword. But the Enlightenment Sword is more stable.’

He didn't see the value in swapping out the Enlightenment Sword just for higher damage. Of course, this was only the case when Grid used it ‘directly.’

Grid was convinced and reached out to Peak Sword.

"Now, shouldn't you return the items you borrowed?"

The story was different when the God Hands used it. The God Hands didn't have the concept of health and could use the intoxicated Iyarugt with less penalties.

“Y-Yes. Of course.”

Peak Sword lay directly in the capsule.

The synergy of Peak Sword and Iyarugt, which boasted a high attack power, was certainly fantastic. But he wasn't entitled to use Iyarugt since he didn't have demonic power. It was only possible to use it when Iyarugt was in the intoxicated state, which meant the damage was bigger than the gains.

The sword was inappropriate for Peak Sword other than a one-off event like the National Competition. Peak Sword wasn't greedy for Iyarugt at all. Just.

"E...Excuse me, God Grid. Once I ask for minerals from this gold medal, can you make a blade and sheath set for me?"

Peak Sword requested carefully. Grid nodded immediately.

"Of course.”

A byproduct of a sacred creature. Considering that the power of fire was embedded in the Red Phoenix's Breath, there was a strong possibility that the Blue Dragon Breath contained the power of

lightning. Lightning attribute items were likely to have speed increasing options.

"Ask for the Blue Dragon's Breath."

How strong would Peak Sword become? Grid trembled. He felt proud that his skills could help someone grow. And time passed...

『 Now there's only the last event remaining! 』

The National Competition's third day. Eight out of nine events ended, leaving only the closing event. PvP. The big match that the world had been looking forward to for over a year, the moment where Grid and Kraugel would reunite.

"Kuk! Kukukuk! Finally, the moment had come!"

Seuron of Argentina.

"Grid and Kraugel, I can take out these trash with my power!"

Zhang Zheng of China.

"Grid! I will get my promised revenge this year! I will neutralize your items with the power of Erosion!"

Tarma of the former Blood Carnival.

And...

"..."

The sky above the sky.

A total of 32 people were converging on the stage. Of course, Grid was part of them.

South Korea: Gold (6), Silver (1), Bronze (2)

United States: Gold (5), Silver (8), Bronze (4)

"Grid, have strength!"

"Please win this year!"

"Kraugel! Be sure to win this time!"

"The first place in the overall rankings must be the US!"

"Grid! Grid! Grid!!"

"Kraugel! Kraugel! Kraugel!"

The crowd's shouts resonated across Tokyo. Tokyo Dome was heating up. The sky above the sky and the person who nearly reached it. Which one was going to fall this year?

In the midst of the people's cheers and expectations.

"During saint sword drawing."

Grid and Kraugel faced each other on the stage. Grid started talking.

"I was relieved when you got the gold medal and Yura got the silver medal."

"..."

"It was fortunate. You didn't lose. My heart wouldn't be beating this fast if you'd been defeated by someone other than me."

The person who broke the sky must be Grid. It was the last proof remaining before he could reach the top.

"This year, I will surely win."

Kraugel briefly replied to the motivated Grid.

"I'm looking forward to it."

For Kraugel, Grid was a special existence. The only person whose victory wasn't guaranteed against. In today's showdown, Kraugel might be more eager than Grid.

Chapter 763

There was no longer a promised victory.

The 1st National Competition, the 2nd National Competition, the battle between guilds and the successive defeats to Grid and the Overgeared members led to Bubat becoming the symbol of defeat. Numerous people who praised him now turned away from him. Sometimes other people mocked him.

The honor he built up as the leader of the Yak Guild, one of the Seven Guilds, and as the strongest initiator, Crusher, disappeared like a sandcastle. But Bubat wasn't shaken. He didn't shake at all. As a tanker, he was accustomed to being hit. He had a strong mentality from taking blows well.

"This year I will definitely do it."

Bubat was determined before the PvP event of this National Competition.

"I will definitely beat Grid this year."

The reason he was so obsessed with Grid wasn't because of personal grudges. It wasn't simply payback for being defeated. He burned with a sense of challenge because he recognized Grid as a trial to be overcome. He had a desire to develop further.

In addition.

'Father, have strength!'

'This year, be sure to win the gold medal!'

He wanted to be a wonderful dad in the eyes of his two daughters, who were just beginning to grow up.

'Huhut, tomorrow I can meet my cute princesses.'

He remembered his daughters' appearances in the video call last night and smiled. The Chinese representative, Zhang Zheng was waiting for him. Zhang Zheng lay down in the capsule at the

request of the host and provoked Bubat.

"Are all people from Turkey brainless? Or do they have no shame? Why participate in the National Competition every year when you don't get medals? Isn't it a waste of time for other people?"

"Tsk tsk."

Zhang Zheng was still young and had less personality. Bubat clicked his tongue and lay in the capsule. He was 35 years old. It might be different two years ago, but he wasn't easy enough to be provoked by a young man. The host was shouting.

"Before the long awaited first match of PvP, China's Zhang Zheng and Turkey's Bubat are logging in! The showdown between the two players is starting now! It has started!"

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

The cheers of the crowd filled Bubat's ears as he closed his eyes in the capsule.

Then.

"Um."

Bubat opened his eyes again in the Lion's Castle. It was the castle that had been the stage of PvP for three years already. Zhang Zheng jumped over the wall and pulled out his weapon immediately.

"Aren't you very solid? Are you a person?"

Supak!

Zhang Zheng flew forward while making insidious remarks. His hands held one of the eight strongest weapons obtained from his workforce, the Destruction Sword. It was a powerful weapon that inflicted additional damage to human type targets, had the effect of blocking healing, and dealt damage proportional to the target's health.

Puk!

Puk puk puk!

Zhang Zheng, who started appearing as a new star in China last year, had the hidden class of ‘fighter’ and was a master of combat. He could handle all weapons with Weapons Mastery and possessed high strength and agility. It was impossible for Bubatz, who had invested most of his stats in stamina, to avoid Zhang Zheng’s swordsmanship. The black sword quickly shaved at Bubatz’s rock-like body. But Zhang Zheng’s expression didn’t look good. It was because Bubatz’s health gauge didn’t make sense.

‘Why does he have such high defense?’

Bubatz’s tanking power last year was already enough to surprise Grid. In the first place, the reason why he could be called the strongest initiator was because he could jump into the enemy’s base with his overwhelming defense.

Snap!

Bubatz succeeded in grabbing the wrists of the confused Zhang Zheng and smiled.

“I’m not called the Yak for nothing. Did you bring a small knife to catch a cow?”

"You boar-like bastard...!"

Zhang Zheng sensed the crisis and attempted to shake off Bubatz’s touch. But it was wishful thinking. A Crusher didn’t miss the opponent he had caught.

“Go to Hell!”

Kwajajak!

It was the Crusher’s move that slammed the enemy’s head into the ground, causing all types of status conditions. This skill had very high attack power. His attack power was influenced by his stamina stat, resulting in a force similar to a damage dealer.

"...!"

Zhang Zheng couldn't even scream as his head was slammed to the ground. His vision was blurred by the darkness of the ground.

"Ahat!"

Bubat wrapped an arm around the waist of Zhang Zheng, stuck upside down in the ground. It wasn't a gesture of affection.

"It will hurt more this time. Huup!"

Bubat gritted his teeth!

Sok! Zhang Zheng's body was lifted up like a sweet potato and descended again. It was like a gyro drop.

'Ick!'

As his vision moved from the sky to the ground at the speed of light, Zhang Zheng felt an instinctive fear. Goosebumps crept over his skin.

'You dare...!'

Zhang Zheng gritted his teeth. He overcame the chaos state caused by 'Go to Hell.'

"You dare do this to me! I will slaughter you!"

He abandoned the Destruction Sword and pulled out a dagger. It was a lethal weapon that increased accuracy, had a probability of disregarding the defensive power of the target, and inflicted damage equal to the Sword of Destruction.

Puk! Puk puk puk!

"Kuk...!"

Bubat's face distorted as Zhang Zheng in his arms stabbed Bubats side. Zhang Zheng's attacks that had a chance of ignoring defense were effective against Bubats. The Crusher had a passive skill that allowed him not to be harmed over a certain level of damage, but it was scary when the low damage accumulated.

"Ohhhhhh!"

Kuwaaaaaang!

Bubat endured the pain and slammed Zhang Zheng into the ground.

“Kiyaaaaaah! Kieeek! Kyaack! Keok!”

Zhang Zheng continued to stab at Bubat’s side as he was slammed into the ground. Of course, the one who suffered the most damage was Zhang Zheng. The Descending Death boasted a damage twice as high as Go to Hell. Zhang Zheng looked like he was just about to die as his head was stuck in the ground. It was a quiet match.

Peok peok! Peok!

Bubat’s attack continued. Zhang Zheng was continuously in the ‘stunned’ state. Zhang Zheng boasted a high defense due to his items. However, his defensive power fell due to the influence of Descending Death and his health was rapidly consumed.

“This is the end!”

Bubat shouted as firmly as he could. He emitted a red light. It was the forerunner to one of the Crusher’s few attack skills, Watermelon Break.

Jeeeeeong!

The moment when Bubat’s hammer swept across Zhang Zheng’s unprotected abdomen.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Zhang Zheng’s armor exploded. It wasn’t the effect of Watermelon Break. It was the ‘there will be triple the damage reflection if you receive a certain amount of damage’ effect of Zhang Zheng’s legendary rated armor.

“Ugh!”

Bubat was caught in the explosion and collapsed, while Zhang

Zheng overcame the stun and raised his body. Then he unleashed sharp attacks on Bubat's body.

Puk!

Seokeok!

Blood spurted. Zhang Zheng swapped between eight types of weapons and started to maximize the power of various skills. The weapons had effects such as reducing defense power, dealing fixed damage, etc. The effect of the skills gradually weakened Bubat's rock-like body.

"You damn bastard! Do you know who I am? Kyaak!" Zhang Zheng stabbed the fallen Bubat without a break. Zhang Zheng's shining eyes as he attacked made him seem like a killer in the movies. The organizers minimized the bloody effect but it was still a cruel scene.

Finally.

"B-Bubat has been logged out!!"

Bubat turned to grey. However, Zhang Zheng kept stabbing the ground where Bubat had been.

"Kyaak! Kiyaaaaaah!"

It was a terrible thing. The sight filled the public with fear. Even the Chinese supporting Zhang Zheng felt creeped out and fell silent. Bubat's wife, watching the competition on TV, had to hurriedly send her daughters to their room. It was an appalling atmosphere.

"Cute."

Grid muttered as he prepared for his match. For Grid, who had the experience of meeting the read madman Agnus, Zhang Zheng was just at the level of a puppy barking.

"The atmosphere will rise."

Tarma's lips curved as he prepared for the second match in the round of 32. It was good for him that Zhang Zheng, classified as part of the new generation, had beaten Bublat. Since he was matched with Grid from the beginning, he wanted the public's attention.

He looked at Grid and smiled. That's right. Tarma was assured of his victory. He was confident that he could easily neutralize Grid after using Erosion to temporarily destroy Grid's strongest weapon.

"I will take you down today and get rid of the humiliation of the past."

Tarma lost his reputation after being defeated by Grid in just three seconds at the 2nd National Competition. He became insignificant in the industry and requests stopped coming in. He lost wealth. Was that all? After Blood Carnival was dissolved due to Grid, he became a fugitive and hid on the East Continent, living a life of hell. Life on the East Continent was very difficult compared to the West Continent. It was truly awful.

However, due to his desire for revenge, he eventually got Erosion.

"Kukuk! Grid...! I will kill you!"

There was a stir in Tarma's body. He felt pleasure as he imagined the glory that could be gained by knocking down Grid.

『 After Bublat's sudden defeat, South Korea's Grid and Greece's Tarma are on stage. 』

『 Player Tarma is notorious as a member of the former Blood Carnival. He's an assassin who's evaluated as being better than the god of killing, Faker. 』

But last year, he was defeated by Grid in just three seconds and his image changed a lot. Now people didn't have high expectations for him. At least until yesterday.

『 Though the rumors about him have been overstated, Tarma has done great in the asura path event in the past few days. He beat his competitors and won a gold medal, proving that the rumors about him weren't exaggerated. 』

The level of skill that Tarma showed in the asura path event was certainly at the highest level. He looked like a powerhouse who was above Chris, Damian, Pon, and Regas. It wasn't an exaggeration. Once the asura path event ended yesterday, Tarma revealed in an interview how great he was.

‘I am the one who occupied the Overgeared Guild's Cork Island. The Overgeared members guarding the island were killed by me. Kukuk, if you think I'm lying then go to Peak Sword and ask. Peak Sword was brutally killed by me. I was just caught off guard when defeated by Grid last year!’

It was a shocking interview. The media investigated to confirm the truth and as a result, Tarma's remarks were proven to be true. Tarma had caused the Overgeared Guild to suffer the bitter taste of defeat. There were people who thought that Tarma might have a chance to beat Grid.

At this time.

‘I want to use it.’

Grid felt a strong urge as he faced Tarma on stage. 100,000 Army Massacre Sword. It was a desire to show the strongest skill he got from the Undefeated King to the public. Why? He would wash away the stigma of a chuuni! Grid wanted to prove that the ‘Grid is a chuuni’ video on the Internet was wrong.

Thus, it was fortunate that he met Tarma in the first match. It was likely that Tarma's level would be equal or higher than Grid's since Tarma had been an unofficial ranker for a long time.

‘After building up fighting energy, I will perfectly finish it off with 100,000 Army Massacre Sword.’

Grid lay down in the capsule. He opened his eyes in Lion's Castle and faced Tarma.

Tarma cried out.

"I! I have been waiting for this moment! Kuahahaha!"

Taack!

Tarma moved. An assassin was a combat class with low health and defense, but it demonstrated exceptional attack power and agility. Tarma's speed was enormous since he was considered to be at the peak of assassins. He reached Grid instantly and attacked. Of course, it wasn't an attack with all his power. Tarma was cautious, unlike how he outwardly looked. He was planning to explore first.

Swaeek!

A quick strike with minimal movements.

Puk!

Tarma's yellow dagger stabbed Grid's shoulder and he moved back after confirming the damage, fearing a counterattack from Grid. At that moment.

Peeeeeeong!

Grid reached the fastest speed with Alex's Quick Gloves and quickly reached Tarma. The roar of black flames, as terrible as a dragon's breath, swallowed Tarma up.

[The target has died!]

"...?"

Grid was upset by the rising notification window.

『 Ah! This is the strongest assassin! Tarma has disappeared like a lie!! 』

『 He can't be seen anywhere! How shocking! 』

The commentators, spectators, and viewers weren't aware that Tarma had died. The ash pillar effect, which symbolized a player's

death, was buried by the brilliant effects of the black flames. Grid sweated as he stood alone in the castle. He had to stand there for a few seconds before the host belatedly realized the situation and announced the end of the match.

Chapter 764

1.6 seconds. It was the time it took Tarma to reach Grid with Shadow Shift. After that, Tarma's dagger stabbed Grid's shoulder and it took another 0.5 seconds for Grid's sword to reach Tarma's body.

Yes, just 2.1 seconds. It was the time it took to defeat Tarma. It broke his previous record of 3 seconds.

“...”

Tokyo Dome fell silent.

Duk.

Some viewers in South Korea dropped their jokbal on the floor. They were eating spicy jokbal instead of chicken. The viewers and TV commentators belatedly opened their mouths.

『 Skill... Player Grid has acquired a powerful skill. 』

『 Ah...! Yes! C-Correct! That's right! 』

Most of Grid's attack skills required the preparatory actions of a 'sword dance.' Sometimes it was an advantage, but there were more disadvantages. There were blind spots compared to the immediate skills of the combat specialized classes. It was viewed as Grid's weak spot. This year's Grid had overcome his weakness.

『 Player Grid is a hero who captured the Behen Archipelago. He seems to have acquired the strongest skill as a reward from the Behen Archipelago. 』

『 He's born again as a complete body... 』

Nobody expected that what Grid used to kill Tarma was a 'basic' attack. No, they couldn't even imagine it. People rarely imagined things that broke common sense. The experts interpreted it as Grid acquiring a new ultimate skill. The audience and viewers saw the replay video that was repeated several times and agreed.

『 A quick fire skill boasting a range that even the fastest assassin can't avoid... Ah! Maybe it's a black fire dragon...! 』

『 Black fire dragon...? Do you mean the power that Player Lael mentioned several times? 』

『 Yes, that's right. Lael had said it in an interview with various media. The power of a black dragon was sealed in his right hand and he served his master Grid with this power sealed. Maybe Grid has released the seal of that power... 』

『 I think the black fire dragon is a reward from some type of quest. It's really scary if it's true... 』

This was an interpretation that started to spread, but few people were concerned about this part. It didn't matter if it was a black fire dragon or not. Either way, Grid had acquired the ultimate skill. The anticipation towards the battle between Grid and Kraugel increased.

"Player Tarma! Tell me how you feel about being logged out in two seconds!"

"Shut up!"

After the match. Tarma hurriedly came down from the stage like he was ashamed. He was terrified. He feared Grid who disbanded Blood Carnival... The fear that he had forgotten filled Tarma's body and mind. Tarma's body was shaking as he rushed to the waiting room. Tarma realized. The fact that the power gap with Grid couldn't be filled up no matter how he struggled.

‘I can't face that monster.’

He didn't know what type of harm he would come to from the Cork Island incident.

Scoff.

“...?!”

Tarma stopped as he was running away with a pale face. Zhang Zheng was leaning of one side of the corridor leading to the waiting rooms, laughing sat Tarma.

"Do you think it makes sense to die in one blow? The old generation is just a joke."

"You..!"

Tarma's face reddened. His grudge against this bastard, who didn't even know Grid's power, was very large. His eyes instantly filled with killing intent. But it quickly died down. Tarma confirmed that there were bodyguards by Zhang Zheng's side and lost his momentum. He snorted at the sight.

"Do you think you're good enough to look down on me? This small fry who was just born? I think the world has gone crazy if someone like you is walking around."

"You...! I'm a third-generation rookie!"

10 new rookies were born every year. They used the know-how accumulated by senior players and information released to the world to speed up their growth. They believed that their growth was faster than their predecessors due to talent. The older players were just ridiculous.

"I can assure you. You will also die in two seconds. You will die in a single strike from Grid. Grid is a monster and you aren't better than me!"

Tarma eagerly hoped it would be like this. He didn't like this bastard before him.

'Shit! I never thought the day would come when I will support Grid!'

Tarma disappeared after ranting.

Zhang Zheng shouted towards his shabby rear view. "This dog only knows how to talk! I will show you how incompetent the old

generation are! Understood?”

Time was proportional to developed. This also applied to humans. There were far more great people in the science age than in history. The new generation was unconditionally better than the old generation. These were Zhang Zheng's thoughts. It was his personal thoughts!

“Grid, I won't challenge you again.”

“...”

On the way back to the waiting room. Grid met Bubat, who was waiting for him. There was a bitter smile on Bubat's face.

“I realized it after being defeated by Zhang Zheng. I have no hope in a one on one battle.”

During the 1st National Competition and 2nd National Competition's PvP event. Bubat won against everyone except for Grid. He was overlooked because he kept being defeated by Grid. It was the limits of a Crusher. After all, a Crusher was an initiator. He had weak attack power. It was possible to neutralize the target, but he didn't have the force to finish them off.

It took Bubat many years to acknowledge the painful reality.

“It can't be helped. Apart from Grid, I have only fought with weak people. I thought I was really strong. Therefore, I was burning with a will to challenge you. But I realized it in this fight with Zhang Zheng. It's impossible to beat an opponent who has reached a certain level.”

“Hmmm...”

Grid showed some confusion because he didn't know how to respond. It had been three years since the start of his bad relationship with Bubat and there was no reason to like him. Grid was clearly aware that Bubat took part in the invasion of Patrian

and put the Overgeared Guild in a crisis. Such a person wouldn't be coming up to him with a good heart.

Bubat confirmed that Grid was at a loss and waved his hand. "No, I don't mean to burden you. It's too presumptuous to try and start a new relationship with you. Just... I just..."

Bubat's eyes twitched as he recalled the phone call to his wife a moment ago. The shock of his children due to the cruel actions of Zhang Zheng constantly rang in his ears.

"...I hope that you don't lose to that cruel boy."

"The person called Zhang Zheng?"

"That's right. Please be careful. If that type of person wins over you..."

It would no longer be a dream stage for his daughters and other children. Bubat wanted to provide information to help Grid win.

"Don't be too careless against the rookie. Zhang Zheng's armor has an option of reflecting damage by three times. It is dangerous even for you."

It was terrible when thinking of Grid's strong attacks being reflected with three times the damage. Maybe Grid would lose. Bubat came to Grid because he was concerned.

"Three times the damage reflection.. Hmm, I understand."

Grid nodded with a calm expression and passed by Bubat.

Step step.

"..."

Grid's footsteps gradually faded away. He didn't even bother saying farewell to Bubat. Bubat knew what he did to Grid and the Overgeared members. He couldn't expect to be greeted with familiarity. He was standing there quietly when he heard Grid's voice.

"You are weak."

"..."

"As you said, it's in a one on one match."

"...?"

"If we meet again in a war, I hope that we are no longer enemies."

"...Grid."

The Overgeared King acknowledged him in a war? Bubato was thrilled. A bright smile appeared on his gloomy face.

The PvP round of 32 passed quickly. The relatively weak people were dropped out and only the qualified people advanced to the round of 16.

There was also Sword Saint Kraugel. He met winning candidate Seuron in the round of 32 and defeated Seuron with skills that were more overwhelming than last year. People took it for granted that Kraugel, who was several times stronger than last year, would win.

On the other hand, Grid was shocked. He was aware that Kraugel was at least 50 levels lower than he was last year.

'Not even reaching level 300 yet...'

Maybe. Was this Grid's last chance to win against Kraugel? As time passed, Grid wouldn't be able to reach this genius. The moment Grid thought this.

Duguen! Duguen!

He couldn't help smiling. The higher the sky that was Kraugel, the more Grid instinctively felt that he could build a higher tower.

"Hey, Bangzi. What are you thinking?" (Bangzi = A derogatory word that some Chinese people use for Koreans.)

Zhang Zheng. The Chinese player was Grid's opponent in the round of 16.

"Are you thinking of packing up and going home?"

"What bullshit are you saying?"

"...?"

Zhang Zheng was confused by Grid's words. Until now, the 'existing powerhouses' tended to cling to their dignity. They didn't reveal their true colors until they were provoked. Zhang Zheng enjoyed seeing them lose their patience. However, Grid cursed easily despite being on a throne.

"I'm not ignoring you just because you're weak. If you want to be respected, conduct yourself well."

Grid belatedly turned off the microphone. Grid scoffed and lay in the capsule, while Zhang Zheng's face belatedly turned red.

"Bangzi...! This damn Bangzi dares...! Don't you know who I am?"

Not ignoring him just because he was weak? In other words, Zhang Zheng was weak?

"Asshole!" Zhang Zheng hurriedly lay down in the capsule. He wanted to show Grid the taste of defeat as soon as possible. "Login! Loginnn!"

Chapter 765

There were many dialects around the world. It was said that there were more than 100 dialects in China due to its large land mass and population.

"Standard language unification."

As soon as he connected to Satisfy, Grid ended the dialect interpretation system. It was the reason why he heard Zhang Zheng's Yanbian dialect translated into Korean.

"I personally hate Yanbian."

"What?"

Ruined castle walls weathered by dry winds. Zhang Zheng emerged from behind them and declared, "Grid, don't think you will die painlessly."

It had been two years and three months since Zhang Zheng started Satisfy. He took great pride in using his wealth of information and tremendous talent to catch up with existing players, becoming a top ranked player beyond the second generation rookies.

Grid? Kraugel? He didn't believe the people at the top were his opponents.

"My confidence has grown after I participated in the National Competition. Existing players are weak. They're rotten and dull-witted. It's worthless to be the king of the trash. Isn't that right?"

To describe the current Satisfy, it was like a lion getting lost in a forest. Wolves and foxes were abundant. Zhang Zheng believed he was a talented person who would fill the empty position of a lion.

"I'll be the master of this forest."

He would win. Zhang Zheng was sure of it. The talent that allowed him to jump over the second generation rookies that the

old generation claimed to be geniuses was the basis of his conviction. He was sure that he was better than Grid.

"You want to cut me up?"

Zhang Zheng gave a wicked and arrogant smile as he showed eight types of legendary weapons in order. They were the most powerful weapons with different users. The unusual appearances showed they were enhanced.

"Ohh..."

The crowd made sounds of admiration due to the spectacular effects that occurred every time Zhang Zheng changed weapons.

"It doesn't matter how many weapons you take out. I won't give you a chance to wield them." Grid said with a nonchalant expression. It was enough to stimulate Zhang Zheng.

"The king of petty wild dogs! How can a dog challenge a lion? Today I will show you reality! I will make you realize how trivial and frivolous the world you have reigned over is!"

Zhang Zheng's face was red as he yelled. He was like a demon as his axe rose in the air. Grid smiled bitterly.

'A new generation mutant...'

Grid was the king of a nation. He had information that general players couldn't possess and knew about Zhang Zheng. A genius who achieved unparalleled growth above the third generation 10 Rookies. Someone who was said to transcend the second generation.

'I was expecting a lot.'

In fact, Zhang Zheng was just a lump of arrogance. Grid felt a sense of responsibility when he saw Zhang Zheng disparaging the old generation. He felt responsible to eliminate the prejudices about the old generation. It was an obligation Grid felt for himself and his precious colleagues. Grid didn't want the people who had

paved the way to be called trivial.

Paaaat!

Four golden hands appeared behind Grid. They were armed with Mjolnir, the most powerful status inducing weapon. Zhang Zheng's eyes shone at the appearance of the famous God Hands.

"Kukuk! Kuhahaha! Indeed! This is it! You're admitting that you are afraid of me!"

In the past National Competition PvP matches, it was rare for Grid to use the God Hands. Apart from when facing Kraugel, there were no cases where Grid actively used the God Hands from the beginning. From Zhang Zheng's point of view, it was a clear acknowledgement. It proved that Grid put him in the same class as Kraugel!

The crowd was also excited.

"Grid is already pulling out the God Hands!"

"Zhang Zheng seems to be strong..."

"Indeed, the strongest of the third generation of rookies!"

Zhang Zheng was the one who broke Bubai, one of the strongest of the old generation. In a situation where Grid revealed his power from the beginning against the monster rookie, people were forced to appreciate Zhang Zheng even more. In particular, China had a festive atmosphere.

"Finally, a hero has emerged in our great nation!"

"He's a different genius from Hao, who bows down to Grid every time! Despite being a newcomer, Grid is nervous about him!"

"Zhang Zheng is just the beginning. There are many people in our great nation and the younger generation is evolving every day. The descendants of the heroes in history will continue to appear and occupy the world stage!"

The Chinese pride in their country was the highest in the world.

They were drunk in the name of nationalism and dreamt of a brilliant future. They didn't doubt that China would be one of the leading superpowers in Satisfy. The 1.5 billion population were excited.

"Admitting that I am afraid? Me? Of you?" Then Grid gave them despair. "You're just a fly to me. I don't have to catch you directly. Summon Iyarugt."

Kurururung!

Grid pulled out Iyarugt and it roared. Grid couldn't hold it as a blood red light scattered all over the place.

Paaaat!

Iyarugt emerged from Grid's grasp and flew into the sky. The translucent red color of the smelted bloodstone started to darken. The ancient golden characters gave it a mysterious and beautiful sight.

'What?'

Zhang Zheng and the crowd was dazzled by the amazing sight.

Kuoooooh—

Iyarugt didn't move anymore. The light being emitted calmed down and everything became silent.

"..."

It was static, like time had stopped. It was a short moment.

Paaaat!

The static broke as a red ball popped out from Iyarugt, still floating in the air. Hell's best swordsman, a Sword Demon, Great Demon Zepar's only rival, etc. It was the moment when the soul of Iyarugt, who had all types of titles attached to him, appeared before the public.

"What's this...?"

Zhang Zheng belatedly became anxious and moved back. His instincts told him that he shouldn't let the red sword complete its actions. However, it was already too late. Iyarugt's soul exploded like the starlight of the universe and formed a shape.

An old man bent over. He had a sharp horn sticking out from his forehead, was covered with a flaming red light, and his eyes bulged like developed muscles. The iris, visible in the shadowy eyes, were as black as the deep sea.

“Demonkin...!”

A player could summon a demonkin? No, they knew it was possible for a third advancement black magician, but the blacksmith Grid? Zhang Zheng paled at the unexpected situation. Then the elderly old man summoned in front of him took a deep breath, enjoying the sweet air that entered deep into his lungs.

"Sweet."

He had the magic power of a lower demonkin, but his swordsmanship was enough for him to compete with great demons. Marbas, one of the major powers in hell evaluated Iyarugt as 'one who can change the landscape of hell.'

Sakak-!

He held the floating Iyarugt and moved towards Zhang Zheng.

“Keok...!”

[A weakness in your swordsmanship is exposed.]

[Evasion rate is ignored, defense has dropped, and you will receive critical damage.]

[You have suffered 12,150 damage.]

“K-Kuock...!”

One sword. Yet this strike caused Zhang Zheng to lose one-fifth of his health. What the hell was this demonkin? Zhang Zheng was dumbfounded by the emergence of an unexpected monster.

Snap!

It was hard to believe that Iyarugt was an old man as he moved and pushed Zhang Zheng to the ground.

Peeeeek!

Zhang Zheng couldn't resist and fell to the ground.

“ ... ”

The Chinese spectators and viewers were mute at the helpless appearance of Zhang Zheng.

Name: Iyarugt

Age: ?? Gender: Male

Species: Horned Demon

Title: Best Swordsman of Hell

* When sword type weapons are used, the attack power is doubled. There is a 100% chance of a critical strike when hitting a weak point. Evasion rate will increase by 50%.

Strength: 3,503 Stamina: 1,090

Agility: 3,201 Intelligence: 330

Skills: Swordsman's Eyes (S), One Way of Life (SS-), Sword Dance Explosion (SS), Volcanic Circulation (SS), Hell Moon Cut (SS), Sublime Sword (SS+)

A horned demon classified as a lower demon. As a result of training in swordsmanship without giving up, he became the strongest swordsman of hell. But he failed to overcome the limit of his birth and was defeated in a battle with the great demon Zepar and died.

After that, his soul was cursed and attached to a sword.

* By winning in a battle against the strong, he can regain a feeling

of life. Repeating this a few more times can recover all his skills
(1/10)

* You must win against an opponent who is recognized as an 'enemy.'

* Iyarugt has a strong camaraderie that will develop into liking towards you.

It specified that Iyarugt hadn't regained his strength yet. In one on one fights with the current Grid, Iyarugt would be hit like a dog every time by Grid. Of course, from a general point of view, he was a powerful demonkin. His health and defense weren't much different from normal players, but his attack attack was based on a definitive critical attack and almost matched Grid's attack power. Even within the Overgeared Guild, there were only around 10 people who could match Iyarugt's attack power.

The third advancement Zhang Zheng couldn't afford to be hit by him. What about the control skill that Zhang Zheng was so proud of? It didn't work in front of Iyarugt. What about Zhang Zheng's items? They were trivial to Iyarugt after being hit several times by Grid's items.

"Kuaaaah!"

Zhang Zheng roared with humiliation and raised his body. He tried to swing the sword that dealt 'extra damage to demonkin.' But Iyarugt swung his sword again and Zhang Zheng's attack was in vain. Zhang Zheng glared at Grid.

"You! You Bangzi bastard! You're a coward! You're afraid of a fair fight so you brought a monster like this!!"

There was a limit to the attack power of a pet. Their stats were low if their level didn't exceed their master's. However, the demonkin in front of him dealt 10,000 damage. It was well beyond Grid's attack power that Zhang Zheng had estimated. Zhang Zheng believed that Grid had temporarily contracted with the demonkin

through a special quest. In other words, it was interpreted as a trump card. He had no idea that Iyarugt was a Grid specific summon.

Grid was conscious of the cameras focused on himself and Iyarugt as he answered, “What damn monster? He’s just my pet.”

“What? What nonsense are you saying?”

Zhang Zheng rushed towards Grid.

[Black King’s Armor]

Rating: Legendary

Durability: 299/299 Defense: 699

* Blocks incoming damage by 7%.

* There is a 30% of a stealth effect in the dark.

* There is a 20% increase in defense in the dark.

* Agility +50 in the darkness.

* Once 30,000 damage is accumulated, three times the magic damage will be reflected back. At this time, the armor’s durability is reduced by 50. In addition, the effect isn’t activated if more than 30,000 damage is received at once.

Zhang Zheng was determined to beat Grid and the demonkin with the strongest armor. Theoretically, it was possible. The Black King’s Armor reflected a damage of 90,000, which wasn’t enough for a player to endure! But...

Peek peek!

[You have been stiffened.]

[You have been stiffened.]

[You have been stiff...]

“Ugh! Keok! Eek!”

He couldn’t reach Grid. From the moment the God Hands

wielded Mjolnir, Zhang Zheng fell into the hell of infinite stiffness. Zhang Zheng kept screaming as he was hit in the head with a hammer. It was the appearance of a cheap dance as his head moved from the right to left. Grid laughed as an infinite CC that could be called a scam was used.

"Didn't I tell you? You won't even have a chance to swing your sword."

Originally, Grid was the representative of an arrogant person. If he truly expressed any grudges he had, he would make Zhang Zheng look charming.

"You...! You lousy jerk! Eek! Keok!"

Zhang Zheng resented Grid's attitude, but he had no way of doing anything. As Zhang Zheng's health was slowly being consumed in units of hundreds, the 1.5 billion population of China fell into shock and despair.

Chapter 766

[You have suffered 1,950 damage.]

[You have become stiff. You can't take any actions.]

[You have suffered 879 damage.]

[You have become stiff...]

[You have suffered 880 damage...]

“Ugh! Keok! Eek! Kuoh! Kuaaah!”

There was a feeling of helplessness, like a fly caught in a spider web. Zhang Zheng roared like a wild beast after being frozen by Mjolnir for a few minutes. It was difficult for him to accept this awful feeling of helplessness that he felt for the first time. Why did he have to be disgraced in front of the world?

‘I won't be able to raise my head if I'm logged out this way!’

It had been less than an hour since his interview stating that Grid and Kraugel were insignificant. The one who was defeated without Grid lifting a finger would transform into trash that was no different from Tarma.

Kwaduduk!

Zhang Zheng wanted to deny this terrible reality. He tried to act. In order to regain his freedom, he looked for a gap.

‘Let's concentrate!’

He only needed to move his hands once. If he wielded his sword the moment the stiffness was released and defended against the hammer attack, he would be freed. Zhang Zheng calmed his mind and didn't doubt it. Until now, he had lost his cool at the infinite CCs. But he was confident that he could escape from this hell since a skill with an infinite effect in Satisfy couldn't exist.

But.

Peok!

0.3 seconds.

Peok peok!

0.1 seconds, 0.1 seconds, 0.1 seconds and 0.3 seconds again. The four hammers alternated, leaving no gaps in the stiffness. Zhang Zheng tried to focus but he couldn't find the right timing to escape.

‘This is ridiculous...!’

It was a scam! Grid was using a bug! The moment that Zhang Zheng was convinced.

[30,000 damage has accumulated. The Black King's Armor feels humiliated!]

Peeeeeeong!

The dark armor that Zhang Zheng was wearing flashed red and exploded. It was the prelude to a counterattack. The God Hands were caught in the explosion and flew in every direction, becoming rigid. Then Zhang Zheng was freed from the endless CC.

Gulp!

Zhang Zheng immediately drank a health potion and headed to Grid.

“How long did you think you could hide behind that trick?”

Zhang Zheng was excited. The moment when Zhang Zheng tried to aim his sword at Grid.

Puok!

[You have suffered 13,050 damage.]

Iyarugt, who had been standing next to Grid with folded arms interfered.

“Keok!”

Zhang Zheng was hit by Iyarugt due to being blinded by Grid. Then he coughed up blood. It was the moment when his hell started again.

Peok peok! Peok peok peok!

“Ugh! Eek! Kek!”

The God Hands were released from their stiffness and randomly assaulted Zhang Zheng again. It was the scene where the counterattack that the Chinese crowd were hoping for failed.

[30,000 damage has accumulated. The Black King's Armor feels humiliated!]

“Kiyaaaaah! Bastard! Die! Dieeee!”

During the time that Zhang Zheng was released from the stiffness, he pulled out some chains.

Chwaruruk!

The chains stretched out in all directions to restrain the God Hands.

'That's it!'

Zhang Zheng smiled with satisfaction, took a potion, and rushed to Iyarugt. He realized that he had to beat Iyarugt to get to Grid.

Chaaeng! Chaeng!

Zhang Zheng exchanged sword blows. Zhang Zheng recovered his cool and demonstrated 120% of his stats. It was because he had a desire to smash the nasty Grid. But his momentum didn't last long. While Zhang Zheng was caught in the fight against Iyarugt, Grid had released all the chains restraining the God Hands.

Peok! Peok peok!

“Cough! Ugh! Eek!”

Peeeeeeong!

Zhang Zheng's armor was hit a few more times by Mjolnir and

exploded again. It meant that a lot of damage accumulated during the battle with Iyarugt.

“Bastard! You nasty bastard! Cowardly bastard!!!”

Zhang Zheng bound the God Hands with the chains again and glared at Grid with bloodshot eyes. Grid didn't fight until the end, only relying on his items and pets. It was like a one player fighting game! But what could he do about his anger? Zhang Zheng might be able to match Iyarugt, but he couldn't defeat Iyarugt.

While he was tied up with Iyarugt, Grid untied the chains holding the God Hands. Then he relaxed with a whistle!

“...”

The commentators were silent. It was too uncomfortable to talk about this one-sided and terrible match. On the other hand, Grid...

‘It's still incomplete.’

He was watching Zhang Zheng's armor. It wasn't a ‘damage reflection every time it was hit’ but a ‘damage reflection every time a certain amount of damage accumulated?’ It reflected a huge three times the damage. Therefore, Zhang Zheng's armor was sure to have a huge penalty.

Grid had expected this from the beginning. Grid could make a better production item than a dropped item that reflected three times the damage. From the moment he heard about Zhang Zheng's armor from Bubab, he predicted there would be a deadly problem with Zhang Zheng's armor.

Peeeeeeong!

Finally, the Black King's Armor exploded and Zhang Zheng drank a potion. Then the same thing repeated.

Peeeeeeong!

It was the fifth explosion of the Black King's Armor. Zhang Zheng once again drank a potion. Then he noticed a wicked smile

spreading on Grid's face.

‘Is this bastard smiling...? Eh?’

Zhang Zheng was taken aback when he witnessed Grid's face. He belatedly realized that he overlooked one fact because he was completely lost in the humiliation he felt for the first time in his life.

‘...The armor's durability!’

A chill went down Zhang Zheng's spine. The Black King's Armor, it exploded five times? Then 250 durability had been lost. If it exploded one more time...!

Peek! Peek peek!

“N-No...!”

[You have suffered 1,600 damage.]

[You have suffered 930...]

[You have suffered 965...]

Zhang Zheng became panicked as the Mjolnir bombardment started again.

“Stop! Please! Please stopppppp!”

The crowd murmured as Zhang Zheng's desperate screams rang out through Tokyo Dome. The nasty Zhang Zheng was crying and begging as a child. Then Grid...

“What if I don't want to?”

He didn't stop. Zhang Zheng was wicked. Considering his personality, Grid didn't know what he would do if Zhang Zheng wasn't trampled on. Grid knew it for sure because he had met many enemies in his life. Zhang Zheng wasn't someone he should show mercy to.

"Today is your memorial day."

“You...!”

Zhang Zheng was unable to swap items in the infinite stiffness state! Zhang Zheng fell into despair at the worst situation when a notification window rose.

[30,000 damage has accumulated. The Black King's Armor feels humiliated!]

Peeeeeeong!

[The Black King's Armor has completely lost its durability. The Black King's Armor is permanently destroyed.]

“N-No! Nooooooooooo!!”

Zhang Zheng screamed.

Puok!

Iyarugt dealt the final blow. Zhang Zheng was finally released from hell.

"The winner is Grid!!"

The same time that the host called out.

“You...! How dare you!”

Zhang Zheng rushed towards Grid the moment he logged out and exited the capsule. He completely lost his temper and forgot that this was the National Competition. His actions were being broadcasted around the world.

“I will kill you!”

Zhang Zheng roared like a dog with rabies and swung his fist. It was a fist that accurately aimed for Grid's face as he left the capsule late. Grid was caught off guard. The crowd cried out as they expected Grid to be hit. But surprisingly, Grid didn't allow the attack. He instinctively used footwork to avoid Zhang Zheng's fist. Then he kicked out, knocking Zhang Zheng down. It was a counterattack that took full advantage of the natural body

movements from playing Satisfy, a body that had been constantly exercising and the Taekwondo taught during military service.

"...!!"

The security guarded running on stage were stunned when they witnessed what happened to Zhang Zheng. They were impressed with Grid's clean movements. On the other hand, Grid was baffled.

‘Wow, what a terrible fighter.’

Grid had been beaten up in his school days. Even a few years ago, he had been hit by the gangsters harassing Sehee and Yerim and ended up being protected by Yerim. Being protected by a high school girl...

Grid was forced to think he was weak. He believed that he was someone who couldn't fight in reality. Yet Zhang Zheng's fist seemed to be in slow motion.

‘There are people who are worse at fighting than me...’

Grid looked at Zhang Zheng, who had collapsed from his weak kick, and was filled with sympathy. Grid didn't know. Zhang Zheng was actually a martial artist in China.

The viewers cheered.

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

“Grid properly gave a scolding to that nasty Chinese player!”

"How can he fight so well? What can't he do?"

"He's the real deal...!"

“Grid! Grid!! Grid!!!”

The atmosphere rose. The Grid who exited on the cheers was the main character of the world itself. On the other hand, Zhang Zheng was greatly disciplined for his constant cursing and violence. His account was suspended from Satisfy for four months and he wouldn't be able to participate in the next two National

Competitions.

China's new star fell as soon as he rose. All of China had a mournful atmosphere. But surprisingly, few Chinese people blamed Grid. This incident was caused by Zhang Zheng himself and they thought he deserved it.

At the same time, the Korean team's waiting room.

"...Doesn't Grid fight better than me?"

Toon was afraid of losing his job as Grid's bodyguard.

The 3rd National Competition's PvP event seemed like a stage designed for Grid and Kraugel. They rose from the round of 32 to the finals.

Grid used his overwhelming attack power to blow away the enemies while Kraugel used his control to take down the enemies. If Grid managed to defeat his opponent without even touching them, Kraugel also took control of his sword to defeat the opponent with folded arms.

Strangely, not one member of Overgeared participated in this year's PvP, making it a competition between Grid and Kraugel. In the course of four matches, Grid and Kraugel won easily without a single crisis. The crowd was overwhelmed by their unrivaled strength.

"Isn't Grid several times stronger than he was last year?"

"Is Grid the reason why the Overgeared members didn't participate in PvP? They knew they would obviously lose against Grid and gave up."

"It's a realistic interpretation. I have the same idea."

"But Kraugel is also much stronger. He won't be pushed by Grid."

"That's right. In particular, the Control Sword technique is a big hit. He can move the sword without using his hands. This year's

Kraugel has a perfect defense for the God Hands.”

“Who will win?”

Nobody could predict the winner. Even the experts didn't disclose their opinions. Did they deserve to be paid for the show if they stayed silent on air? There were many protests from viewers. The experts, who gradually lost their place due to Grid, were no different from being unemployed.

Chapter 767

Due to their overwhelming presence, Grid and Kraugel went straight to the finals. They shared the same thoughts 30 minutes before the match.

‘Can I win?’

‘I must win.’

‘If not this year-’

‘There might not be a chance to win anymore.’

The two men saw each other’s skills during the last National Competition. They acknowledged each other and were afraid. They had both expectations and concerns about the potential that was hard to quantify of the other person.

Duguen, duguen, dugeun...

The Korean team’s waiting room.

Grid sat on the sofa, his heart beating much faster than usual. He thought of the first day he met Kraugel. He was reminded of the emotions he felt when facing the sky above the sky, who wasn’t easy to see.

‘...Good.’

How could he explain this deep emotion? Grid changed due to his meeting with Kraugel. He became known world wide, knew his potential strength, and gained confidence. In addition, he was able to run towards the goal of ‘Kraugel.’

‘If I hadn’t met you at that time, I wouldn’t have grown to where I am now.’ Yes, for Grid, Kraugel was a special person. Sometimes he felt like a benefactor. ‘He’s the benefactor who shared the information of the Behen Archipelago with me.’

Grid smiled and rose from the sofa.

"Kraugel, you have an obligation to see my growth."

Victory. Fight and win at all cost. Grid was filled with strong desire.

Now he realized. In the future, he wouldn't be the one chasing after another player. He would be the one going ahead. Grid had to evolve, for the young players of South Korea and the players of the Overgeared Kingdom. It would be done by breaking the sky called Kraugel.

'The role that you have been taking so far... I'll do it for you in the future.'

Kkuok.

Grid raised trembling hands to his grim face.

The other Korean representatives were afraid of interrupting Grid's thoughts and waited outside the room.

"Who will win?"

Viola wasn't affected by the atmosphere and questioned. Then.

"Of course it will be God Grid." Peak Sword didn't hesitate for a moment before replying.

"..."

The other players couldn't easily guess and remained silent. The rematch between Grid and Kraugel that took place after one year and three months.

It didn't just involve the pride between the two, but the destiny of South Korea and the United States. The first place in the overall rankings would be decided by who won the match. The citizens of the first ranked country could secure a large experience buff.

From the standpoint of the Korean players, they were praying for Grid's victory. The problem was that the opponent was the sky

above the sky. The man who had reigned since Satisfy opened. No matter how strong Grid was, it was hard to be sure if he could beat Kraugel.

“We will find out at the end of the day.” Eat Spicy Jokbal said. “It’s true that Sword Saint Kraugel’s power can’t be measured, but Grid hasn’t revealed all his power yet either. We don’t know who will win.”

The fact that the Sword Saint was the strongest combat class was hard to deny. But Grid had items and a higher level than Kraugel.

“...Well, I will personally cheer for Grid.”

It wasn't just because Eat Spicy Jokbal coveted the buff. What if Grid who defeated him lost to Kraugel?

‘I will also be under Kraugel. Damn!’

He didn’t want to be below another person!

Peak Sword laughed without knowing why Eat Spicy Jokbal was going crazy. “You’re hoping for Grid’s victory? Friend Jokbal! You have finally fallen for the charms of God Grid!”

“What bullshit...! I just want the buff!”

There were 20 minutes until the finals started.

The US team’s waiting room.

“...”

Kraugel sat with his eyes closed.

He thought of the first time he encountered the mad Agnus. The first and last day he met with Haster, who had no interest in the world. The day he first met Grid, who had flames in his black eyes. Among the people who the S.A. Group called the ‘Five Miracles,’ Grid was the one who made Kraugel’s heart boil. It was just after fighting Piaro. However, Grid was still the first player to defeat

him.

‘From then on.’

Kraugel’s gaze and awareness always followed Grid. Every time he saw Grid go one step further, Kraugel became more motivated and was able to grow faster. Kraugel realized. If Grid hadn’t been here. Kraugel might not have been left behind, but he would’ve become empty from the curse called nothingness.

‘Since then, I have been happy.’

There was a smile on Kraugel’s face as he opened his eyes. The moment he stood up.

“Player Kraugel, it’s 15 minutes until the start of the match. Please move to the stage.”

The voice of the staff could be heard outside the waiting room.

Lauel saw him and said, “Good luck.”

Lauel didn’t want Kraugel to win. He naturally wanted Grid to win. As Grid’s subordinate, he eagerly prayed. But Kraugel was the peak of two billion users and an idol to billions of people. It would become complicated if Kraugel fell. Kraugel read Lauel’s bittersweet facial expression and replied with his distinct expressionless face.

“The other person is Grid. If I lose to him, his existence can no longer be denied.”

The fact that Grid deserved to bring down the sky, now everyone in the world knew this. No one would be disappointed or criticize Kraugel if he lost.

“Of course, I don’t intend to lose.”

Victory. He would also win this time. Kraugel was filled with a strong desire. He hoped that he would always be Grid’s goal. He wanted Grid to keep being conscious of him. There was nothing as sad as one-sided liking.

“Crying Tiger.”

Peeeeeeong!

The PvP finals video of the 2nd National Competition was being played on the screen. Kraugel penetrated the shield summoned by the white-haired Grid, while being burned by flames at the same time. The winner was decided with a mere 0.1 seconds difference, touching the hearts of the crowd and viewers.

“Ahh...”

“It’s cool to see that scene again a few times.”

It was a video recording that had 5 billion playbacks in a year. Of the 8 billion people, the only ones who hadn’t seen the confrontation between Grid and Kraugel were babies. In addition, people didn’t play the video once. Growing children, young people aggressively planning for their future, middle-aged people getting tired of their lives, and old people in the twilight of their lives.

All of them came up with new dreams and desires by repeating the video of the confrontation between Grid and Kraugel. They lived a faithful life, hoping to stand on the same stage someday.

The players who became idols. Grid and Kraugel entered the stage.

『 The protagonists of the confrontation that occurred one year and three months ago! Kraugel of the United States and Grid of South Korea are on the stage!! 』

『 Hey! The cheers were amazing! I have never seen such a sight in 15 years. Won’t Tokyo Dome collapse if it continues like this? 』

『 Hahaha! At this moment, everyone seems united, regardless of nationality, race, gender, or religion. We can see how great the two players are. 』

『 Nobody cares that this match will determine who will be first

on the overall rankings. Everyone in the crowd is just passionate about both players. 』

“Grid!! You’re the first legend! You’re the first king! Prove that you’re the best!”

“Kraugel! Don’t fall! Show Grid why you have reigned at the top for so many years!”

“Grid!”

“Kraugel!”

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

The piercing shouts spread throughout Tokyo. The excitement of the scene was being transmitted to viewers. But Grid and Kraugel were in the middle of a tranquil world. The two men faced other other and were solely focused on the other person. The cries of other people didn’t reach their ears.

"A man’s match should be decided in three rounds?"

“Yes.”

"Then this time is the real winner?"

“That’s right.”

"We will still be friends regardless of the result?"

“Of course.”

"Then I will beat you.”

"I will also do my best.”

The two men lightly greeted each other before standing in front of their capsules. The host hurriedly handed a microphone to Kraugel.

"Could you please tell us your feelings ahead of the match?"

“...”

The moment Kraugel was given the microphone. The heated up

Tokyo Dome fell silent. Tens of thousands of people in Tokyo Dome gazed at one person. Their faces were filled with anticipation as Kraugel opened his mouth.

"I'm afraid."

"...Huh?"

The sky above the sky was afraid? The host and spectators doubted their ears.

"That's why I am looking forward to it even more."

Kraugel smiled at the end of his words. The always emotionless Kraugel was smiling so brightly?

"Ahh..."

The people who saw Kraugel realized it for the first time. The person who had been waiting for this moment more than anyone else was Kraugel.

"Kyaaaaak! Kraugel!"

"Yes, enjoy it! Kraugel, win!"

"Kraugel! Kraugel! Kraugel!"

"Waaaaahhhhh!"

The atmosphere reached the peak.

At the same time, in Satisfy.

"We will soon move."

Veradin led the elites of Immortal into Reinhardt, capital of the Overgeared Kingdom. It was easy to infiltrate, since the Overgeared Kingdom freely allowed players to access the city.

"Head straight for the smithy."

"Yes!"

Not only did Grid show an overwhelming performance in the National Competition, he also succeeded in getting the first ranked

blacksmith, Panmir. In such a situation, Immortal was forced to feel a sense of crisis since they were hostile to Grid. It was hard to overlook the Overgeared Kingdom.

So.

“The target is Blacksmith Khan. Find him and kill him.”

Immortal acted first. Most members of Overgeared were logged out now that the PvP finals had begun. Reinhardt was an empty house.

“The stars are bright.”

His hammering would give strength to Grid. Khan worked hard again today with such an attitude. His eyes in his wrinkled face were filled with longing as he looked up at the night sky. Today, he wanted to see Grid more and more.

Chapter 768

The US team's waiting room.

Panmir was sitting next to Lael and chattering away. He looked like a young child placed in front of a birthday cake. He was excited about the new life he would live as an Overgeared member after finishing the National Competition.

"Is there a blacksmith craftsman in the Overgeared Kingdom?"

"Yes. There are a total of five."

The blacksmiths who came from Pangea on the East Continent and Khan. All of them were taught by Grid and became craftsmen through enlightenment. In particular, Khan's craftsmanship level was high. Lael dared to boast that Khan was in the top 10 of the continent.

"Blacksmith Khan...? I've heard that name before. I remember that he was praised as the best blacksmith 20 years ago, until he retired after losing his son."

"Yes, that's right."

"Huhu, he didn't actually retire, but followed Grid. Khan reached the craftsman rank thanks to Grid. It's no different from Grid being his benefactor."

Grid had nurtured talent from a long time ago. It was truly amazing. Lael spoke meaningfully towards Panmir, who admired this new fact. "Benefactor... But Khan might be King Grid's benefactor."

"Hmm?"

"Haha, it's nothing."

In terms of Khan's superior blacksmithing skills, it was mostly from an NPC point of view. In fact, he was Grid's first friend, teacher, student, and also a family member. Who would

understand?

Grid was on the monitors. Lauel watched him standing in the center of the world with unwavering eyes and showed a gentle smile.

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

A castle enveloped in the darkness of night. The Lion's Castle, the stage of PvP every year was very large. There were four spires, seven floors, and corridors with hundreds of rooms. But in the end, it became a ruin. It might've boasted a brilliant civilization and beauty in the past, but now it was just a ruin where desolate wind blew.

Chichik, chijjik.

The hundreds of pillars supporting the roof were in such a precarious state that there were doubts about whether they could collapse straight away. The stone powder falling on the ground was a signal. The extremely concentrated Grid and Kraugel in the middle of the square with a fountain moved at the same time.

Chaeeng!

The sword where darkness was encroaching. There was no trace of it as Kraugel's +9 White Fang shot towards Grid.

[A complete evasion has failed. You have suffered 1,290 damage.]

[The durability of Triple Layers has decreased by 1.]

Kwajajak!

A sword split apart the darkness. Like the claws of a bird of prey, the Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires smashed the old fountain.

"Che!"

This attack could easily be avoided despite Grid being equipped with Alex's Quick Gloves? Grid was amazed by Kraugel's movements, who took full advantage of the passive Super Sensitivity and his innate abilities as he rotated and retrieved his sword.

Then.

Peeeeeeong!

Grid's Enlightenment Sword blocked Kraugel's White Fang that appeared behind Grid's back.

[You have blocked a powerful blow!]

[Your hands are temporarily paralyzed.]

[You have resisted.]

[The durability of the +9 White Fang has decreased by 2.]

“Kuk...!”

Grid's attack power with his new sword exceeded Kraugel's assumed range. Only their swords clashed but the weight of the sword was so great that Kraugel moaned.

“How is it?” Grid was able to grasp and react relatively quickly to Kraugel's movements thanks to the Slaughterer's Eye Patch and his high insight stat. “Have I become stronger?”

“The best.”

“Hat..!”

Kraugel's confirmation made Grid flourish. Grid felt his heart beat faster as he advanced forward. He tried to use footwork while pushing Kraugel's White Fang with his Enlightenment Sword.

At that moment.

"Crushing Sword."

Kraugel used a unique sword breaking type skill.

Hwiririk!

The Enlightenment Sword intertwined with White Fang was rotated by White Fang. Naturally, Grid's wrist also turned.

Kwajajak!

An eerie sound was heard. A chill went down Grid's spine.

[Your wrist has been broken.]

[You have fallen into the 'fracture'd state.]

[Your attack speed is reduced by 50% for 20 seconds and damage is reduced by 30%.]

[The current durability of the Lightning Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires has decreased by 12%.]

'Crazy!'

It caused a physical condition that couldn't be resisted while drastically reducing the durability of the weapon? Grid reminded himself. Kraugel was able to become a Sword Saint by mastering the sword. The person who the world viewed as strongest in Satisfy right now was Kraugel!

Seokeok!

Pa pa pa pat!

[You have suffered 4,700 damage.]

[You have suffered 3,950 damage.]

[You have suffered 4,230...]

[You have suffered 4,110...]

The moment he allowed an attack. The Slaughterer's Eye Patch and his insight didn't detect that constant slashes that struck Grid's body. The minimum damage compensation when a 'sword type weapon was equipped' in proportion to defense and the ability of a Sword Saint to deal additional damage to all species made the defense of Triple Layers futile.

“God Hands!”

The flow wasn't good. Grid determined that it was necessary to reset the situation. He shouted and the four God Hands appeared behind him. Under the clear moonlight that shone in the darkness, a glittering gold light appeared. But the gold was soon lifted.

It was because four swords were fired from Kraugel's inventory and the God Hands were blown away. It was the Control Sword skill. A Sword Saint was able to remotely control up to 10 swords. An ordinary person wouldn't be able to control their body and the swords at the same time.

Sururuk.

But it was possible for Kraugel, the sky above the sky. He controlled the swords while using White Light Steps. He reached Grid's side while hiding in the moonlight.

‘Ick...!’

Grid realized Kraugel's approach and belatedly swung his sword.

Supaak!

He was hampered by his fractured state. Kraugel had the effect of reaching the maximum speed ‘when a sword type weapon was equipped’ and he was much faster than Grid's sword.

[You have suffered 4,900 damage.]

“Cough!”

Grid coughed up blood as he was cut on the side. Kraugel moved forward the moment he attacked, capturing Grid's rear area. There was a perfect gap behind Grid.

Clink!

Kraugel bent forward and took a stance. It was the forerunner to the sword that cut the world, Space Sword.

Sakak-!

As soon as White Fang emitted a black light, the ground, darkness and the moonlight...

Jjejeok! Jjejejeok!

They were split in half at the same time. However, the target Grid received no damage. It was thanks to the use of Freely Move, which avoided all non-targeted skills. Even the glorious Sword Saint found it hard to harm the Secret Hero who saved the world.

Kwajak!

Rising and descending. With a simple action, Grid slipped away from the range of Space Sword and struck Kraugel's body.

[You have suffered 9,490 damage.]

"...!"

Didn't he have a passive that reduced maximum damage done by a sword type weapon by 40%? This question rose in Kraugel's eyes as he received big damage. The biggest problem was that Grid's attack didn't end with just the primary damage. Up to three extra damages were possible.

Kuwaaaaaang!

The black flames inflicted 300% damage.

『 Ah...! 』

The commentators of broadcasting companies around the world cried out. This was the strongest immediate skill that destroyed Tarma, one of the PvP winning candidates. Some commentators predicted Kraugel's death.

『 P-Player Kraugel! Surely he won't be logged out like this? 』

The legendary class had an immortal passive. The people of the world were now clearly aware of this fact based on various circumstances. Of course, the commentators were the same. The commentators were well aware that Kraugel wouldn't die from this blow. But they had to make a more dramatic commentary,

sweeping the audience and viewers into an extremely nervous atmosphere.

In particular, those who cheered on Kraugel were watching the remnants of the black flames with worry. They didn't want the sky above the sky that they had admired for so many years to fall like this.

At that moment.

Chwaruruk!

A shield of light blocked the black flames. The black flames sweeping the Lion's Castle vanished without a trace. It was the defensive skill of a Sword Saint, 'Sword Curtain' that used sword energy as a resource. The skill created a protective curtain made of dozens of swords and had the ability to block all magical and physical damage.

"...Wow."

Grid sweated as he looked at Kraugel. So far, he had dealt with various competitors. Perhaps they had the same thoughts every time they faced him?

"Isn't this a scam?"

Grid spoke what he was thinking. The strongest legendary class, Sword Saint. He was revealing a grand majesty when dealing with the Overgeared King. In addition.

[You have discovered a strong person of this era!]

[The Hero King's fighting energy has started to boil!]

Grid was also complete. Grid's fighting energy, which had been kept at 10 thanks to Kraugel's low level, slowly started to rise. It was a hidden effect created by the Sword Saint class.

Kuoooooh!

It didn't matter if it was real or not. People murmured as the fighting energy appeared like a haze around Grid's body.

“What’s this?”

"Wow, it’s cool.”

The crowd and viewers started to notice one by one. A red and purple aura was wrapped around Grid’s body. It was the mighty power of the Undefeated King, whose existence itself was a legend. Grid inherited his will and was now exposing it to the world.

Duguen!

Kraugel sensed it. This year’s showdown would be much tougher than last year.

Chapter 769

‘From now on, it is the real thing.’

Kuoooooooooh!

The red and purple aura around Grid. Kraugel knew what it was. Sword Saint Muller was also the Hero King.

‘Fighting energy...’

Just like Grid learned about Pagma, Kraugel learned about the former Sword Saint Muller. He had a variety of Muller episodes that ordinary people didn’t know. He couldn’t be ignorant about fighting energy.

‘The power of a hero of heroes.’

Muller was said to become complete by combining fighting energy and sword energy. From the time Grid was named the Hero King, Kraugel could no longer follow Muller. Kraugel would’ve felt desperate if he had been pursuing Muller’s shadow. But Kraugel was pioneering his own way. There was no reason to be obsessed with the title of Hero King because he didn’t follow Muller. When Grid became the Hero King, Kraugel could congratulate him in a pure manner.

Clink!

It would be a tough fight that couldn’t compare to last year. Kraugel’s expression calmed down as he faced Grid’s fighting energy. But it was just a superficial appearance. His hands holding White Fang were filled with cold sweat. A tension comparable to the time when he faced Great Demon Drasion filled him. It meant that Grid’s presence was equal to or greater than a weakened great demon.

“From now on, it will be different!”

The exited Grid ran over to him. He was faster and stronger

thanks to his rising fighting energy.

Jeeeeeeong!

“Kuk...!”

Grid’s sword descended at the fastest speed! Kraugel gritted his teeth and defended. The weight behind Grid’s attack was like a great mountain. Kraugel’s body and mind were driven to the extreme.

Jaaeng! Jjejeong! Jjeejeeong!

Every time he hit Kraugel’s sword, Grid’s fighting energy rose and his attack speed increased. A relentless black and red light pressed Kraugel from all directions, causing Kraugel to take several steps back.

Finally.

Tak!

Kraugel’s back ended up against an old pillar. Grid was already in the process of moving forward with his footwork.

"Pinnacle!"

It was one of the basic skills of Pagma’s Swordsmanship. The powerful skill that disregarded a certain amount of defense fell like a lightning bolt. Suddenly, a question popped into Kraugel’s brain. Wasn’t Pinnacle a technique that Kraugel had counterattacked twice in the past already? Every time Grid used Pinnacle, he was hit back with Tearing the Sky the sky and suffered great damage. He wouldn’t have forgotten this fact.

‘Is he trying to do something else separately?’

Kraugel’s intuition told him not to use Tearing the Sky. As Grid’s sword descended, Kraugel used Sword Curtain to defend.

Then.

‘Che!’

Grid, who was preparing to use Revolve, clicked his tongue. That's right. Grid intended to return the counter to Pinnacle, Tearing the Sky back to Kraugel using Revolve. But it was all for naught.

Jjejeong! Jjejejeok!

Kuwaaaaaang!

The collision of Pinnacle with the Sword Curtain produced a powerful shock wave. Of course, the pillar Kraugel was backed up against as well as the ones 3m to his left and right were swept away by the shock wave. The moment a corner of the castle collapsed.

Kurururung!

The collapsing roof and rising dust hid Grid and Kraugel. The commentators and viewers looked around in order to find traces of the two.

Kuuong!

Grid flew out from the smoke. A jump! He immediately raised his body and used magic.

“Magic Detection!”

[Magic Detection (Enhanced) has been used.]

Paaaat!

Mana was released from Grid's body and scanned around him.

Name: Kraugel

Level: ???

Class: ???

Stats: ???

Race: Human

Status: Player

Since reaching level three on the East Continent, Magic Detection

(Enhanced) displayed a small part of the target's information as well as informing Grid of Kraugel's location. It was right in front of him.

Chaeeng!

Grid hurriedly swung his sword and it was stopped by the empty air in front of him.

Sururuk.

A full moon was floating above the high spires. Kraugel, who had hidden himself in the moonlight with White Light Steps, was revealed. His breathing was rough as he blocked Grid's sword. The commentators, spectators and viewers who saw this series of processes were disturbed.

『Kraugel's condition is strange...?』

『Is that right?』

Kraugel was different from Grid. He neutralized his targets with pure control rather than overwhelming them with physical stats, skills, or items. Yet his control skills weren't highlighted when fighting Grid. Throughout the battle, he seemed to rely solely on skills like Grid.

People started to speculate.

"Is Kraugel's control less than what it was?"

"Or maybe Grid's control is a match for Kraugel...?"

"In any case, the situation is different from the past."

The reason people envied Kraugel was because of his control. If only they could move as well as him. If only they could make the same cool judgment in that situation. How many rankers could follow even half of Kraugel? People always thought like this.

But they didn't think this when they saw the current Kraugel. Kraugel seemed to be worse than usual in the confrontation with Grid.

'Is it the aftermath of becoming a Sword Saint?'

A legendary class. Obviously, the Sword Saint was the one with the best power among them. An example was the Space Sword that split apart the world. Perhaps Kraugel had become obsessed with the power of these skills and forgot his own strength? Did his control decline because he became dependent on skills?

People who thought like this couldn't even imagine. In fact, Kraugel was currently controlling four swords against the God Hands. It was in order to block Grid's strength with the God Hands, which was much more proficient than last year. Kraugel was forced to disperse attention to the four swords, meaning he lacked delicacy when dealing with Grid. But people didn't know the principles of Control Sword and couldn't understand Kraugel's position.

On the other hand.

'Is it hard?'

Grid faintly guessed the situation Kraugel was in. It was natural. A delicate command system was needed in order to make high-quality movements with the God Hands, even for Pagma's Descendant. It was Grid's conjecture that Kraugel's Control Sword would be just as hard and his thoughts were correct. Kraugel's mental power was consumed twice as fast after using Control Sword.

'God Hands! Continue to attack Kraugel! Don't rest!'

Grid maximized the benefits of the God Hands. He took full advantage of the ego items that could act on their own. It was the majesty of the legendary class exclusive item that Kraugel hadn't acquired yet.

Peng! Pepepepeng!

The God Hands set Kraugel as the target and started to launch Magic Missiles. The four swords were interfering with Mjolnir.

Then Grid would rather abandon Mjolnir and have them support him from a distance.

Syuok! Syuok!

Kraugel moved in a zigzag to avoid Magic Missiles. Grid attacked the gaps that occurred at this time. Kraugel who was trying to defend himself with Super Sensitivity, stopped trying to fight back. Then a new Grid appeared behind him. It was Doppelganger Randy. It was the first time Grid summoned his pets in his three confrontations with Kraugel. It was the influence of Battlefield. Now Grid had become aware. Pets were also his skills. He realized it was wasteful to refrain from using pets in the name of fair play.

“Kill!”

At the same time, Randy was able to reproduce his master’s skill.

“Tearing the Sky.”

Kwajak! Kwajajak!

As soon as Randy appeared, he was hit by Kraugel’s counterattack and died. One of the two pets that Grid had relied on for many years vanished. But Grid wasn’t upset.

“Sorry...!” He apologizing to the grey Randy. "It was good enough!"

Grid sent encouragement.

“Pinnacle Kill!”

Then he finally completed the footwork of his fusion skill. It was something he had been unable to do through the battle due to being blocked by Kraugel. If it wasn’t for Randy pulling Kraugel’s gaze away, Grid would’ve never been able to complete it.

Kuoooooh!

The ultimate slash containing killing intent. It was soon linked with a stab. The skill that Grid had trained in the process of dealing with his clone on the Behen Archipelago was devastating to

the target since it ignored defense. It was the second most powerful skill in Pagma's Swordsmanship.

It was a skill that Kraugel's counterattack, Tearing the Sky couldn't cope with. Last year, Kraugel had used Jajinmori, which instantly activated in close ranges, to block it.

‘Too late...!’

This year's Kraugel had fallen for the bait that was Randy. Kraugel's reaction to Pinnacle Kill was too late.

Sakak-!

The black and red sword fell in a straight line towards Kraugel.

Puok!

Then it was followed by a stab. The strongest skill that exerted a powerful force. It put a heavy burden on the user's muscles and had a risk of causing the user to lose 4,500 health.

[You have dealt 69,300 damage to the target!]

What did 4,500 health matter compared to dealing a critical wound to Kraugel? Grid smiled with satisfaction.

Snap!

Kraugel took out a gold peach and bit it. It was the ultimate health recovery item that Kraugel gained in exchange for being Pangea's Little Hero. The gold peach restored the user's health to the maximum. Grid ignored the various PvP rules intended to create a ‘grand spectacle.’ It was Kraugel who positively utilized the newly applied ‘potions can be taken’ PvP rule.

“What...?”

Grid was confused when Kraugel's health was restored to the maximum.

Kraugel pushed away from Grid using Jajinmori, then used one of the unique endgame skills of a Sword Saint, ‘Condemnation

Sword.’ Unlike the wide-range Space Sword, this skill aimed at a single target and its power transcended Space Sword. It was the beginning of a full-scale counterattack.

By using Space Sword in the beginning, Kraugel deliberately had Grid consume Freely Move. He was in a position to win. Even if it was only a 1% chance, Kraugel hoped. He wished to be Grid’s goal for one more year and sincerely swung the Condemnation Sword.

But there was a saying that the heavens didn’t love short-lived geniuses. Brilliant talent came with a lethal curse.

[The True White Fang is resonating!]

[The curse ‘Bunhelier’s Gaze’ is activated!]

[Retreat!]

[Bunhelier’s Gaze]

The evil dragon Bunhelier is always watching over you.

You might be attacked on the day when Bunhelier is feeling grumpy.

Skill Activation Condition: Random

It was the curse attached to White Fang. It had never activated before and now it was activated in a match that Kraugel had dreamt about for the past year.

Kurwarwarwarwa!

With a roar that shook the earth, a huge shadow that erased the moon appeared.

“Avoid it!”

Kraugel stopped using Condemnation Sword and urgently shouted towards Grid. The worst situation was triggered due to the probability system. There was no time to blame anyone. Kraugel just didn’t want to ruin the situation. He couldn’t overlook the consequences of what would happen if Grid was trampled on by a

dragon while the whole world was watching. He had to bear responsibility for the current situation.

“Freely Move!”

The condition to acquire this title was to ‘raid’ three named bosses higher in level ‘alone.’ It wasn’t Grid’s exclusive skill. It was one step behind Grid but Kraugel also obtained the title this year. Due to this, he could use Freely Move.

Supaak!

Kraugel escaped from Bunhelier’s breath, ascended the grey scales and reached its huge head. His black eyes flashed under black hair as he faced the dragon, while the world watched agape. There were only two people in the world who understood the present situation. The people who knew the options of White Fang. One of them was Grid.

"Damn lizard...!"

Appearing at this timing to obstruct the match?

Kwaduduk! A distinctively purple fighting energy rose from Grid’s body. His gaze was only following Bunhelier. He ignored Kraugel.

Then.

"100,000 Army Massacre Sword."

The power of the Undefeated King was revealed to the public.

Chapter 769.5

“What the hell is this?”

The National Competition Operations Team in the S.A. Group was in a state of emergency.

The National Competition’s server was operated separately from Satisfy’s server. It was impossible for a dragon that existed in Satisfy to appear in the National Competition. However, a dragon appeared in the most important closing event. It was a situation they couldn’t understand and it was serious.

“Figure out what’s going on right now!”

“Yes!”

After receiving the orders of the team leader, the employees started to investigate all variables. The National Competition Operations Team was composed of the elites of the S.A. Group. Thus, reports immediately poured in.

“Bunhelier has disappeared from this server!”

“What...? Then that’s the body?”

“No, how did this happen?”

“I’ve found the cause! It’s the weapon used by Kraugel. The +9 White Fang has an option to summon Bunhelier.”

“What?”

The National Competition’s server was separate from Satisfy’s server. However, the data of the players brought into the National Competition’s server was the same. The option of ‘summoning Helier’ was present in the imported data. It wasn’t impossible to exclude the summoning probability from the National Competition’s server.

“This is crazy! A user has an item that summons a dragon?”

"It's a drop item from the 'Weakened Great Demon Drasion' that Kraugel raided alone!"

According to the information that came up on the central monitor, White Fang was originally an item with its real power and function sealed. Yet Kraugel had completely released the seal on the item. That's why the Bunhelier's curse option was opened.

"How did he break the seal of a legendary grade weapon? Did he proceed with the hidden quest?"

"There's no history of the quest being unlocked."

"The greatest probability is that it was due to the involvement of Pagma's Descendant Grid..."

"Again...! It's Grid once again!"

The head of the National Competition Operations Team was Mr. Nicol Cage, the server audit director of the S.A. Group. He was responsible for preventing errors and bugs from appearing in the server in real time. Therefore, Grid's existence was very troublesome for him. Every time Grid created a variable that was beyond a player's category, he would have to work overtime.

Now it was the National Competition...what was this mess?

"That nasty child!"

Kwang!

Nicol Cage couldn't control his boiling rage and hit the table. His face was green and he was gritting his teeth.

"This situation is very interesting."

"Chairman...!"

An elder gentleman had entered the office of the operations team. He was the father of Supercomputer Morpheus and the creator of Satisfy. The founder and chairman of the S.A. Group, Lim Cheolho. After a simple greeting and encouraging the employees to go back to work, he sat down in front of Nicol Cage.

“I-I’m sorry.”

This incident wasn’t Nicol Cage’s fault. It was the fault of the management team responsible for verifying the data of the players. But he still apologized. Nicol Cage was the head of the National Competition Operations Team. He didn’t give any excuses and apologized for ruining the closing ceremony.

Lim Cheolho grinned at him.

“I don’t think this is a situation where you need to apologize.”

“...?”

Nicol Cage was confused. This situation had ruined the closing ceremony. He couldn’t understand how Chairman Lim Cheolho could be so relaxed right now.

Chairman Lim Cheolho said, “Hasn’t the water already been spilt? There’s something else that should be noted.”

“What is it?”

“Did you know what Bunhelier just woke up from his seal?”

There was a village called Trempet. It was a village where the descendants of the Taylor Kingdom, that was destroyed by the Saharan Empire, lived. There was a verse in the folk song of the locals, stating that ‘Evil dragon, a hero sealed it 500 years ago.’

The evil dragon was Bunhelier. The players who visited Trempet would know that Bunhelier was sealed. The S.A. Group executives who knew the world view of Satisfy knew that Bunhelier’s seal had recently been released.

“The evil dragon Bunhelier is one of the reasons for Nevartan going crazy. Once he sensed the unlocking of Bunhelier’s seal, the insane Nevartan regained his mind for a moment.”

From here, an episode that would transform Satisfy’s world view would proceed.

In order to get revenge on Bunhelier, Nevartan would travel all

over the world and reunite in the Saharan Empire of the West Continent. The West Continent would become a global stage. The two dragons would have a long battle that would last for several months. As a result, most of the West Continent would be destroyed. The number of humans who controlled the West Continent was destined to greatly decrease.

“The species that will replace humanity will appear on the continent and either fight or ally with players.”

Yet Bunhelier disappeared from the server at this time.

“Nevartan can’t sense Bunhelier’s energy and can’t maintain the lease on his reason. He’s become insane again and hidden somewhere. The originally scheduled battle between the two dragons has been cancelled.”

“In other words...”

“Grid and Kraugel have caused the planned disaster and transformation to disappear.”

“I-Isn’t this a big deal?”

Two players twisted the world view of the game that billions of people were playing. It was a serious problem. It must be restored. These were Nicol Cage’s thoughts. However, Chairman Lim Cheolho thought the opposite.

“No, it can’t be reversed. Have you forgotten that our policy is to absolutely not intervene in Satisfy?”

The management team shouldn’t intervene in Satisfy. The reason for this rule was to avoid losing the ‘another reality’ setting of Satisfy. If the management team intervened in the flow of Satisfy and its users, could it really be called another reality?

In Satisfy, users must be guaranteed the same degree of freedom as reality. The moment that the company intervened, the users might become aware of the fact that Satisfy was a game and lose their immersion. It would violate the reason why Chairman Lim

Cheolho created Satisfy.

"We can't intervene to restore the situation or the changed fate."

"But this is a special situation... No. It's nothing."

Nicol Cage objected only to shake his head. It was a basic policy that management couldn't intervene in Satisfy and he had to follow this if he wanted to be kept by the board of directors. In addition, there was no real impact on Satisfy's development if an episode designed by Morpheus didn't proceed normally.

Morpheus' role was to encourage players to have fun in a pleasant environment. Morpheus provided new fun by inducing players to create more diverse forces, not just the current kingdom forces. This episode was intended to give players the fun of choosing different species, but the players would eventually pioneer the way themselves. Grid was the one who showed the possibility of destroying an existing kingdom and creating a new one.

'Rejecting even the fate of God (Morpheus)...'

On the monitor, Grid and Kraugel were facing a giant grey dragon. Lim Cheolho's eyes were very fond every time he looked at the miraculous beings who defied Morpheus' predictions. Chairman Lim Cheolho thought they were similar to himself and the employees who broke all expectations and built a virtual reality world.

"Now it's time to reveal Bunhelier's information."

"Huh? Reveal it to the public?"

"Yes. We'll make the appearance of the dragon an event."

A dragon was a godlike presence in Satisfy. The majority of players might never encounter a dragon. According to the information collected by Morpheus, only 17 players had ever seen a dragon from a distance.

"Wouldn't it be exciting to experience the existence of another world?"

A crisis was an opportunity. If the public perceived the appearance of the dragon as a 'special event' rather than 'ruining the competition,' it could lead to a positive result.

"But it doesn't make sense to restart the finals. People will notice that it's a mistake, not a prepared event."

"Why should it proceed again from the beginning?"

"Huh...?"

"Once Grid and Kraugel die to Bunhelier, don't log them out and have them resurrect in Bunhelier's nest. We'll package their death as the process for releasing a new stage."

The National Competition's server was separate from Satisfy's server, but all maps were implemented. Bunhelier's nest was naturally included. The operations team wasn't involved in Satisfy, but they were constantly involved in the National Competition. An example was the changes in the rules every year.

"This isn't a problem. The appearance of Bunhelier will be finished with a dramatic directing that brings joy to the public."

This year's PvP finals would be more popular than ever. Nicol Cage was impressed by Chairman Lim Cheolho's resourcefulness and creativity.

『 D-Dragon... 』

[The evil dragon Bunhelier has appeared!]

This message appeared the moment that the sky was covered. The commentators and viewers were overwhelmed by the grandeur and were speechless. The question 'No, why is a dragon appearing in the National Competition?' was covered up by the presence of the dragon itself.

Kurarararara!

Bunhelier opened his huge mouth and shot out a breath. The momentum was like the whole sea being summoned. The range of the blue breath swept over the Lion's Castle. It was different from a wyvern's breath that only burned a few meters. This was a huge attack that was impossible to avoid.

Kurururung!

Was it true that this place existed a while ago? The Lion's Castle disappeared so quickly that people questioned it.

“...”

The crowd and viewers all closed their mouths. A dragon. Players recognized them as the final boss, a legendary presence that overwhelmed even the 1st Great Demon Baal. It was enough to make the silent world feel fear.

At this time.

[You have suffered catastrophic damage!]

[A legend doesn't die easily. Your life force is fixed to a minimum. You resist all attacks for 5 seconds.]

Grid was hit by Bunhelier's breath and entered the immortal state, while Kraugel avoided the breath using Freely Move and rose to Bunhelier's head. The height was 30 meters above sea level. He avoided the non-targeted skill and flew by using the effect of Freely Move to reach the target.

“Condemnation Sword!”

Pajik! Paiijik!

It was the Sword Saint's ultimate attack that was originally for Grid. The +9 White Fang was surrounded by silver and struck Bunhelier.

[The information of the evil dragon Bunhelier is released.]

[Bunhelier]

Level: ????

Species: Dragon

Strength: 99,999 Stamina: 99,999

Agility: 12,000 Intelligence: 25,000

Skills: Breath (SSSS). ????, ????,????, ????, ????, ????, ????, ????,
????, ????, ????, ????

A transcendent dragon. He could destroy the world if he wanted.
Only a similar transcendent presence could threaten the dragon.

“What...?”

The crowd was astonished at Bunhelier’s ridiculous status window.

Puk!

Kraugel’s sword flew against the fierce momentum and penetrated Bunhelier. The pupil size alone was bigger than Kraugel’s body. White Fang was just like a toothpick.

Then.

[Sword Saint Kraugel has done 1 damage to Bunhelier.]

This notification window appeared on the center of the monitor.

“Ah... Ahhh...”

People realized. The sky above the sky, who they so envied, was a mere speck of dust in front of the dragon.

『 That’s the world’s strongest creature...! 』

『 Dragon... It’s more amazing than I can imagine. Perhaps it can be raided in 10 years, 20 years? 』

『 Named bosses grow with the players. It’s impossible to raid a dragon. In the first place, dragons weren’t created for players to raid. 』

The commentators were right. Dragons weren't targets for raids. This was clearly stated in Satisfy's default setting. The moment that everyone was in shock.

"...?"

"What?"

The camera suddenly focused on Grid. The purple fighting energy around Grid was burning.

"100,000 Army."

"...Eh?"

People thought of the 'Grid is a chuuni' video. Overgeared King Grid. He was acting like a chuuni in an emergency like this?

"Was this a joke?"

"No, what's he doing alone in this urgent situation?"

"Crazy. Crazy."

They didn't know where this joke came from. Some people criticized Grid while others thought it was ridiculous.

Then Grid.

"Massacre Sword."

The Undefeated King's power was unveiled.

Peng!

Pepepepeok!

The Enlightenment Sword was swung 30 times per second. Black red energy blades filled the air and headed towards Bunhelier.

Kuwaaaaaang!

As soon as Grid fired the 100,000 Army Massacre Sword at Bunhelier, the following notification windows appeared.

[The target is a dragon.]

[The Hero King title effect is activated.]

[The fighting energy of the Hero King has risen to the rank of a transcendent and threatens the dragon. The Absolute Defense of Bunhelier is disabled.]

[You have dealt 1,500 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 1,430 damage to the target!]

[You have dealt 1,610...]

[You have dealt 1,290...]

.....

.....

Kurarararara!

A storm of energy blades struck Bunhelier! The scratches on the dragon scales that couldn't even be damaged by the Sword Saint's ultimate attack caused massive shock to the public.

“Hiccup!”

People on the stands started hiccuping.

Chapter 770

[You have dealt 1,430...]

[The black flame explosion...]

Pepeng!

Pepepepeng!

『 P-Player Grid is continuing the onslaught!! 』

『 Player Grid's attack power is completely overwhelming Player Kraugel!! 』

『 100,000 Army Massacre Sword...! I now understand why it has such a name! It has tremendous power!! 』

『 It's worth noting that the black flames are intermittently exploding. It's applied at the same time as other skills so it might be a passive skill... 』

『 Huh? Is that so? 』

The sight of Bunhelier being bombarded 30 times with 100,000 Army Massacre Sword was shocking. Bunliet's scales, which completely neutralized Sword Saint Kraugel's attacks, received damage. It was the moment when the hidden skill 'Absolute Defense (SSS)' was overwhelmed by Grid's dignity.

Flinch.

Bunhelier's 30 meter long body was finely shaking. The spectators and viewers watching wondered if Grid might succeed in raiding Bunhelier. But reality was terrible. It was like an ordinary person scratching the paint of a luxury sedan only for it to emerge unscathed. Even if slight scratches were made with human fingernails, it was just like dirt from the road blowing. It meant that the wounds on Bunhelier's scales were very minor after being hit by 100,000 Army Massacre Sword.

Bunhelier had an ill-natured personality. It had a health recovery

speed that made a damage of 10,000 or 100,000 meaningless. After being hit by 100,000 Army Massacre Sword, the grey scales that were finely scratched healed in an instant. Grid's attacks couldn't keep up with their resilience.

“Ah...!”

The spectators and viewers were dazzled by the colourful effects and noticed late. Bunhelier's health hadn't decreased at all despite being hit by Grid dozens of times.

'Does it have 10 billion health?'

It was estimated that Great Demon Belial had 2 billion health. It wasn't strange that a dragon, which overwhelmed even the 1st Great Demon Baal, possessed at least 10 billion health. Given the defense and resilience, it was impossible to raid Bunhelier, even if he used 100,000 Army Massacre Sword endlessly. Grid didn't even know about the One Million Army Massacre Sword.

“...I-I'm sorry.”

Kung! As Kraugel hit Bunhelier's snout and turned the giant eyes to him, Kraugel apologized to Grid. He had no choice but to bow his head. Dragon. Kraugel felt awe towards the world's strongest creature.

Kuwaaaaaang!

The ground shook. Grid couldn't maintain his balance and fell down. It wasn't an earthquake. It was a wave created by Bunhelier's 'one step' as it tried to trample Kraugel on the ground. For a dragon, the small and feeble human was like an ant. Grid who penetrated the defense and left small scratches on the scales? From Bunhelier's point of view, he was no different from Kraugel. It felt a little annoyed and wasn't inspired at all. He had no special interest in the ants that were biting at his nails.

Kurarararara!

Bunhelier blew out a breath. Grid and Kraugel had no way to

withstand the powerful attack that swept through the ruins of the old castle. People were upset when Grid and Kraugel turned to grey at the same time.

"...Even Grid and Kraugel can't match a dragon."

"The range of the breath is a scam. Who can endure that? Even if all the players are gathered together, they will be wiped out in 10 minutes.

"By the way, what's this? Why did a dragon suddenly appear in PvP?"

"..."

The crowd and viewers belatedly detected the abnormality. They recovered from the dragon's presence that had overwhelmed them. People were angry because the confrontation that had waited 1 year and 3 months for came to a futile end.

"Is this a joke?"

"I want my admission fee back!"

"Boo! Boooooo!"

The crowd was convinced that this incident was due to the organizers and criticisms poured out. They were no longer concerned with Bunhelier. They couldn't have any interest because it was an existence in another world. The public wanted a target that was in reach.

After Grid and Kraugel's deaths. Bunhelier stood alone on the PvP area where everything was destroyed. It was the moment when the worst existence, that should've terrorized the world along with Insane Dragon Nevartan, felt a sense of uncertainty due to an unfamiliar situation.

At this time.

"Ah! Look there!"

"What? Was it staged?"

The screen was switched. The PvP stage had changed. It was a space large enough to make humans look like dust. A little while ago, Bunhelier had suddenly showed up. Now there was a huge place that looked like there was room for it, even with its two wings wide open.

“Is this a dragon lair?”

As soon as they noticed, they guessed it was the new PvP stage. Then Grid and Kraugel, who had been resurrected, checked the notifications in front of them.

[You were killed by Bunhelier. The evil dragon’s venom has penetrated deep into your lungs. Until you die again, all types of health recovery are reduced by 60%.]

“...”

It was a terrible curse that could only be solved with death. Kraugel was silent as a bitter expression appeared on his face. For the first time in his life, he felt a sense of great helplessness.

In reality and in Satisfy. Every time he met an opponent better than himself, he had a belief that he could jump over the opponent one day. For him, dragons were unfamiliar presences that couldn’t be reached even if he tried for the rest of his life. Kraugel didn’t want to meet a dragon again and it was deeply engraved in his heart.

Grid was different from him.

“Ah, shit...!”

Grid was jumping around while huffing and puffing. An opponent he couldn’t catch up with in his life? Unlike Kraugel, Grid had experienced it countless times. He had learned how to grow using the feelings of helplessness and frustration as nutrients. His attitude was in contrast to Kraugel.

“This damn lizard scum! Not even apologizing after killing someone? Ah, bastard! The next time we meet, I will be sure to get

revenge! Kill it at all cost... No, subtract half blood! Yes! I will make an item to counter a dragon!”

“ ... ”

Kraugel was surprised at Grid’s burning desire. Grid’s eyes presented Kraugel with an unexpected future.

“This lizard, I will summon it again for you later.”

“What?”

“At that time, you and I will be armed with dragon slayer items and cut off his layer of scales. And... huhuhu! Make armor out of the scales. How about it? Aren’t you happy just imagining it?”

“ ... ”

Kraugel became aware that Grid was a great person. But he didn’t expect it to be this much.

‘His vessel fills my vessel.’

With a complicated expression, Kraugel returned to reality.

“Then what about this?”

Grid noticed the cameras reopening and noticed that the PvP match would resume. He was affected by the evil dragon’s curse. The recovery abilities of Doran’s Ring, Elfin Stone’s Ring, and Cray’s Power had become ineffective. The situation was the same with Kraugel. It was a deadly curse for Kraugel, who had the ability to recover with the Troll King’s Curse, Bitter Grief Spear, and the Red Sword.

Of course, the S.A. Group didn’t overlook this. The organizers released the curse on the two people by borrowing the name of a god.

[Goddess Rebecca has healed you of the evil dragon’s extreme poisoning.]

At the same time.

『 Did you enjoy the emergence of the evil dragon Bunhelier, which made the PvP finals more colorful? From now on, the second round of the finals will begin on a new stage! This stage is a dragon lair! It's the nest of the evil dragon Bunhelier! 』

The host received a notice and shouted in a loud voice.

Grid and Kraugel laughed as they discovered the situation.

"The host is also suffering."

"I agree."

"Let's finish this quickly. Fighting, fighting, and fighting again. I'm exhausted."

"A sea of hope."

No further words were necessary. The resources such as health and skill cooldown time were restored to what they were before Bunhelier appeared. The two people rushed towards each other.

Paaaat!

Grid's attack power was high now that fighting energy exceeded 50, making it difficult for Kraugel. He started to be pushed on the defensive in the sword exchange. He evaded and then launched a large number of swords with Control Sword. The swords moved in every direction so that Grid couldn't avoid them.

Grid didn't find a way to escape, but he wasn't afraid. When he looked with a Blacksmith's Eyes, the swords had a rating from unique~ legendary. Then what about Grid's defense? Grid judged that it would be hard for the weapons to penetrate his armor unless Kraugel wielded them directly.

Puk! Puuook!

Grid's battle style was exchanging flesh and blood! He tried to counterattack against Kraugel every time he was hit by a sword. Then he suddenly stopped. Some of the swords fired by Kraugel pierced his right elbow. Grid was unable to swing his arms because

the physical conditions prevented the rotation of his joints.

‘Crazy...!’

It was guided?

‘What is this...?’

The moment that Grid was feeling irritation and excitement.

“Condemnation Sword.”

Pajik! Paiijik!

A silver sword was raised. It was the skill that was blocked by Bunhelier’s emergence. Now it appeared again as a threat to Grid.

Clink!

It was too late to move the hand holding his sword. Grid judged and raised his left hand, summoning Iyarugt from his inventory. Kraugel expected Grid to fight back with Revolve. But Grid’s choice was different.

"100,000 Army Massacre Sword!"

‘At this timing?’

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

The strongest skill that penetrated even a dragon’s scales washed over Kraugel. He was swallowed up as a silver light flashed from the tip of his sword.

Chapter 771

People were different. They might be looking at the same thing but would feel something else. Most people who felt good were already ahead.

'This time, Grid was ahead.'

The evil dragon Bunhelier. The world's strongest presence that could never be raided. When Kraugel didn't want to see it again, Grid dreamt of getting revenge. It was a huge difference. It was clear that after Bunhelier, Grid would achieve a much faster growth.

In order to avoid falling behind, Kraugel also couldn't turn away from Bunhelier. In addition, Grid drove the sky above the sky to the edge.

"Condemnation Sword!"

Condemnation Sword was one of the Sword Saint's ultimate skills which boasted an attack power equivalent to 100% of the target's defense. It couldn't penetrate Bunhelier's defense, but it was enough to inflict damage on Grid. White Fang was surrounded by a silver light as it rushed to Grid.

"100,000 Army Massacre Sword!"

"...!"

Kraugel thought Grid would choose to defend or counterattack, but he ending up using an unexpected skill. It was the strongest skill that dealt damage even to Bunhelier. It was an unexpected development for Kraugel.

'Why?'

Grid grew stronger as fighting energy accumulated. From a certain point of view, it was right to keep fighting energy at the maximum. However, Grid consumed fighting energy by using

100,000 Army Massacre Sword. Kraugel had a headache. Why did Grid make this choice? Kraugel questioned it.

“Freely Move!”

He opened up the power of Secret Hero and avoided all the strikes of 100,000 Army Massacre Sword that was release at close range.

“Whoa...!”

Sounds of admiration flowed from everywhere. The crowd was overwhelmed by Grid, who wielded the sword 30 times in one second and Kraugel, who avoided all the swift attacks.

Pajik! Pajijijik!

Before the red spots in the air disappeared.

Teook!

Kraugel reached Grid’s side and inserted Condemnation Sword.

[You have dealt 53,400 damage to the target!]

Puook!

White Fang sunk deep into Grid’s waist! Grid shed blood at the critical blow. The moment Kraugel grabbed the spirit of victory. The crowd gasped. People now admired Grid more than ever after he damaged Bunhelier. It was a standard similar to the sky above the sky. There were many people who felt sorry that he would be defeated after a long fight.

On the other hand, Kraugel was trying to link the White Sword, Black Sword, and Twin Sword combo.

At this time.

"...!"

Kraugel’s eyes widened. He perceived the intense aura gathered at the end of Grid’s sword. Kraugel knew what it was.

‘Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle...!’

It was the ultimate swordsmanship that Grid showed in the Great Demon Belial raid! It was the power that Kraugel feared most from Grid. The reason why Kraugel blocked Grid's footwork during the finals was to stop Grid from using Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle.

Grid completed it. It was while Kraugel was focused on the 100,000 Army Massacre Sword!

‘This was his intention.’

Grid consumed fighting energy and used 100,000 Army Massacre Sword to disperse Kraugel's attention? He wasted his best skill in order to complete the footwork? No, in the first place, was 100,000 Army Massacre Sword his best skill? No. Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle was the strongest.

Chill.

Kraugel's spine was cold and sweaty.

Kuoooooooooh-!

The Enlightenment Sword roared. Kraugel realized the sword in front of him was flickering with flames. He had been trapped the moment Grid used 100,000 Army Massacre Sword on Bunhelier. Kraugel was so dazzled by 100,000 Army Massacre Sword that Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle became obsolete and Freely Move was consumed.

Puok!

Puk puk!

The Enlightenment Sword continuously pierced Kraugel. The Enlightenment Sword was like a fish that met water. The powerful sword containing killing intent fluttered like a butterfly but was as quick as a bee.

[You have suffered 43,100 damage.]

“Kuk...!”

It was difficult for Kraugel to completely avoid it. The Super

Sensitivity passive. It had an advantage of there being no penalty compared to the active version, but it was true that the function was weakened. The story would've been different if Kraugel had reached level 300 and his stats had gone through the third awakening. His high agility would've maximized the Super Sensitivity passive and he might've been able to avoid Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle.

But now Kraugel's level was in the 200's. He was also using Control Sword to keep the God Hands in check. From the time he got the Sword Saint class to now, it was too little time.

Puk puk!

[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[A legend doesn't die easily. You can resist all attacks for 5 seconds with a minimum of health.]

Kraugel went into the immortal state despite his Sword Saint class reducing the damage. Grid shouted as Kraugel was swept away by Linked Kill that lead to Wave.

“Next year's hero...!”

Last year's winner of PvP, Kraugel became the hero. The idol of everyone, their goal. Grid looked at him and burned with motivation. He was desperate to be crowned the hero next year.

“I will be next year's hero!”

Kurururung!

Grid's desire for victory was stronger than ever. As if in response to this, the Enlightenment Sword was more eager than usual. Black flames exploded in succession while a red lightning bolt struck Kraugel.

“Ugh! Passing the sky!”

Kraugel was covered with waves of sword energy. He gritted his teeth and tried to counterattack against the Pinnacle portion.

Passing the Sky. It was the strongest counterattack that Kraugel created based on Tearing the Sky. The power was at least equivalent to Revolve and unlike Grid, it was possible to cast it immediately without needing footwork. Strictly speaking, it was a counterattack that exceeded Revolve.

Then.

Jjeejeeong!

It faced the end portion of Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle.

“Cough!”

A large amount of blood poured from Grid’s chest. Right here.

"Ohhhhhh!"

Kraugel relied on the immortality passive to unleash fierce attacks. He would deal the final strike to Grid, make him also consume the immortal passive, and then reverse the battle. But that plan was blocked.

[Your health has dropped below 10%. 31,600 health is instantly restored due to the effect of Tiramet’s Power attached to the Rune of Darkness.]

[A great king puts his safety first. Due to the First King title effect, a shield with 92,800 defense will be created.]

“What...?”

Kraugel let out a confused cry of alarm. White Fang that stabbed at Grid.

Jjeejeeong!

It was blocked by a shield that shone around Grid like the sun.

“Amazing!”

“Wow...

The crowd and viewers were busy admiring it. They were amazed by Grid’s ability to restore health and create a splendid shield. His

tanking ability was just like the famous tankers, Vantner and Bubat.

“Blackening!”

"Splitting the Sky...!"

Kraugel didn't give up. His successive sword techniques threatened Grid. It was regrettable that Kraugel couldn't use all the skills of a Sword Saint due to his low level and lacking resources.

Jjejejeok!

Chaeeeeeng!

Kraugel and Grid's swords moved without stopping. Grid's specs rose at a rapid pace due to Blackening and fighting energy, while Kraugel lost his immortal passive. In the end, Kraugel had to make a choice. He recovered the swords he was controlling. He ignored the God Hands and rejoined his dispersed attention. He regained his concentration and his control skills.

Jjejeong! Jjeejeeong!

“Kuk...!”

Grid was driven on the defensive. His radiantly shining shield gradually lost its light. But Kraugel was a flame on the verge of going out. As soon as the God Hands joined Grid, Kraugel was gradually neutralized as he lost most of his resources.

Finally.

Peeeeeong!

Puk! Puook!

The moment Kraugel broke through Grid's shield, Grid's sword pierced Kraugel's chest. After he became Pagma's Descendant. Grid had gone through all types of quests and even rose to the throne. On the other hand, Kraugel had only been focused on levelling since he changed to a Sword Saint.

This was the difference between the two people. This fact was clear from the beginning. Time wasn't on Kraugel's side.

“Grid.”

The God Hands were turned into Lifael's Spear with Item Transformation and the four spears pierced Kraugel's flesh. Before he turned to grey, he knew that everyone was focused on him and spoke.

"In the future, you are my idol and I will be the challenger.”

Kraugel knew. The gaze that Grid always looked at him with. Envy and longing. There would be no more burdensome gaze. Now he was finally free.

Pisik.

The moment that Kraugel smiled warmly and touched Grid's cheek with a bloody hand.

Shaaaaaaaah—

Kraugel's body turned to grey. The winner of the 3rd National Competition's PvP event was decided.

『 As a result, South Korean is first in the overall rankings!! 』

“Waaaaaaaah!”

South Korea heated up. The 50 million people in South Korea were screaming. Some people laughed happily while others cried.

“Our son is the best!”

“Oppa...!”

Of course, the people who shed tears the most was Grid's family. They witnessed Grid beating the world's best player and being recognized, so his family was grateful.

On the other hand, Grid was left alone on the PvP stage.

“...”

He gritted his teeth. It was because he was about to burst into tears. He kept silent for a moment before shouting in a trembling voice.

“Log out.”

It was time to return to reality. He won the title that he had dreamt of.

『 Player Grid had broken the sky above the sky and led South Korea to be first in the overall rankings. 』

『 Ahhh, who would’ve expected South Korea to be number one? 』

『 I’m proud to tears. Player Grid is indeed the son that South Korea is proud of. 』

“Player Grid! Please tell us what you are feeling!”

"How do you feel about being crowned the new sky?"

Hundreds, thousand of camera shutters went off without interruption. The questions of the reporters and cheers of the crowd were endless. It had been four years and five months since Satisfy opened and the world changed. Interest was hot. Grid’s name and face decorated the world news. The feats that Grid accumulated so far was unveiled all over the world.

Grid had become the new sky.

‘Everybody...’

His parents and Sehee. Khan, Irene, and Lord.

Grid stood on the podium as people watched him with eyes filled with envy. Grid wanted to rush and see his ‘family’ as soon as possible. He wanted to hold them in his arms and bask in their pride.

Snap! Snap snap!

The camera shutters of various reporters started to click faster.

The reporters had an instinctive feeling. It was a sense of duty that told them they needed to take photos of this gentle and loving Grid.

Chapter 772

"Waaaaahhhhh!"

"Grid finally did it!"

"The best! Always exciting!"

"Keok! God Grid...! I love you, God Grid!!"

It was strange and proud to see Grid on the podium higher than Kraugel. He broke Kraugel, who'd reigned supreme. In the past two years, he'd led South Korea to the second rank despite it being known for being weak in Satisfy. Now he gave them the honor of being the top country this year.

It was natural for the Korean players to feel unlimited gratitude and respect for him. Even Eat Spicy Jokbal, who hated Grid on the surface, was thrilled. He realized there was still deep patriotism in his heart and embraced Peak Sword.

"You should try and persuade Princess to join the Overgeared Guild." Viola said with a scolding expression.

On the monitor, Grid was being interviewed.

"Just like anyone who played Satisfy, Kraugel was an idol and goal for me. I heard his heroic stories and burned with fighting spirit when hearing his saga. Then I worked hard. This is the result."

Grid stopped speaking and looked at Kraugel, who was also surrounded by reporters. Grid's eyes were no different than before.

"Thanks to Kraugel, I was able to reach where I am now. Kraugel will forever be my idol and competitor."

Grid closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He recalled everything that happened in reality and in Satisfy as he struggled at the bottom before he reached the peak. He opened his eyes and

smiled at the hundreds of cameras focused on him. He already organized his thoughts.

"And...the best capsules are from the Comet Group."

Grid still had the sponsorship of the Comet Group this year. The most important point was that the Comet Group's sales jumped thanks to Grid. Grid's words had a bigger impact on sales than the combination of TV, Internet, and newspaper ads. All the Comet Group employees felt unlimited gratitude and affection for Grid. The chairman of the Comet Group had a plan to marry his youngest daughter to Grid. But the youngest daughter of the Comet Group stubbornly refused. The world's best women, Yura and Jishuka, were standing by Grid's side. She wasn't a match for Grid when she was just a rich daughter.

Overall, it was a friendly atmosphere.

"Then...what about next year?"

"Yes. Just imagine the hell."

"What can we do? We just have to give up."

Chris, Damian, Pon, Regas, Katz, etc. They felt despair because they knew Grid's power. They didn't have a sense of how to win against Grid, who thanks to winning this year's PvP, would appear as the Hero next year.

"Infinite stiffness is the default and his God Hands can turn into all types of items.

"Blackening and Belial's Power..."

"How can we beat Grid's Enlightenment Sword?"

"I don't want him to summon Iyarugt. Maybe we can win in two years?"

"..."

Was it possible to beat him after two years? No one was sure. They didn't say it, but they already knew the answer. They

wouldn't participate in next year's Breaking the Hero. That was the easiest thing to do.

"Are you going back to South Korea?"

"Yes. I want to eat the rice that my mother prepares."

"...A mother's cooking. I'm envious."

"Eh? Kraugel, don't you live with your mother? What? Is your mother sick again?"

"No. Don't take my words seriously."

Tokyo Dome had been the stage of the National Competition for the third year. After the closing ceremony, Grid and Kraugel were sitting side by side on the empty stands. Both of them were illuminated by the dim lighting.

"In the future, your area of activities will be wider."

"Isn't it the same for you?"

"I'm an individual and you're a king. You will obtain more information and visit more places."

"Huhu, are you nervous? You don't have to worry. Don't I also have to shoulder the responsibility of a king? I will be going forward with heavy footsteps while you will have a light gait."

"...Let's not keep talking about this. Grid, remember one thing."

"What is it?"

Kraugel's eyes were very dignified. What did he want to say? Grid's smiling face went away. He took a serious listening attitude.

Kraugel started talking. "If you visit the East Continent as a king, you will certainly be intertwined with the Hwan Kingdom."

Kraugel also had eyes and ears. He visited the East Continent much earlier than Grid and knew roughly what Grid had gone through on the continent. However, he didn't know the detailed

information of what Grid had already encountered. He only knew that Grid was active in Pangea and moved some of its residents to the Overgeared Kingdom.

"You should've heard about the Hwan Kingdom. They're the only religion and ruler of the East Continent."

"They're like the Saharan Empire."

Kraugel spoke seriously. It was a story he already knew so he couldn't take it lightly. Kraugel shook his head at Grid. "There's no comparison to the empire. Didn't I tell you? They're the only religion and ruler of the East Continent. They're gods to the people of the East Continent."

"..."

The yangban Garam passed through Grid's head. In the meantime, the word 'yangban' emerged from Kraugel's mouth.

"Yangban... They aren't those who fancy themselves as pseudo-gods. They're the ones who consider themselves as gods because they have the right qualities and skills." Kraugel finally cut to the chase. "Don't mix up with them until you are at least level 500. If you have to visit the East Continent, then visit it as an individual. I don't know what will happen if your kingdom gets tied up with the Hwan Kingdom."

"What? Are they really dangerous?"

"Strictly speaking, they aren't evil. But their ideas are different. Think about them as monsters."

Grid recalled with Garam was like and fully sympathized with Kraugel. Grid smiled and asked a question, "Are they that strong? It's enough to make you act like this."

Kraugel nodded without hesitation.

"They're strong. To you right now, they're a great mountain, another mountain on top of the great mountain and the sky above

it.”

“...”

Was this referring to the Chiyou test that Garam mentioned? Had Kraugel met up with them? Grid was filled with pure curiosity when he heard Kraugel’s voice.

“But.”

“...?”

“They aren’t as strong as Bunhelier.”

“Huhu.” Grid understood Kraugel’s meaning and stretched. “Okay. I understand. I’ll be alert. I can avoid them, but I won’t be daunted by those who aren’t a dragon.”

“I’m glad that you understand.”

Yes, Grid just had to be alert. He wouldn’t be involved with those sociopaths unless they were interested first. Grid was strong. Kraugel believed this but he didn’t know Grid had already become a target of a yangban.

“Then I’m going. I’m going home to eat.”

Grid said farewell with a handshake. He wanted to have a glass of soju with Kraugel, but it wasn’t yet time. The day that he shared a cup with Kraugel...

“Three rounds.”

“...?”

“A man’s match should be decided in three rounds? I was thinking about it but the first time we fought doesn’t count.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“It was just after you fought Piaro. Wouldn’t you have won if you were in a normal state?”

“It’s pointless to think this way. I lost at that time. This is the truth.”

"No, I'm not convinced." Grid pulled back his hand. He immediately turned away from Kraugel. "Let's play the third round in the National Competition next year. Then we will have a cup of soju on that day."

"You...!"

Grid ignored Kraugel's cry. He headed straight to the parking lot where Toon was waiting. Grid had noticed. After being freed from his high position, Kraugel was planning to seclude himself from the world. Kraugel would act like he used to and not do public activities again.

"You shouldn't retire alone."

Kraugel must be in Grid's field of view. If Grid didn't see Kraugel, he would feel insecure. Grid had to confirm whether Kraugel was still behind him or had already gone ahead.

"Just relax and continue to play against me, Kraugel."

There were many ways to invalidate the three rounds. Grid had overwhelmingly conditions not just in the first round, but the second and third as well. It was too unfair.

A huge smile. Toon jumped as he saw Grid smiling in the middle. It was because Grid was making a different expression from normal. He seemed like a completely different person from this morning.

'The best...'

A warrior became a blacksmith, joined the Tzedakah Guild, became the master of the Overgeared Guild, and eventually became the king of the Overgeared Kingdom. His evolution was still ongoing. What would Grid look like a year from now? Toon was full of expectations when he suddenly received a call.

"...What?"

It was the worst news. Toon paled and looked back. Grid was so

tired that he had fallen asleep.

"Did something happen?" The driver asked.

"Go to the airport instantly." Toon urged. He prayed eagerly for Grid to be having a good dream.

Let's go back in time. It was time for the PvP finals between Grid and Kraugel to start.

"It's here."

Veradin led the elites of Immortal and stood in front of the smithy in the center of Reinhardt. It was a huge smithy. No, to be exact, it was a smithy complex. There were five smithies in the center of Reinhardt that could accommodate at least 30 furnaces. The alarming part was that there were many smithies still under construction.

"Reinhardt is said to be a city without a night and it's all because of the smithies."

The necromancers of Immortal clicked their tongues. On the other hand, Veradin was smiling.

'Grid will be quite angry if all the smithies here are burned.'

The legendary farmer Piaro, who lived in Siren, had disappeared after the vampire expedition. Grid's first knight Jude was still in Bairan. In addition, the great magician Ashur was guarding the border.

Grid's three heavenly kings weren't in Reinhardt. He was sure of it since it was information received from Empress Marie. In addition, the National Competition was now occurring. Most of the Overgeared members who were supposed to replace the three heavenly kings were mostly away. It was obvious that Reinhardt's defenses were weak at this time.

"But shouldn't I be careful? First of all, I will assassinate Khan

who is the target.”

Sururuk.

He secretly summoned a death knight in the darkness. It was a death knight made from the corpse of the assassin who was called ‘reaper in the dark.’ Veradin’s heart pounded. There was a need to weaken the power of the Overgeared Kingdom for the future of Immortal. He led the elites of Immortal for this reason.

This incident would make Grid furious. What would happen when he found out Agnus was behind it? It was obvious. Grid would be filled with killing intent. What would Agnus look like in a dire crisis? Veradin was curious as well. He wanted to observe all aspects of the madman.

That’s right. Like Lauel said in the past, Veradin wasn’t loyal to Agnus. Agnus was just an interesting experiment. Grid was selected as a sacrifice for the experiment.

Chapter 773

Khan's family had produced excellent blacksmiths for generations, while the king of the Eternal Kingdom changed 11 times. They owned a famous smithy. It was no wonder that Khan's pride was as high as the sky. Since his youth, he had been praised as the best blacksmith in the eastern part of the Eternal Kingdom and dreamt about becoming the first blacksmith of the continent. He didn't doubt that his dream would become a reality.

But reality wasn't that easy. It was cruel. Reality trampled on his dreams, tearing them to ashes. His beloved wife and son died. Khan experienced great heartbreak and spent a few years as a drunkard. He held a bottle in his hand instead of a hammer and looked at the river instead of a fire.

His wife was a childhood friend he had grown up with. In the process of welcoming her as his lover and wife, Khan's affection was incomparably greater than the world's gold and treasures. Then he lost her overnight. There was also his son who loved her as much as Khan did.

Khan was left alone and had no meaning in his life. If the Mero Company hadn't coveted the smithy Khan inherited from his father, he would've chosen to obediently die. But the Mero Company coveted his smithy. Khan had to endure somehow. He recalled his duty and suppressed his grief in order to maintain his smithy.

It was a meaningless effort. His grief was very large. He couldn't keep back the poison for long. In the end, he gave up everything in life. He gave everything to the damn swindlers and was on his way to making the extreme choice of cutting off his life.

The savior who appeared at this time was Grid. Khan still vividly remembered Grid's first appearance. A young man with a sullen expression and a dead look in his eyes. Grid resembled himself. But

their skills were different. After he saved Khan from the crisis, he became Khan's disciple, friend, and son. Now he was a king.

“Haha...”

Deep in the night. Khan carefully polished the metal and wiped the tears that suddenly flowed down. 80 years old. He had lived longer than others. Perhaps that was why? He was keenly aware of it. He couldn't sleep easily, he was submerged in memories, and he kept shedding tears.

“It's time for me to go.”

Every person had a fixed lifetime. He would naturally know how much life he had left once it was time. Some people might see Khan as only an NPC, but he was also a person. He instinctively sensed it was time for him to leave. That's why he was busy hammering. His hammer was filled with a desire to pay back Grid as much as possible before Khan left.

Ttang! Ttang!

Did he want to prove that the blood of Albatino, who inspired Pagma, flowed inside his body? Khan was obsessed with making a better Valhalla. He wished that this armor would help preserve Grid's life.

‘Perhaps this will be my posthumous work.’

This was his last chance. It was an opportunity to prove his life as a blacksmith wasn't in vain. An opportunity to prove that King Grid's teaching wasn't lacking!

Ttang! Ttang!

Khan wanted Valhalla to be completed as the greatest armor on this earth. He wanted to make an armor that Grid wouldn't be ashamed of. He reminded himself of this every time he saw Grid's armor.

Ttaaang!

Khan's hammering was more sophisticated than ever. It was so delicate that it was comparable to a legendary blacksmith. It was a hammer containing the desires of a blacksmith. Now Khan was making his life's work. It wasn't a miracle, but all his experience that allowed him to display a greater ability than usual.

Ttang! Ttang!

The blacksmiths alternated working day and night on the mass produced Grid set. Their hammering could be heard despite the late hour. Khan's hammering sound was exceptionally clear.

"The chief is in good condition today?"

"I agree. I'm already anticipating some monster-like work."

"But I'm a bit worried. It looks like he hasn't been sleeping for the past few days..."

A strange voice entered the blacksmiths' ears.

"There's a saying about the final radiance of a setting sun (dying flash)."

It was a low voice. The voice came from the entrance.

Clack! Clack clack clack!

The sounds that followed were a bit strange. It sounded like footsteps but were very light.

"...?"

Khan turned his gaze towards the entrance and was shocked.

"Heok!"

"S-Skeleton...?"

They weren't mistaken. Bones occupied the entrance to the smithy. The lifeless bodies moved in a threatening manner. Skeleton knight. At the center of these skeletons, the white-haired Veradin fixed his gaze on Khan.

"The appearance of working severe hours while burning your

life. It's a very desirous attitude for a worker. It is no wonder that you have the favor of the Overgeared King."

"Who are you?"

The smithy complex was the most important area in the Overgeared Kingdom. Soldiers were always stationed here and the knights patrolled every hour. Now an unidentified intruder appeared in the smithy that was at the center. Khan didn't know what types of terrible things happened outside.

Khan replied to Khan, who showed extreme vigilance.

"I'm sorry, but I'm a villain."

Swipe.

Veradin winked and the robed men behind him clapped their hands. It was a signal for the skeleton knights to move.

"H-Hik!"

"K-Khan! Run away!"

The frightened blacksmiths gathered to stall the skeleton knights. They knew that Khan's life was more important than their own. Khan was their respected mentor and the closest one to King Grid!

"Kuaaaack!"

"Ugh...! K-Khan! Hurry!"

The skeleton knights were the advanced undead that could only be produced with the body of a knight. Since they were already dead, they weren't afraid of death. They were given the power of the necromancers and demonstrated a transcendent ability. It was a level where knights could barely subdue them.

Then what about the blacksmiths? They had excellent strength and stamina because they used their bodies for a living, but they were still civilians in the end. Five skeleton knights instantly slaughtered dozens of blacksmiths.

“Jane...! Abra!”

Khan screamed with a white face. The young people who would become the pillars of the kingdom lost their lives. His sense of despair was great.

“Come forward. Isn’t it easier for you to quickly accept the inevitable fate?”

The sacrifice of the young blacksmiths to save an old man made Veradin unhappy. It was awkward to have unnecessary casualties. He was sensitive to the value of life. He didn’t mind killing for a purpose, but he disliked unplanned killing. Veradin blocked the entrance with a frown and hastened Khan’s death.

The result was that a sound was heard. Something fell from the high ceiling of the smithy and the skeleton knights were cut apart.

"...!"

Veradin’s eyes shook. It was because he knew the identity of the man who destroyed five skeleton knights summoned by the elites of Immortal.

“Faker, why are you here?”

As a close confidant of Grid, shouldn’t Faker be watching the PvP match right now? He should support his master like a loyal dog. The doubtful Veradin read Faker’s eyes and snarled.

“I see. The god of killing... Is it more interesting to be a god than a dog?”

Teook!

Just before Veradin’s words finished. Faker used Acceleration to move faster than anyone and he reached Veradin’s side. His weapon was one of the Belial series of items received at the Overgeared Kingdom’s founding ceremony. The dagger made of Belial’s bones stabbed at Veradin.

Puok!

[You have suffered 12,900 damage.]

[You have received the curse of fire and darkness!]

[Every five seconds, damage equal to 4.8% of your total health will be received. This effect will last for 30 seconds.]

[As a necromancer, you have resisted the curse of darkness.]

"Did you conclude it's better to act first?"

Veradin rushed back and quickly drank a health potion. The moment Faker reached him again.

Ttaak!

Veradin raised a finger.

Then.

"Ugh!"

"...?"

Khan's groan was heard and Faker looked back with panic. A death knight appeared from the darkness and pointed a sword at Khan's neck. Veradin saw that Faker was unable to move and his eyes curved in a half moon.

"I knew that this blacksmith was Grid's close friend. But I didn't know it was enough to get your protection. Aren't blacksmith craftsmen common in the Overgeared Kingdom?"

"..."

"Hrmm? You don't seem shocked by the surprise attack itself? Is it thanks to Lauel? That friend was able to predict this type of situation?"

The rewards for the National Competition were huge. In particular, the reward for a medal was 10 times bigger than a raid. But big profits were accompanied by big risk. Why were rankers and hermits reluctant to take part in the National Competition?

While their competitors were wasting time with the official

schedule, they were hunting and raiding in order to achieve a steady growth. It wasn't guaranteed to get a medal when participating in the National Competition and they might fall behind. In severe cases, forces could invade while the participants were away.

Of course, there was a considerable number of participants in the National Competition. In the end, they made their choice and were responsible for their choices. Lauel knew this fact and would've prepared some countermeasures during the competition.

"It isn't surprising to put a big person beside the target. That Lauel, is he a fortune teller?"

Lauel wasn't a fortune teller. He was just prepared to protect what was most important to Grid. Kasim was beside Irene and Lord so he put Faker on Khan. That's why he was here when Veradin struck. But Veradin didn't seem panicked.

"I know that you are a talented person, but who knows? Will it work against me?"

Veradin was the right arm of Agnus, who could become the peak of two billion users. Of course, it was just a superficial relationship. But Veradin was able to become Agnus' right-hand man because he was qualified. On the other hand, Faker wasn't Grid's right-hand man. He was only one of Grid's many subordinates. It meant that their levels were different.

Ttaak!

Veradin flicked his fingers with an emotionless face.

Pahat!

Faker immediately accelerated.

Jeeeeeeong!

"...!"

The death knight would've been surprised if it had feelings. No,

there was no surprise. Faker's dagger stopped the blade that was going to stab Khan and immediately linked an attack skill.

Chukak. Chukakakakak!

The sharp dagger pieced the death knight several times. A bright purple light covered the death knight and the death knight was in a state of blindness. It was the Luminous Ray Flash.

Peeok!

Faker kicked the death knight and grabbed Khan's wrist. He wanted to first take Khan to a safe place. At that moment.

"Tower of Command."

"Tower of Command."

"Tower of Command."

Ku ku ku ku!

A black tower with a height of one meter appeared around Khan and Faker. The number of towers increased. It was a necromancer's special skill, which weakened the power of the living and gave absolute power to the dead.

Kuweeeeeeh!

The death knight flew towards Faker. It wielded its sword randomly, as if not caring if Faker or Khan died. It had been affected by the blindness state.

But the death knight recovered the moment the Tower of Command was used. The reason the attacks looked disorganized was due to the style of swordsmanship. It was an unrefined, fierce attack that was like a wild beast. Faker saw that its Sword Mastery level was quite high.

Tadak!

Clack! Clack clack!

The situation was becoming worse and worse. The skeleton

knights, which had fallen to Dance of the Reaper when Faker first appeared, now stood up one by one. They gradually approached while armed with threatening weapons. The situation wasn't good and Khan shouted, "Don't worry about this old man. Just run away!"

"..."

"I'm an old man who doesn't have long left to live! You don't need to risk yourself to save me!"

"Your life is worth 100 times more than mine."

Faker opened his mouth for the first time. Khan was amazed because it was the first time he heard the voice of the normally taciturn Faker in years.

Faker whispered to him. "Hold on tightly. I will move faster."

Sukakak!

Faker's dark dagger flashed red. At the same time, the bloody demonic energy shattered the towers and mangled the skeleton knights. Only the death knight succeeded in evading. Khan and Faker already reached the ceiling of the smithy.

"Overgeared...!"

The elites of Immortal were fed up. It wasn't easy to estimate the power of the Overgeared members, who were armed with non-standard equipment. They were filled with the thought that their plan might go to hell.

Kwaaaaah!

The death knight moved to intercept Faker. It was Veradin's response to Faker's determination to protect Khan.

Peeeeeeong!

Chaeng! Chaeeeeeng!

Faker frowned as he exchanged blows with the death knight. It

was because the death knight started exuding a terrible poison.

“Cough...!”

The poisoned Khan coughed up dark blood.

Chapter 774

Wiiiiiiing!

Faker whistled. It was a signal to call the Overgeared Shadows waiting outside. But there was no reaction.

"Our Immortal also has huge forces. There are many people as talented as you. To them, your subordinates aren't so difficult." Veradin said. The Death Knight crossed several pillars to get to Faker, like a performing monkey. 10 new skeleton knights entered the smithy. They were summoned by the necromancers who smashed the Overgeared Shadows waiting outside and joined in.

Furthermore. The bodies of the blacksmiths turned to ghouls and started to rise up.

Chaaeng! Chaaeng!

Faker's nervousness reached its peak as he blocked the death knight's dagger persistently pursuing him. The poisoned Khan's health continued to decline. Faker was alone and the number of enemies kept increasing. As time went by, he was at a disadvantage. His first priority was to get out of here, but the death knight called Kyleo was stronger than expected. He was an erosion type assassin who used poison as his main force, while also having excellent melee combat ability. It was clear that he was a strong person in his lifetime.

"Cough! Cough!"

Death Knight Kyleo used Veradin's mana to constantly release poison. Khan's poisoning status became worse and the speed at which his health was consumed accelerated.

Chwarururuk!

The illusion technique released intermittently limited Faker's ability. Since Faker had to fight while protecting Khan, his eyes were tied up.

{Faker: I need support at the 1st smithy.}

He tried shouting in the guild window but no one responding. It was clear that the Overgeared members had left to watch the finals between the Overgeared King Grid and Kraugel. Did he blame them? No. If Lauel hadn't called him to protect Khan in case of danger, he would've logged out as well.

Chaaeng! Chaeeeeeng!

After discovering that Faker was vulnerable to the illusion technique, Kyleo increased the number of times it was used. He didn't care about Veradin's mana as he used skills continuously against Faker.

“Kuk...!”

Faker was caught in the illusions and found it hard to tell what was real. Hundreds of Kyleo's daggers were visible while Khan seemed like skeletons. The pillars on both sides of him turned into snake heads.

Puok!

Seokeok!

The number of injuries on the body of the confused Faker increased. He soon fell to the ground and the skeleton knights and ghouls flocked to him. Veradin's face was filled with joy. Rather than taking care of his own body as he fell, Faker aimed to protect Khan. Veradin could see how important Khan's position in the Overgeared Kingdom was.

‘Okay. I have set the target properly.’

It was good. The Overgeared Kingdom would receive extensive damage and Grid would be furious. How far would Agnus' madness reach as he was hunted by Grid's rage?

Duguen! Duguen!

Veradin's heart ran wild as he looked forward to the future.

"Stop your actions right now!"

Women and men armed from head to toe in the mass produced Grid set appeared in the smithy. They were Sua and the Red Phoenix Group. This was Lauel's arrangement. The warriors who defended Pangea. Lauel had them guard the blacksmith complex since their average abilities were superior to those on the West Continent. The safety device wasn't just Faker.

"Hoh, isn't this good?"

The elite necromancers of Immortal. They were captivated by Sua's gentle eyes. Satisfy had many beautiful NPCs, but Sua was outstanding. Her beauty was at least in the top five.

"I would like to see beyond your flesh. Huhu! I want to make you into a death knight."

A necromancer started drooling. It was the 7th ranked necromancer, Drew. Sua was clearly a named NPC at first glance, so he was interested in her. Veradin nodded because he knew that Drew wasn't satisfied with his current death knight.

"Do what you want."

"Good!"

Sua was his now that permission had been given. Drew ignored the boos of the other necromancers and instructed his skeleton knight to attack Sua.

Kiyaaaaak!

The skeleton knight ran to Sua and wielded his sword. The skeleton knight wasn't intimidating to Sua, who had dealt with the armored needles in Pangea.

Kieek!

"What?"

"...!"

The necromancers' eyes widened as they saw the skeleton knight fall from the blow.

‘Faker level?’

An NPC? The hidden elites of the Overgeared Kingdom! Drew identified this and hurriedly summoned a death knight. The summoning time was short because he wasn't at Veradin's level, but it was still a death knight. It exerted a power several times stronger than the skeleton knight.

Sua judged that her opponent wasn't easy and urged the Red Phoenix members. "I'll take the vanguard. Go and rescue Khan!"

“Yes!”

It transformed into a melee. The Red Phoenix members had become several times stronger due to Asmophel's swordsmanship and they broke dozens of skeleton knights. Meanwhile, Sua tied up the feet of the death knight. Like the other Red Phoenix members, she learned Asmophel's sword techniques and was several times stronger than she was in Pangea.

Thanks to them, Faker got some breathing room and could counter Veradin's death knight. Khan was moved to a safe place and given an antidote. But Khan's poisoning wasn't completely resolved. His health was slowly declining.

Then Veradin's voice was heard. "Have you ever heard of the story of the distinguished poisoner?"

“...?”

"It was said that there was a man who slowly but thoroughly applied more than 20 types of poisons to his own body. It was for as long as 30 years. He even put poison into his bath water." The result. "The man was said to have a constitution that emitted poison when he was just breathing. He was a walking death. He wasn't just an assassin but a mass killer."

That person was here.

"My death Knight, Kyleo. It's impossible to detoxify the extreme poison that had permeated into his bones."

"..."

It wasn't a lie. Khan's poisoning wasn't relieved. Khan's life could be saved since the poison's damage wasn't high enough that it couldn't be recovered with a potion, but Khan had to suffer from terrible pain. Didn't someone say it? The pain that NPCs felt were the same as humans in reality.

'I have to take him to Sticks.'

The sage's knowledge and wisdom would know an antidote to save Khan. Faker gave Khan some health recovery potions and rose from his seat. He took a deep breath as he stared at Kyleo while Veradin laughed.

"Are you still holding onto hope?"

Sua and the Red Phoenix Group were strong. From the time that Faker first appeared, the enemy's power surpassed Veradin's assumption. But it didn't change the results. It was because Veradin and Immortal's power was superior. Veradin was able to defeat Faker alone, while Immortal's elites were sufficient for Sua and the Red Phoenix Group. Right now, the power of both sides might seem even, but the balance would soon collapse. The moment a Red Phoenix member died, the scales would tip.

Clack!

Veradin moved his fingers with a relaxed mind and ordered Kyleo.

"Finish it."

Kuweeeeeeh!

Step, step.

Kyleo spewed out a poisonous breath as he approached Faker. Faker was more vigilant against the illusions than the poison. Due

to his assassin class, his tolerance to poison was high. But he had no compensation effect on illusions.

‘Don’t face the eyes.’

He avoided the line of sight and kept attacking. Those who knew the basics of combat knew not to miss the direction of the gaze. It was the same with Faker. However, this time he made an exception. The death knight’s eyes flashed purple with the illusion technique as soon as it was met. Therefore, Faker deliberately ignored the eyes.

Veradin read Faker’s intentions and clicked his tongue. He felt disappointed by Faker’s judgment, which would make it a more unfavorable fight.

Seokeok!

Faker quickly fell into a crisis. While protecting Khan, Faker defended and avoided Kyleo’s attacks eight out of ten times. Now he allowed most attacks.

‘It will end soon.’

They wanted to harm Agnus when they were only at this level? Grid and Chris were the only ones to worry about in the Overgeared Kingdom.

"...!"

Veradin suddenly jumped with surprise.

“Moon Sting.”

Faker approached in Veradin’s moment of carelessness and stabbed his heart.

“Kuk...!”

The damage was close to 40,000! Faker’s ultimate attack combined with Acceleration caused Veradin’s vision to blink red. Veradin barely maintained his life with potions as his chest was pierced continuously with Faker’s dagger. If Kyleo hadn’t belatedly

stopped it, Veradin would've turned to grey. Faker knew from the beginning. In order to fight against a necromancer, the caster had to be killed, not the slave. That's why Faker deliberately acted on the defensive to get Veradin off guard.

"This... you almost got me. The last resistance is pretty sharp."

Veradin had a wide variety of information. He knew that the number of times the Master of Swiftiness could use Acceleration was extremely limited.

'I will be safe if I maintain the distance.'

Veradin summoned the Tower of Command to weaken Faker and strengthen Kyleo. Then he used Specter's Hand. It was an attack skill that caused a small amount of damage to the target as well as various debuffs. Due to Kyleo tying up his feet, Faker was hit by Specter's Hand and gradually lost power.

The battle on the side of the Red Phoenix group also wasn't good. As soon as a member died, they turned into enemies and grabbed the ankles of their former colleagues. The balance sharply collapsed.

"Pant... pant..."

Faker's breathing was rough as he endured Kyleo's offensive. The Master of Swiftiness was originally a class with bad endurance. Every time he used Acceleration, his stamina fell rapidly.

"Support Kyleo."

Was he uneasy about it taking longer than expected? Veradin summoned an additional skeleton knight. Now Faker had to deal with the death knight and skeleton knight at the same time.

"Faker..."

Behind him, Faker could hear Khan's trembling voice. He seemed to feel guilty. He was sad that people were sacrificing themselves to save him.

Faker barely blocked Kyleo's attack and moved back to Khan. There was a smile on his normally impassive face. 'This isn't your fault. Don't blame yourself.'

Khan read Faker's eyes and felt pained. Faker confirmed that Khan was drinking a health potion and focused on the battle again.

Veradin couldn't understand it.

'Isn't it pointless trying to resist?'

The battle was ending soon. Faker's resistance had no meaning. Apart from the difference in abilities, Veradin had the advantage. Veradin judged that Faker couldn't beat him.

He had considered PvP since the beginning, causing him to invest a lot of points in his stamina and achieved a high level of survival. His specs were good to quickly get rid of an assassin. After inducing the assassin to attack and consuming stamina, the death knight would be able to defeat the opponent.

Just as Veradin was making a disgusted expression.

-An assassin fighting to defend someone is really rare. Most assassins exist for the purpose of killing people.

"...!"

A voice was heard in Faker's ears. The origin of the voice came from Faker's shadow.

-Yes, you're suitable for Doran's techniques.

'Kasim...!'

Faker figured out who the owner of the voice was instantly. In this moment, he knew that a hidden quest would begin.

Chapter 775

Muller, Pagma, Braham, Madra, Lantier, Povia, Kruger, Gis, and Alex.

The name of the nine former legends. Most players were aware of them. It was because the former legends occupied a large amount of Satisfy's worldview. But what about other legends? The legends before the previous generation? They were unknown. It was virtually impossible for a player to collect the information of all the legends in the past. It was because a person who was too far in the past wouldn't be mentioned well in history.

Pokibun, Ten, Arin... They were legends in the distant past that not much was known about. But Kasim was well aware of the former legend, Lantier. His master often told the story.

The introduction was too long. Faker avoided the attacks of the death knight Kyleo and skeleton knight while paying attention to Kasim.

"First of all, can you save Khan?"

-My teacher also used the name Lantier.

"...?"

-Lantier isn't the name of an individual. It's the title given to the head of Eclipse, a shadow group that existed for over a thousand years. We...the teacher who taught Doran and I was the 32nd Lantier. Do you understand?

Puok!

Kyleo's dagger was deeply embedded in Faker's shoulder. Faker was in pain but the skeleton knight protected Kyleo against his counterattacks. Kasim's explanation continued.

-From now on, I will give you the techniques meant for a legendary assassin. Of course, it isn't complete. Many years passed

and many techniques were lost.

This strength.

-Will it raise you to the legendary status or will you stay at the same level as me, Doran, and our teacher? It's purely up to you.

Chaaeng! Chaeng!

Why was Kasim doing this? Didn't Kasim know what Khan meant to Grid? Faker grumbled about Kasim, rather than rejoicing at receiving the forerunner of a very important hidden quest. He put Khan's safety higher than his development. He wanted to stop Kasim, even if it meant not receiving the hidden quest.

"Kasim...!"

Faker urged Kasim to move.

-Don't fret. I will arrive soon.

Kasim's words were meaningful.

"I will compliment you on your diligence."

Veradin's voice was heard at the same time. Faker was unable to exert his full strength due to Tower of Command and was imprisoned by the skeleton knight. He sensed his death when he saw Kyleo's dagger flying.

Veradin. He had a high level of survival and dominance stat that made it hard to see him as a normal necromancer. He dealt painful despair to Faker. Faker realized it since he stabbed Veradin with Moon Sting. Veradin still had a lot of hidden power left. Veradin was several levels higher than Faker. Maybe Immortal was more terrifying than the Overgeared Kingdom thought?

'I'm sorry, Khan.'

Kyleo's dagger entered Faker's field of view. It wasn't just the shape of the blade. The snake scales embossed on the green handle were clearly marked in his eyes. Now Faker was going to die. Faker demonstrated transcendent concentration. His thinking power

transcended the speed of time.

Gulp!

Just before the dagger stabbed between his eyes. Faker swallowed a small drug that he had inserted in the gap of his molars. It was the 'Assassin's Mindset' that he obtained from a hidden quest in the past. A person who swallowed the drug would immediately explode when they activated it, 'instantaneously' targeting the enemy within 2 meters.

However, the death penalty increased by three times. It meant that the user lost three times more experience and had a triple chance to drop items. In short, it was crazy. It was something that shouldn't be used unless the person was willing to quit the game.

However, Faker swallowed it without hesitation. It was purely to increase Khan's chances of survival. If he were to die and the death knight and skeleton knight freed, Sua and the Red Phoenix Group wouldn't be able to deal with the remaining enemies to save Khan.

Then.

Puhahahak!

Faker's shadow started rising like a waterfall. It was the moment when King of Shadows Kasim appeared. He used Shadow Move several times to travel from the royal palace where Lord and Irene lived and rose from Faker's back, stabbing at Kyleo with his dagger.

"Cough!"

"Awful people. You deserve this."

Faker smiled as he confirmed Kasim's appearance.

Veradin was baffled. "Who are you?"

Faker, the Red Phoenix Group, and now Kasim. Veradin gritted his teeth at the people that kept appearing.

"Don't disturb us!" Veradin screamed.

Kyleo and the skeleton knight attacked Kasim in response to Veradin's order. Kyleo was releasing more poison than before. Veradin's mana was quickly consumed. His mana potions couldn't keep up with the speed of mana consumption. This wasn't what Veradin intended. Kyleo was running wild.

Why? Veradin still had dominance remaining. The moment the question popped into Veradin's mind.

Chaaeng! Chaeng!

Kasim swung his dagger just as fast as Faker and more vicious than Kyleo. Then the shadows at the feet of Kyleo and the skeleton knight rose.

Puooook!

Kwajajajak!

"What...?"

Veradin's face turned white. Kyleo's health fell sharply as he was penetrated by the shadow spear while the skeleton knight turned to ashes.

Kiik...! Kiiiing!

Kyleo's runaway condition was getting out of control. He waved his sword randomly, speaking in an odd voice as he emitted a huge amount of poison. Why?

Kasim answered. "This guy, he still has the memory of being murdered by me?"

"...!!!"

Veradin was shocked. He knew the end of Kyleo so he finally realized Kasim's identity.

"King of Shadows!"

The strongest assassin currently in existence. His presence across all the shadows of the world was a death sentence that couldn't be

avoided.

“Shadow Soldiers.”

He was as majestic as any other king with his 100,000 shadow soldiers.

“Not a target...” Veradin muttered with a confused expression. Why was such a big monster in the Overgeared Kingdom? He shook with fear as he felt doubts. The huge smithy was already filled with hundreds of thousands of shadow soldiers.

“W-What is this?”

“Eh...? Eh eh? Aaaack!”

The screams of the necromancers belonging to Immortal rang out. The number of dead bodies increased. Kasim’s shadows were a perfect counter to the necromancers who specialized in a large number of troops. The necromancers were overwhelmed with numbers and were helpless.

Seokeok!

Chukakakakak!

The dozens of ghouls and skeleton knights were shattered by the shadow swords and spears flying in all directions. In the center of the smithy covered by darkness, Kasim handed a booklet to Faker. It was a booklet containing Lantier’s knowledge.

“This is what Doran inherited from Teacher. The skills couldn’t be succeeded with my talent and emotions. But it might be possible for you.” Kasim had been watching Faker for the several years that he guarded Lord. He saw that Faker’s talent transcended himself. “For you, this power is just the beginning. First of all, go beyond Doran. And...”

Kasim’s sharp eyes focused on Veradin. Veradin made a quick judgment and was running away. It was stupid. Didn’t he realized he had received a death sentence he couldn’t escape from?

Kasim scoffed.

"...And then succeed my skills."

The moment that Doran's skills and Kasim's skills combined, Lantier's techniques would be completed. The path to being a legend would open. Despite being a normal class player, Faker had wings as he defeated a sun grade player. But Faker pushed the joy back. He didn't even examine the contents of the hidden quest as he ran to Khan.

"I will thank you next time."

They were family living in the same house anyway. They could meet at any time. Faker lightly nodded to Kasim and took Khan to escape the smithy. He headed towards Sticks. Then Kasim...

Puhahahak!

Shadows appeared at Veradin's feet and immediately spread like water. Veradin used the hidden technique 'Overcoming Death' to endure Kasim's attacks several times, but it didn't make sense. It would take him 18 hours to re-summon Death Knight Kyleo, who just died. Even if Kyleo was summoned, he couldn't win.

In the end, Veradin fell to his knees and laughed. He seemed to have ulterior motives. But Kasim didn't show any interest. Veradin saw the dagger heading towards him and hurriedly shouted.

"You're going to regret killing me!"

"Why?"

Kasim finally showed some interest and Veradin explained, "Do you think I would've invaded this place without any insurance? If I die, the queen and prince might not be safe."

Of course, it was a bluff. Even Veradin wouldn't dare harm Irene or Lord. They were Grid's family, but they weren't excluded from the target list because of a moral issue. They were excluded because Veradin knew they would always be protected. But there

was no reason to tell the truth. Veradin didn't want to receive the death penalty. The penalty for Veradin was different from an ordinary player.

“Really? You sent troops to Queen Irene and Prince Lord?”

"Of course. It is a power that consists of 20 death knights. If I die, then they won't be safe..."

Veradin didn't change his expression when lying, only to suddenly stop talking. It was because Kasim was laughing. He was holding his belly and laughing.

‘Did I exaggerate too much?’

20 death knights was too much. It was obviously an exaggeration. He should've said 10. Veradin was uneasy.

“The 20 death knights... By now, they would've all returned to dust.”

There were 200 Rebecca's Daughters candidates around Lord. Even if there really was a group of death knights, they were no match against the Rebecca's Daughters candidates. In the first place, Kasim knew that Irene and Lord were safe. That's why he came to support Faker. If there was the slightest risk, he wouldn't have left them.

Puok!

Kasim's blade stabbed his heart.

[You have died.]

[You have lost 32.3% experience.]

[Your death has caused all the conditions to become a Hwan Kingdom resident to be lost. You have lost all the additional effects you have obtained in the meantime. In order to get the effects back, you must meet the criteria again from the beginning.]

It was huge damage. It had been almost a year since he died. Veradin experienced the biggest frustration since Satisfy began. He

missed his target, Khan, and only killed a few young blacksmiths.

At the same time, in Sticks' office.

"I need to go to the elf kingdom to obtain an antidote to cure this poison. I will hurry, so wait here."

"Isn't it faster if you bring Khan with you?"

"Many procedures are needed for a person to enter the elf kingdom. I can't help with this part."

"Please let me know the exact timing. How long will it take?"

"Six hours... no, seven hours..."

"Can't you do it sooner? Khan's pain is too great."

"...I will try."

Sticks checked Khan and hurried. He disappeared immediately with Teleport. Faker held his head. Seven hours? It meant that Khan would experience the severe pain of poisoning for the next seven hours.

Khan spoke to the saddened Faker. "I... Take me to the smithy."

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There was no blood on Khan's wrinkled face. His skin was pale all the way to his fingertips. His body was a mess. It was hard to fathom his pain as he kept coughing up black blood.

"I... Take me to the smithy."

"..."

Faker wanted Khan to relax. His chances of survival were likely to increase if he was stable until Sticks came back. But Faker quickly got rid of that idea. He recalled that Khan had been working for most of his 80 years of life. Khan would feel alive when striking metal in front of a hot furnace.

"I understand."

Doing blacksmithing would help Khan become stable. Faker believed this and helped Khan. Khan leaned on his shoulder and smiled gently.

"Thank you. Thank you."

Faker's heart ached. Since when had Khan become so small? Where did his big and hard hands go, leaving only the faded hands of an old man? Time was truly cruel. Faker recalled the bond with Khan since the days of the Tzedakah Guild and worried about Grid above all else.

He knew that the sadness Grid felt would be huge compared to what Faker was feeling now.

Unlike usual, the air was cold.

"..."

Khan was tearful as he returned to the empty smithy. This place had been filled with young blacksmiths just a few hours ago. One day, they disappeared into a handful of ashes, shouting that they

also wanted to support King Grid. Khan was filled with great sadness at the loss of their dreams and futures.

“Should we go back?”

Faker caught Khan’s trembling body and asked with a concerned look. Khan shook his head.

“It’s nothing. I will be okay.”

He had a final work to do. He would go directly to the souls of the young blacksmiths and comfort them. Khan thought this and walked up to the furnace. Faker piled up hundreds of potions beside him.

“I will bring the Saintess. Don’t forget to drink a potion whenever it’s time.”

Nod.

Faker confirmed Khan’s answer and immediately logged out. Then he tried to contact Saintess Ruby using the emergency network. However, it was currently the moment when the PvP was over and Grid was receiving the gold medal. She couldn’t be reached.

The urgent Faker tried to contact the other Overgeared members. But he couldn’t get in touch with them either. Everyone was thrilled with Grid’s victory and preoccupied with the celebration.

Kwang!

Faker slammed his fist against the wall. He continued to do this a few times until his fists were bleeding.

“...Dammit.”

Faker was furious with himself. He was going to defend the Overgeared Kingdom? How could he when he couldn’t even protect one elderly man?

‘Why didn’t I try harder?’

He realized the limits of a normal class. He knew that there were many monstrous players in the world that he didn't know yet. Nevertheless, he was satisfied and complacent with this reality. It was a terrible arrogance. He was mistaken after winning the battle against Black. A little more, he had to do a little more.

The moment that Faker held his head and sank to the floor.

Yiing.

His phone vibrated as it rang. His face turned rosy as he hurriedly accepted the call. It was Saintess Ruby's number.

"Grandfather Khan!"

Taang, taang.

The sound of the hammer on the calm night was lonely today. Ruby breathed heavily as she arrived at the smithy.

"Grandfather..."

"Oh, our princess has come."

Who was the person standing in front of the flames? Khan's color was completely white as he faced the furnace. His skin remained cold despite the hot heat.

"G-Grandfather..."

Ruby started crying. The light in her big eyes, more beautiful than jewels, faded. It was Khan who loved her and took care of her like a granddaughter. To Ruby, he was like a grandfather. She believed he would love her forever and planned to always see him. But what was this haggard appearance? It seemed that they couldn't be together anymore. Ruby's chest ached as she saw Khan try to hide his pain with a cheerful expression.

"Hope! Benevolent Light! Purification!"

Ruby wanted to get rid of Khan's pain. After hurriedly using heal,

she used a cleansing spell to heal his abnormalities.

[You have healed the target.]

[The target is old. His body has reached its limits.]

[The recovery effect isn't applied properly.]

[The detoxification effect isn't applied properly.]

"...!"

In the process of doing good deeds, Ruby had saved many lives. She believed that she could save more people in the future and give them happiness. Yet she couldn't save a precious person. Ruby was shocked since she never doubted the power of a Saintess.

"P-Purif... Purification! Purification!"

Ruby had a short playing experience with Satisfy. She was unfamiliar with the concept of NPCs. She couldn't accept reality and continued to use the skill. Khan placed a hand over her head.

"Please calm down."

"G-Grandfather..."

"I'm sorry. I'm giving pain to our princess because I'm too old. Haha."

"Uh...!"

Ruby fell into Khan's arms. Khan's always hot body was exceptionally cold today. Khan patted her trembling back.

"Don't be in too much pain. There's no need to be sad. My grandson has become a wonderful adult and king. Princess Ruby, who was just a girl, is becoming a respectable adult. It's time for this old man to return to the earth."

"Grandfather...! Grandfather! Wahh!"

Ruby eventually started sobbing. She always had a gentle and calm appearance because she was conscious of her great responsibility as a Saintess, but she was still just a girl.

Khan took a deep breath and said, "Huhu, don't be sad. I should leave when my natural life span ends. Instead, you should celebrate... Cough! Cough cough!"

Khan's health gauge dropped dramatically. His symptoms of poisoning were getting worse.

"Grandfather!"

Faker returned as Ruby was crying out in shock. He brought the priests who had just returned from an expedition.

"I pray to the Goddess of Light."

"Give peace to your son."

The priests gathered their hands and started praying. It was the manifestation of the ultimate healing spell Light Prayer, where 17 or more Rebecca priests chanted a prayer. But even that didn't work on Khan.

A priest approached Faker and said cautiously, "It's time to leave."

"What are you saying? We have to save him for the next four hours, just four hours."

Sticks would return in four hours. No, it could be faster. The sage's wisdom would surely save Khan. The priest quietly turned away from Faker's eyes, which were full of firm belief. It was an attitude that said he believed Faker's faith was a futile hope.

"Not yet... I still have work to do."

Khan wiped away the blood at his mouth, let go of the crying Ruby and rose. He approached the anvil in front of the furnace. An armor was placed on the anvil. It was plate armor with no visible gaps for a sword or spear to pierce. The gold rings and hinges connecting the black iron plates and the red buckle were all delicately crafted. It was armor with an excellent design. It focused on the safety of the wearer without any restrictions on

movements.

“Just a bit more...”

“...”

Taang, taang, taang.

Ruby and Faker didn't stop Khan. He put a new iron plate on the armor and started hammering again. Connect the hinges, connect the rings, and do it again. Khan looked at his armor with warm eyes and diligently worked. It was hard to believe he had been affected by the pain of the poisoning not long ago.

"...He's a true craftsman."

"I admire..."

The priests marvelled in trembling voices. Their attitude towards Khan was just as reverent as when they prayed in front of Rebecca's statue. How much time passed?

“Hu...huhu.”

In the latter half of the work, Khan suddenly burst out laughing. He suddenly realized it. An armor with gold and red details. This color, wasn't it precisely to Grid's taste? He put a new iron plate on the armor while desperately praying to see his king wear it once.

"...Cough!"

“Grandfather!”

Khan coughed out blood again as he was bringing a health potion to his mouth. A large amount of blood soaked the floor. Throughout the work, Ruby and the priests' heals wrapped around Khan's body. But it was useless.

‘It's time to send him off.’

Faker was forced to accept reality as he saw Khan's health gauge. There was one-tenth left and it as slowly dwindling.

‘Grid.’

Faker was nervous. Grid should've received the news by now and Faker hoped that Grid would come quickly. Grid needed time to say farewell to Khan.

'Please come.'

Come quickly Grid. The moment Faker's heart was become more and more tense.

Ttaaang!

"...!"

Faker, Ruby and the dozens of priests were all shocked. It was because their souls rang as Khan's hammer connected to the armor.

"O-Ohhhh..."

"Khan..."

Sounds of admiration flowed from everywhere. Even an outsider could tell. At this moment, Khan had reached a new ground.

Ttaang... taang... taang...

"..."

Khan's hammering sound, which had captured everyone's soul, died down and suddenly ended. Khan had hardly any health left. At that moment.

[A new legendary blacksmith has been born!]

[Every blacksmith in the world will look up to him and praise him!]

Five seconds.

All players currently accessing Satisfy had this notification window rise in front of them. A world message.

Then.

"Pant! Pant! Khan!!"

Grid came running.

Three seconds.

Without sparing a moment to breathe, he looked at Khan with a devastated expression.

“You came.”

One second.

Khan smiled with pleasure and opened his arms. Grid jumped into his arms as Khan started to turn to grey.

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“Khan!!”

As Khan turned to grey, Grid hugged him like he didn't want to miss a single part.

"You must be happy."

Khan wanted to say a lot but there was no time. Khan only left a single wish as his testament.

Swaaah.

Finally, Khan's two hands that wanted to hold Grid completely disappeared before they could wrap around Grid. Khan smiled brightly rather than showing any sorrow. It was Khan's last appearance that would forever be kept in Grid's mind.

“Khannnnn!”

Grid didn't want to lost Khan's touch, body temperature, and smell that was disappearing like a mirage. He eagerly stretched out a hand but it was useless. His hands only touched the air that had nothing left.

“Oppa...”

Tears constantly flowed from Ruby's eyes as she watched the last farewell between Grid and Khan. Faker supported her as her nose turned red from crying.

"Let's leave Grid alone."

The first person who acknowledged him. The person who shared his sufferings, sorrows, and joy. Khan was his teacher, disciple, friend, and family member. He was always at the forefront when Grid was thinking about his 'precious people' in his head.

"Kkuk..."

The empty smithy. Now in the place where there was no more Khan, Grid stared at the air with dry eyes before grabbing his chest and collapsing. How many hours passed since Khan left? He thought he had no more tears left but they once again flowed.

"...Terrible old man." Grid cried with his head on the floor and finally opened his mouth for the first time. His cracked voice echoed through the empty smithy. "Didn't you say you wouldn't leave until you got all my skills? Then why...why did you break your promise? Huh? You bad..."

Bad person. Grid complained before stopping. He was worried that the gods were listening to him and might misunderstand, dropping Khan into hell.

"..."

Time flowed in the void. Grid felt a deep grudge as he looked at the smithy covered with traces of Khan. He felt bitter towards himself. Why didn't he protect Khan? Why couldn't he arrive a bit sooner?

"We spent 10 long years together." Grid felt signs of someone being around and said, "But the time to say goodbye was only one second."

How sad and lonely was Khan? Grid shouted 'father' and 'grandfather' in his heart but failed to show filial piety. He couldn't even be there properly at the end.

Lauel comforted Grid, who couldn't raise his head. "To Khan, that one second would be like an eternity. He wouldn't have been lonely. He was happy to be able to see you."

13 hours and 23 minutes after Khan's death. Lauel had been doing his job while Grid was mourning.

"I used our information network to identify the members of Immortal. I'm investigating the radius and base of their activities, so please give a killing order."

They dared to invade the Overgeared Kingdom and hurt Grid's family and friends. Putting aside Grid, there was no forgiveness from the position of the Overgeared Kingdom. Lael and the Overgeared members were ready to rain hell down on the Immortal members. They planned to trample on Immortal so that they would live in regret while suffering forever.

"In addition, Khan's funeral will be a state funeral in consideration for his achievements in life. His contribution to the development of the nation's economy and military power was huge. And..."

Lael shut his mouth for a moment while giving the report. He took a deep breath, calmed his trembling heart and opened his mouth again.

"The new legendary blacksmith who emerged...you guessed it, but it was Khan."

He could be sure because the world message appeared the moment that Khan died. Khan hammered the iron to the end and became a legend only after he died. He might be a legend that existed for only a moment, but his feats would be forever. Lael would make sure of it.

"The exact cause of death is natural causes, not the poisoning."

A legend had a passive that caused resistance to all status conditions and five seconds of immortality. If Khan was in a normal state, the poison would've disappeared the moment he became a legend and his health should've remained fixed at the minimum. But that didn't happen. Based on the testimonies of Faker, Ruby, and the priests, Khan had reached the end of his life.

"It's fortunate. Khan could leave without any pain."

In addition, he was able to meet with Grid thanks to the legend's five seconds of immortality. Lael hoped to slightly ease Grid's mind but instead, Grid's anger soared to the limit. His expression

distorted and he said in a shaky voice, "His life span might've been shortened because of the poison."

"..."

"Even if that wasn't the case, Khan had to endure the pain of the poisoning."

Khan was poisoned for several hours in an elderly state. As a player, Grid couldn't fathom the pain and fear that Khan would've felt. Khan, who lived in sorrow after losing his wife and son. Grid was infinitely sad that he suffered even at the last minute.

"Immortal..."

Grid's body shook with uncontrollable anger. He didn't say anything special. He just clenched his fists. He needed more time to control his mind.

"I will make the arrangements."

Lauel bowed his head and turned around. He was currently acting on Grid's behalf and had no time to stay here. He had to move quickly.

'Looking at the state of the king, I think I should prepare to move the army.'

Lauel predicted that Grid would go on a frenzy. Grid wouldn't be satisfied with a simple kill order and would slaughter Immortal by moving his entire army. Of course, this wasn't a good development. It was the worst. War consumed soldiers, food, and an astronomical amount of supplies. If they fought a war with the necromancers of Immortal, the Overgeared Kingdom would suffer huge losses.

'Veradin, you son of a bitch. Causing this incident during the time when there is a truce with the empire.'

Lauel planned to increase the national power of the Overgeared Kingdom by more than 20% during the armistice with the empire.

Instead, it would become a negative. At the end of the armistice period, it would become more difficult to deal with the empire. Lael's eyes were dark. He felt powerless as he headed to the exit.

Behind him, Grid was rising from his spot. The full plate armor on top of Khan's anvil belatedly caught his attention. Khan's posthumous work. Grid approached the armour and his eyes widened as he gripped it with trembling hands.

[Valhalla of Infinite Affection]

Rating: Secret

Durability: ??? Defense: ???

Options: ???

An armor containing the hidden story of the 2nd legendary blacksmith Grid and the 3rd legendary blacksmith Khan.

* Only 'Grid' can check the detailed information of the item.

[You are Grid.]

[The item information will be updated.]

Ttiring~

[Valhalla of Infinite Affection]

Rating: Secret

Durability: 1,721/1,721

Defense: 1,410

* 20% increase in health recovery.

* 40% reduction in damage from physical attacks and magic attacks.

* Immunity to instant death and assassination skills.

* Maintains the body temperature.

* If you are in a party, defense will increase depending on the number of party members.

- * Defense will increase every time the armor durability falls.
- * Magic defense +300.
- * When you get hit, there is a high probability of emitting the 'Distinguished Poisoner's Poison.'
- * Passive skill 'Immune to Ten Thousand Poisons' will be generated.
- * Passive skill 'Moving Fortress' will be generated.

An armor produced by the legendary blacksmith Khan while wishing for Grid's safety. It is filled with Khan's caring, affection, and devotion, and covered in poison. It is a work based on Valhalla, the masterpiece of Blacksmith Albatino which gave deep inspiration to Pagma.

The performance is beyond the original and there is room to become a myth depending on the wearer's actions.

Weight: 3,980

Conditions of Use: Grid.

"Khan..."

Grid was able to see at a glance how much care and skills Khan put into this armor. He noticed it was designed solely for himself. In the end.

"I'm sorry... I'm sorry Khan."

Grid once again cried in sorrow. He was a sinner. Why didn't he give any presents to Khan? If Grid had given him such a wonderful gift, Khan's fate might've changed. Grid realized how indifferent he was to Khan and felt guilty. He vowed to do better with his family in the future.

-Prepare for a news conference.

Grid calmed down and sent a whisper to Lael.

-Huh? Press conference?

Lauel was stunned since he had been expecting Grid to say that he was going to find Veradin and Agnus right now. Grid explained to him.

-Denounce Immortal, who invaded another kingdom during the National Competition and caused enormous damage.

-...Are you planning to move public opinion through the media?

-Yes.

The continent was wide. It was practically impossible for the Overgeared members to search and punish the Immortal members scattered everywhere. Of course, they could kill a few people. However, that was it. The efficiency was too low.

-Thus, I will borrow other hands. I am going to give a kill command on Immortal to all two billion players.

‘I know that I can’t move the army.’

Grid was filled with anger and sadness but he analyzed the situation calmly. It was a king’s attitude. Lauel honestly admired it, but he felt negatively about moving public opinion.

Immortal’s raid and Khan’s death. It was a big disaster and source of grief for the Overgeared Kingdom, but the death of an NPC was just a small incident to a third party playing the game. Wouldn’t Grid condemning Immortal just cause ridicule? In particular, Grid had obtained huge rewards from this year’s National Competition. The many people jealous of him were likely to ridicule and criticize him.

-I think there’s nothing to gain if we use the media. Even if you denounce Immortal, it’s just someone else’s story. It is rare for players to act.

Lauel replied honestly.

-You’re mistaken.

-...?

-I'm not trying to use the media to ask people to cooperate. I want to advertise.

-Advertise...?

-Yes. After justifying why I am going after Immortal at the press conference, I will publicize that I will make an item for the players every time they hunt a member of Immortal.

-...

It was a sure way. The moment Grid's advertisement spread to the world, two billion people would become Immortal hunters. The people who would look for Immortal would grow like bamboo shoots and Immortal would be exposed to infinite PK without room to breathe.

However, this meant that Grid would be paying a lot. Making items for hundreds, maybe even tens of thousands of hunters would empty his pockets.

-...How can you afford it?

Lauel talked about a realistic problem and Grid immediately responded.

-I have a lot of money.

Grid's assets had been steadily accumulating since selling the Red Phoenix Bow to Jishuka and he expressed his resolve.

-It doesn't matter if I become broke. I will make those Immortal dogs quit the game. This is a command.

Now it wasn't just items. Grid was learning how to take advantage of his wealth and position.

Chapter 778

Changes started happening.

"You want a job? Aren't you a necromancer? Tsk, find a job elsewhere."

"Are you joking? Where on earth would a Necromancer's Guild reject a necromancer?"

"Where? Here! Get lost!"

"This is crazy...!"

The Fold Kingdom. The little kingdom currently belonged to the Overgeared Kingdom, but was formerly a tributary of the Saharan Empire. It had a terrible history as every time the king was replaced in a civil war, tens of thousands of casualties would occur. The reason was the intervention of the Saharan Empire. The empire would confuse the succession to the throne by supporting and inciting princes lacking intelligence. Therefore, the Fold Kingdom had a bloody history whenever the kingship was changed.

Was that the reason? The Fold Kingdom was a bleak land where dozens of ghosts filled with grudges roamed. Undead monsters and ghosts could be found all over the place. This was why necromancers called Fold Kingdom a treasure island. For necromancers who could make undead, the Fold Kingdom was close to an ideal residence.

At least until yesterday.

"I'm going crazy. No NPCs are giving quests."

"It's happening to me as well. The attitude of the NPCs has changed overnight. The intimacy that we have accumulated so far is useless."

"Is it a bug? Does it make sense that the Necromancer's Guild

doesn't give quests to necromancers?"

"It isn't a bug. I have already contacted customer service."

Three days after the end of the 3rd National Competition. The necromancers couldn't receive quests anywhere in Fold Kingdom. Even the basic facilities such as restaurants and inns couldn't be used. They were treated with outright hostility by the people. The necromancers were assaulted or deported after being questioned. The necromancers seemed to be persecuted on a kingdom level.

The water clan people in the Siren Kingdom was even worse.

"A necromancer? Clarify your affiliation."

"Huh? Why?"

"Just do it! Ah! This guy is from Immortal! Arrest him immediately!"

"H-Hik!"

The soldiers forced the necromancers visiting Siren to reveal their affiliation. If they found a necromancer belonging to Immortal, the necromancer was arrested immediately and locked in prison for a week. There were a few necromancers killed while resisting arrest.

Why did this happen overnight? The confusion of the necromancers grew.

『 I strongly condemn Immortal, who invaded the Overgeared Kingdom during the National Competition and caused enormous damage. We will never forgive those who caused material and personal damage to us, causing us to suffer a great deal of emotional suffering. I ask for many people to support us. 』

Grid held a press conference in Seoul, Korea and attracted worldwide attention. Immortal found out that Grid was behind this, while ordinary necromancer players blamed Immortal. Immortal was split into factions. There was a suggestion that

Veradin and his followers should take responsibility.

Veradin calmed his furious colleagues.

"The impact on us is actually very minimal. We'll be safe if we avoid working in the range of influence of the Overgeared Kingdom, such as the Fold Kingdom and Siren."

"Isn't the biggest problem the fact that we can't act in the Fold Kingdom?"

"There are many hunting grounds on the continent that are more ideal than the Fold Kingdom. Have you neglected to collect information?"

"Ick...! Ignore the intimacy we have built up in the Fold Kingdom in the meantime? What the hell is this? Many people have suffered because of what you have done!"

"Do I have to apologize? Why? Aren't we an organization created to help Agnus build the Kingdom of the Dead? The reason I invaded the Overgeared Kingdom is to weaken the power of the Overgeared Kingdom that might interfere with the construction of Agnus' kingdom. It's an action for the future of all of us. Why should I be blamed?"

"..."

"In the National Competition, Grid succeeded in attracting Panmir. At this time, the production of items in the Overgeared Kingdom will get out of the control. Therefore, we invaded the smithies and succeeded in hitting them. Is my behavior really worthy of criticism?"

"..."

Everyone became mute. The Immortal members could no longer blame Veradin. They struggled as a result, but his intentions couldn't be blamed. Whatever the truth was, the justification was too good. Veradin confirmed that the atmosphere had calmed down and spoke.

“Once again, there’s no need to be afraid of the Overgeared Kingdom. We just need to move away from the influence of the Overgeared Kingdom. While the Overgeared Kingdom is trying to catch up, we will reserve our power and set up the foundations of our kingdom.”

Veradin was confident. There was a limit to the manpower Grid could invest to catch them. The Overgeared Kingdom searching for Immortal was no different from looking for a needle in the desert.

As everyone was relieved by Veradin’s idea, the 2nd ranked necromancer, Bullet, spoke. "How will the normal necromancers handle this?"

The innocent necromancers were receiving damage because of Immortal. Many necromancers were suppressed and lost their places in the Overgeared Kingdom. In particular, the Fold Kingdom was very important for low and medium level users.

"There is a possibility that they will vent their anger by cooperating with the Overgeared Kingdom."

This was Bullet’s concern.

“No. The necromancers can’t be hostile to us. If they’re hostile to us, they know that Agnus won’t let them in his kingdom in the future. In the first place, they’re being suppressed by Grid., Their anger will naturally be directed towards Grid.” Veradin didn’t feel that this situation was very serious. In his head, the damage was only one person’s death.

But what happened was more catastrophic than he expected.

"Kukuk, you guys. What the hell did you do alone? Huh? Weaklings. Kukuk!"

The door of the meeting room opened without permission and a man appeared. It was Agnus. Veradin and everyone present jumped up and bowed. Agnus sat on the windowsill, leaving the table for Veradin.

"Grid has placed a bounty on Immortal for all players in the world."

"Huh?"

"He will make an item for every Immortal member killed? Kukuk, kikikik!"

"What...?!"

Veradin and the Immortal members paled. None of them imagined that Grid would extend his reach to the world, rather than staying in the Overgeared Kingdom. It was the same with the smart Veradin.

'Giving items as a reward?'

There was a limit to the funds. Veradin thought that Grid was bluffing since the financial situation of the Overgeared Kingdom wasn't very good. He couldn't imagine the assets that Grid got from selling the Red Phoenix Bow to Jishuka.

"In the first place, will there be many people who respond to Grid? The reason for invading during the National Competition is purely Grid's fault. He couldn't fully defend himself and is now using other people to do his work. It must be seen negatively by the masses."

Agnus explained to Veradin who was denying reality. "Have you forgotten that Grid defeated Kraugel?"

"...?"

"Kilkik! Don't you know the power of a symbol? Right now, Grid is the best."

"Ah..."

Veradin belatedly realized. The present Grid was a person who received the envy and longing of millions of people. There were countless people sending absolute favors to Grid and one word from Grid had a great deal of power. Grid could easily move the

masses.

Agnus whispered in the ears of the pale Veradin. "I don't know what mischief you are up to but... This time the opponent isn't doing what you want. Right? Kukuk!"

Flinch.

Veradin was startled. He could perceive distrust in Agnus' words. Agnus, who had showed absolute trust in Veradin so far, was actually distrustful? Agnus saw Veradin's confusion and clicked his tongue.

"Do you think I am a fool? A few months ago, you told me to absolutely avoid conflicts with the Overgeared Kingdom. Now you suddenly changed your mind and invaded the Overgeared Kingdom. Did you think I would have no doubts? Huh?"

Agnus gripped Veradin's thin shoulders with great strength. A necromancer wasn't strength based so Agnus' strong grip caused Veradin's face to distort.

"You won against Faker? You? Kukuk! What's your identity?"

"That, I think you are misunderstanding something..."

"Shut up."

"..."

"I don't care what you have in mind. I don't care if you stab me in the back later. Why? You won't be able to do anything to me anyway."

"..."

Veradin faced Agnus' golden eyes and realized.

"Keep one thing in mind. You can do what you like as long as you keep providing conveniences to me like a dog. Work like a dog in moderation. I won't abandon you as long as you're useful."

Agnus wasn't crazy. His emotions were just intense, sometimes

making him seem crazy. In fact, Veradin was suspicious from the beginning. Agnus was acting with such a clear sense of purpose that he couldn't be a simple madman. Thus, Veradin was interested and decided to observe from the side. But Veradin didn't know he was such a bad guy.

‘I have been dancing on top of his palm?’

Veradin gritted his teeth.

"Then what will you do now? I don't care what happens to Immortal, so should I just sit on the sidelines? Or should I fight Grid as you wish? Take your pick. I only want to have fun."

"...For the moment, I think it is better to take shelter in the empire and receive the protection of the empress."

The wicked Veradin came up with a realistic countermeasure. He was forced to abandon his first plan of pushing Agnus into a corner and seeing his madness amplify. It was highly likely that Agnus' distrust would skyrocket if he was forced into a meaningless fight. Veradin believed that they should lay low until the public's interest in Immortal eased.

But would they be safe with the empress? Like everyone else, he couldn't measure the scale of two billion players. In addition, he didn't know how persistent Grid was. Grid's tenacity once he had a clear purpose was close to madness. It was more than Agnus' insanity, which occurred when pursuing fun to forget reality.

"Gather the insane dragon iron."

Grid gave an order after receiving information that Immortal was hiding in the empire.

Chapter 779

Kill Immortal!

The press conference held by Grid because of a personal grudge contained serious moral issues. Not only did Grid declare that he would destroy a force who caused him damage, he also asked for people's cooperation. It was obviously revenge. Grid was like an absolute tyrant as he wielded the power of his position. This gave a physiological rejection to the public.

It was a press conference that should gain criticism, rather than public approval. But Grid's press conference received huge support from the masses. It was thanks to the screenplay written with money.

"I understand that the Overgeared Kingdom has suffered tremendous damage. But in the end, isn't it just a quarrel between two forces? What relationship does it have with the world? Why should other people join in the Overgeared Kingdom's revenge?"

"It's for the future of the National Competition. If I don't condemn Immortal, who invaded another power during the National Competition, there's likely to be a second and third Immortal in the future. From next year, the forces that will be damaged during the National Competition will get out of control."

"Um... then the participation rate of rankers in the National Competition will fall?"

The National Competition had become a world festival. There was a joke that people waited one year for the National Competition. The public didn't want a National Competition that only involved second and third advancement users.

"That's correct. If you enjoy watching the National Competition, then you shouldn't let Immortal set this precedent. I believe that we should thoroughly punish Immortal so that a force that will

abuse our National Competition won't appear again."

"Are you saying that the Overgeared Kingdom is punishing Immortal for the sake of the public, rather than a private grudge?"

"Yes, that's right."

There might be more than 200 reporters gathered at the press conference, but Grid only received the questions of 20 people. They were reporters bribed by Lael. The 20 reporters asked questions favorable to Grid. They ignored the violence of revenge, which was a matter to be taken seriously. Thanks to the questions asked by the reporters, the Overgeared Kingdom's desire for revenge was covered by a good packaging.

"Excuse me, wait a minute. In the cause of Immortal, they invaded the Overgeared Kingdom to stop the expansion of power. Isn't this an acceptable strategy? Don't you think it is too much to want to completely destroy Immortal?"

"In the process of suppressing Immortal, you caused great damage to ordinary necromancer players. How is that..."

"Raise your hand if you want to ask a question. Reporter on this side, please ask."

Buzz buzz.

Grid ignored the reporters who asked common sense questions. No matter how much they raised their hands, Grid only received questions from reporters bought in advance.

'How blatant!'

As the press conference proceeded in Grid's good direction, the suspicions of the reporters grew and were soon confirmed. They realized that Grid's press conference was a show and they were just bridesmaids. Some of the reporters were furious and tried to make a disturbance. Grid sprinkled bait like he had been waiting. It was bait to fool the angry reporters and the public at once.

"I will make items for those who contribute to protecting the future of the National Competition by joining the Immortal Hunting."

"Is it the mass produced Grid set commonly found in the Overgeared Kingdom?"

"No. It's more special. I will guarantee that the items will have at least an epic rating. As a token of my appreciation, I will pay for the materials."

"...!"

A chance to get a free item made by Grid! The reporters couldn't miss this scoop. They dropped their doubts for a moment and started to focus on the reward articles. The public's attention was focused on the compensation.

"This press conference is finished. I thank you for your participation."

By the end of the one hour press conference, Grid was presented as the 'apostle of justice' that condemned Immortal in order to protect the rights of the public and a popular event. Corrupt media and sweet capital combined to give a sweet Cola.

"Is it okay?" After the press conference. Toon looked at Grid in the back seat and asked anxiously.

Grid seemed uncomfortable. He seemed to feel remorse for buying the media and deceiving the public.

Grid smiled bitterly. "I'm fine. Don't you know? I'm originally a bad guy."

Even if he was a good guy, he would become corrupted for Khan's revenge. Grid's fists shook.

"I watched the press conference. You did very well."

Blur the issue and focus on justice. This was the advice Lael gave

him and Grid carried it out earnestly. The reporters bought by Lauel helped a lot.

"Why are you praising me? I just read from the script written by Huroi in the movie you staged."

"Doesn't the completion of the movie depend on the actor's performance?"

"..."

Grid closed his mouth. He felt uneasy that his face was getting thicker. He was worried that he would become a rotten person like the politicians he saw in the news and movies. Lauel smiled at the anxious Grid.

"Politicians are very clever. Don't worry. It's unlikely that you will be like them."

"...That's good."

Grid was reassured by the answer and smiled at Lauel. Grid belatedly noticed that Lauel was trying to make a bright smile.

'My face is too stiff.'

He tried to relax. Friends were truly good. Just like Khan.

"Don't worry too much. I'm not feeling bad."

Grid sat on a chair and pulled out the main point.

"Immortal is hiding in the empire like you predicted?"

"Yes. They probably won't come out for the time being."

The empire's infrastructure was the best on the continent. From the hunting grounds and quests to the facilities, everything was perfect. There were some inconveniences from the large population. However, there was nothing wrong with staying in the empire for a lifetime.

"Moreover, Immortal belongs to the empire. They will be treated generously in the empire."

"They will enjoy themselves?"

"Yes. But they will suffer from a constant threat. It's because the players in the empire will be watching Immortal. The moment they step somewhere by mistake, they will receive the surprise attack of an assassin!"

This threat would continue. It was terrible from Immortal's viewpoint. However, Grid wasn't comforted. Grid wanted Immortal's utter ruin. In particular, Grid couldn't tolerate Veradin, who dealt direct suffering onto Khan, as well as Agnus behind him.

"I have to visit the empire."

"You plan to infiltrate and assassinate by yourself?"

"Is it possible?"

"It's impossible. After Your Majesty abducted Sir Asmophel, the empire's defense facilities were upgraded. The search magic will find you even if you wear the invisibility cloak."

Of course, the remote regions of the empire could be crossed freely. However, Immortal was likely to be based in the imperial palace. It would be impossible for Faker's grandfather to safely infiltrate the imperial palace. Then what about Grid? There was no way.

"...Don't tell me?"

Lauel was amazed as he was showing a negative reaction. It was because he saw the ends of Grid's mouth curving up.

"You intend to openly go?"

Grid maintained his composure after Khan's death. He showed a wonderful and cool appearance at the press conference. That's why Lauel was caught off guard. He forgot that the current Grid wasn't sane.

"Don't worry. I'm still holding on tightly to my spirit."

Grid reassured the worried Lael and gave an order.

"Send a letter to the empire. The Overgeared King Grid will officially pay them a visit."

The master of the West Continent was the Saharan Empire. Grid was supposed to visit the emperor and give greetings as soon as he built a kingdom. But he refused and was oppressed by the empire.

"During the truce...I will use this opportunity to meet the emperor."

The fact that the empire proposed a truce agreement with the Overgeared Kingdom proved that the Overgeared Kingdom couldn't be ignored. Grid believed that he wouldn't be insulted if he visited the empire at this time. He judged it was an appropriate time to find out what type of person the emperor was. Lael read Grid's thoughts and was thrilled.

"I wanted to tell you to visit the empire once after the truce. But I couldn't say it because I thought you would be unhappy."

If Grid visited the empire and gave a good impression, the duration of the armistice might increase.

"But..." Lael suddenly had a doubt. "What are you going to say to the emperor? Will you ask him to hand over Immortal?"

"I'm not a fool. Should I bow down only to be rejected?"

"Phew."

It was fortunate that he wasn't a 'fool' anymore. Lael felt relief.

"I'll be in the smithy working on the insane dragon iron. Gather all the workmen and sculptors of the Overgeared Kingdom together. Ah, there's also the merchant ranker called Muto. Tell him I want to make a deal."

Grid gave meaningful commands. Lael grasped Grid's intentions and immediately nodded.

"I understand."

Lauel's heart thumped in his chest. He noticed that Grid's intelligence was in the process of development as he learned to use everything in the environment as well as the individual's armed forces.

'It's like looking at a chimpanzee.'

Primates such as chimpanzees were relatively uneasy. But innate intelligence alone couldn't make them smart. They had to learn how to use the tools and environment to become smarter. Just like the Grid of the past. This could sum up the present Grid.

"The stage of maturity..." (TL: Maturity can also be hard-boiled egg)

"What? Why are you suddenly talking about an egg?"

"..."

Lauel, who was muttering with a happy face, looked like he was waking up.

"From now on, make ornaments out of the insane dragon iron. The more you have, the better. However, don't think about making it roughly. I can't give it as a gift if the artistry isn't high."

"Yes. But I think it will be too difficult to craft."

"I will help. White, make a large number of needles with the insane dragon iron."

"Needles?"

"Yes. No matter how solid the wall, won't it break if needles are inserted in? Teach it to the blacksmith called Panmir."

"Yes, I understand."

The smithy complex in the center of Reinhardt regained its vitality for the first time since Khan's death. A large number of workers gathered and Grid watched them while burning with

motivation.

‘Just wait. I will go and kill you many times. ’

It was fortunate that Immortal was hiding in the empire. This opportunity allowed him to deal a severe blow to a future enemy. Grid’s way of thinking was colder than ever.

Chapter 780

"The kingdom built by a blacksmith!"

The 1st ranked blacksmith, Panmir, was very excited when coming to the capital of the Overgeared Kingdom. It was because the smithy complex contained large-scale smithies reminiscent of the dwarf city of Talima. The sound of hammering rang out around the clock, the smoke rose from every chimney, the scorching heat and the smell of steel...

This was truly a blacksmith's paradise. A heaven made by a blacksmith for blacksmiths!

'If I work here, my efficiency will rise sharply!'

A blacksmith's heart knew blacksmiths well. Panmir admired the rational smithy structure and felt great pleasure. He could see how much consideration Grid put into the process of designing the smithy. Panmir's ambition surpassed fullness and ascended into heaven.

"Is this the first smithy?"

After touring the smithies, Panmir moved to the smithy that would be his workplace in the future. He was so happy that his steps were light.

"Make way!"

"Hmm?"

Panmir, who was humming while walking down the street, paused and looked back. There was a parade of people carrying huge flour bags that were over 100kg on their backs. Panmir frowned.

'Slaves?'

The people burdened by flour bags were walking like ducks. It seemed very painful as they were sweating while covered in dirt.

Someone couldn't endure it and fell down along the way. But he immediately jumped up like he was afraid and ran with the heavy bags.

"Huh...truly harsh."

It was hard to see blatant slavery in the empire. Even the empire, which slaughtered thousands of minorities, didn't treat slaves harshly, at least in the eyes of the people. It was presumed to be the arrangement of the S.A. Group in consideration of the players' emotions. However, there was such a terrible sight in the kingdom that a player had set up.

"It's hard to understand."

Why didn't Grid set a limit on slavery? Panmir tried to understand but it wasn't easy.

"Huh?"

Panmir shook his head and was about to leave this place, only to feel amazed. It was because he found a familiar person in the procession of slaves. Aura Master Hurent.

'Hurent?'

Hurent was one of the strongest representatives of the United States. He was a big player who maintained the one digit ranking for years. Many Americans missed him at the 2nd National Competition. Every time the National Competition came around, the Americans had a habit of saying 'If only there was Hurent...'

Many people were looking forward to Hurent's brilliant return and it was the same for Panmir. Panmir had been looking forward to reuniting with Hurent once he emerged from his training. Now at this moment, he was reunited with an unimaginable figure in an unexpected place.

'Is Hurent a slave?'

Panmir was hallucinating. It was clear that he had seen wrong.

Panmir rubbed his eyes and denied reality. But when he looked back a few times, the slave really was Hurent. He was suffering more than any other slave. He was walking like a duck with six large bags of flour.

“U-Unbelievable! Hurent! What are you doing here?!”

Panmir couldn't stand it and ran to Hurent. Hurent's face was scruffy and he was covered with dirt. Was this the gentleman who looked like a middle-aged noble in Britain and was loved by women?

“W-What is going on? Why are you living in slavery?”

“Panmir...?” Hurent recognized Panmir and laughed. “No, how did you know me after seeing me once? Other people thought I just had the same name.”

“How can I not recognize you? You're the buyer of the first epic rated weapon that I made!”

“Haha... Yes, there was something like that.”

Hurent looked tired at first glance. Panmir was able to get a glimpse of how hard Hurent had been living if he kept having to do hard labor like this.

“How did you come here? Why did you become a slave?”

“What are you saying? I'm not a slave.”

“Then?”

“A farmer.”

“What...?”

“I was doing field work in Bairan. Today we are carrying out the mission of transporting the food grown in Bairan to Reinhardt.”

“Field work...? Move food...?”

“This isn't a procession of slaves but a procession of farmers.”

“Eek! You are crazy right now!”

Even if Hurent's words were true, Panmir refused to accept it. A one digit ranker representing a nation, why was the hidden class Aura Master suddenly a farmer? And what farmer carried so many flour bags weighing hundreds of kilograms? It was even at a duck pace! Where was the cart? The madman Hurent whispered to Panmir.

"Don't worry. This is training."

"Training?"

"Yes. I'm currently living as a farmer in the Overgeared Kingdom to become stronger. But please don't spread any rumors. This practice shouldn't be known to the world."

"..."

This completely crazy bastard. Or maybe Panmir was being deceived by a cheater. Panmir was at a loss for words.

"Adios."

Hurent said goodbye and carried the flour bags on his back again. Then he chased after the procession with duck-like steps.

"...He's out of his mind in the peak of his life. Tsk tsk tsk."

This was the time when the expression 'the end' was used. It was truly regrettable for the United States to lose a big star. Panmir gave a deep sigh and moved with heavy footsteps. The person waiting for him at the first smithy was a blacksmith with black skin. His name...

'White?'

Why was a black-skinned NPC named White?

'What is this hobby?'

Panmir had felt deeply uncomfortable since he saw Hurent. The Overgeared Kingdom started to seem strange.

"Are you Panmir?"

“That’s right...”

“It’s nice to meet you. I’m Blacksmith White. Since Master Grid has instructed me to educate you, I will bestow my skills onto you from today on. Let’s make needles.”

“What?”

Panmir frowned. Who was this person? He was first in the blacksmith rankings and learnt how to make ego items at the dwarf city of Talima. He was even recognized by the emperor and appointed as deputy chief blacksmith of the empire. Even the older people of the empire, the arrogant blacksmiths, acknowledged him because he knew how to make ego items.

In other words, Panmir was one of the best blacksmiths. Panmir was confident that there were few blacksmiths better than him on the whole continent. Yet a young blacksmith around 40 years old seemed to think he would teach Panmir.

‘I even have to make needles?’

He moved to the Overgeared Kingdom to be treated like this? Panmir calmed his mind and explained.

"You must be mistaken. I’m a blacksmith invited by King Grid.”

“I know.”

"You know? But you want to teach me? I also have to make needles that even a child can make?”

"These are instructions from King Grid. Are you going against the king?”

“Kuhum...!”

Panmir felt uncomfortable and his face turned red.

‘Grid wasn’t trying to make me a colleague. He just wanted to insult me?’

Such doubts arose. Despite his reaction, Blacksmith White was

already moving to his private furnace and anvil.

He thought that Panmir would leave.

‘Yes, I should check how they will treat me.’

He followed behind White. White was taking out a dark, matte material in front of the furnace.

“Umm?”

The grumbling Panmir’s attitude changed.

“What is this mineral?”

The color was the same as black iron, except that it wasn’t glossy. It was a crystal like mineral but magic power could be felt from it. Panmir was very interested in the mineral and poked it with his fingers. His attitude was like a child seeing something for the first time.

White smiled. "You are really a blacksmith. Then check it yourself."

“T-Thank you.”

White passed Panmir the mineral and he immediately used the appraisal skill. He was an advanced blacksmith with advanced mineral appraisal skills.

[Insane Dragon Iron]

A mineral that naturally occurs in the nest of the insane dragon Nevartan.

It has been influenced by Nevartan’s madness for countless years and gained the chaotic ability ‘Proliferation’

It doubles every 10 days.

This absurd nature makes it very difficult to control. The hardness is comparable to black iron, but the smelting difficulty is several times higher.

Weight: 5

"Heok!"

A mineral from a dragon lair? It was hard for an ordinary person to see such a mineral in their entire lifetime!

"Does the doubling include the volume and weight?"

"That's right. This mineral becomes twice as heavy and twice as big every 10 days.

"Huh... it can be useful in some cases."

It wasn't just one or two things that came to mind right now. Panmir was inspired and wanted to work with this mineral right away. But the degree of difficulty was several times higher than smelting black iron. Therefore, he wondered if he could handle it with his skills. White read his mind and laughed.

"Don't worry. From now on, I will teach you how to work this mineral."

"You...?"

White was too young. The blacksmith NPCs of this age that Panmir knew only had basic to intermediate level skills. The so-called geniuses were sometimes advanced level but they were far less than Panmir's Advanced Blacksmith's Craftsmanship skill.

Panmir didn't really trust White. But he didn't express his distrust. White was treating him well, so Panmir should be polite.

"I would appreciate it if you showed me."

"Then."

White nodded and threw the insane dragon iron into the furnace.

Puok! Puok!

"...Huh?"

Panmir admired White's appearance. White's skills in dealing with the temperature of the furnace were comparable to the old men of the empire.

'Of course, it isn't at a craftsman level...'

It was important to consider White's age. Unlike the old craftsmen of the empire, the young White had an infinite future. In 10 years, it seemed possible for him to catch up the craftsmen of the empire and even get ahead.

'It's tremendous talent. A different dimension from the geniuses I have seen so far. Is he a blacksmith specializing in the smelting technique? Heok?'

Panmir observed White closely in order to learn, only to suck in a breath. It was because White's atmosphere became different once he finished smelting the insane dragon iron and started hammering it. He was like a sura. The smithy was the battlefield and the flames of the furnace was the cries of the enemy. The insane dragon iron set on top of the anvil was the king of the enemy. White grasped the weapon called a hammer and had the same dignity of a ruler of the battlefield.

Ttaaang!

White finished focusing and hammered the insane dragon iron as hard as possible.

Ttaang~! Ttaaang!

"..."

Panmir was shocked and couldn't close his mouth. White's hammering quality was equal to the old craftsmen of the empire!

"You, what is your identity?"

White explained to Panmir. "I am the head of the White Hammer Smithy and Grid's disciple. Thanks to Grid's deep compassion and precious teachings, I was able to become a craftsman."

"W-What?"

Grid didn't just develop his skills but also nurtured blacksmith craftsmen? Panmir was feeling thrilled when White spoke even

more shocking news.

"King Grid has three more disciples besides me. They are Enoch from the Blue Flames Smithy, Byuksan of the Black Anvil Smithy, and Lahochu of the Red Tongs Smithy. We all received King Grid's order to educate you."

Duguen! Duguen!

Panmir's heart beat in anticipation. It was fierce enough to be somewhat burdensome to a body that was halfway to 100 years old!

"Panmir, you will learn the skills of the four of us from today. It will surely be a tough road and I need to know if you have sufficient determination. Are you willing to receive our techniques?"

Ttiring~

[A hidden quest has been created.]

[Learn the Blacksmithing Techniques (1)]

★ Hidden Quest ★

You have to spend 10 hours a day with White for a total of 300 days while learning his hammering techniques.

Quest Progress to Date: 1/300

Quest Reward: White Hammer Family's Hammering skill.

He would receive teachings 10 hours a day for 300 days. He would need to invest four years if it was four people. This was clearly a labor quest that violated common sense. It was clear that he had to be prepared to live a slave life like Hurent. Panmir clearly knew this fact, but didn't hesitate.

"I will learn it! I want to thank King Grid for giving me the opportunity and I will passionately follow you!"

"Okay."

[The quest has been accepted.]

The notification window popped up at the same time.

"Then gather some coal. I'll let you know how to make the insane dragon iron needles afterwards."

White's attitude changed. He started to give orders.

"C-Coal?"

"Yes, coal! Don't you know coal? Why are you standing there with a stupid expression? These are chores for a newcomer! It's the basics for a blacksmith!"

"Oh, no, I am an advanced blacksmith so..."

"Really? Then you can quit."

"Coal! I will bring it right now!"

It was the day when the 1st ranked blacksmith got the job as a newcomer worker. There were no rewards or skills learnt. Panmir's days passed while occasionally eating rainbow potatoes and his persistence and stamina stats rose quickly.

Chapter 781

The Overgeared Kingdom started as an agricultural kingdom. Thanks to the agriculture developed by Piaro, the kingdom's finances were stabilized and the foundations of commerce could be established. The reason why Grid was able to train blacksmiths with Khan and to build a smithy complex was thanks to the money earned from agriculture.

“So much?”

Grid felt reluctant when he saw the mountain of wheat and potatoes transported from Bairan. The wheat and rainbow potatoes had become special products of the Overgeared Kingdom and were the most important export items for the nation's economy. He didn't want to give 100 tons to the empire.

"Why do we have to give an offering in the first place? We aren't even a tributary of the empire."

Lauel explained to the grim Grid. "It isn't an offering, it's a gift. Your Majesty asked to visit the empire first and the empire accepted the request. Isn't it basic courtesy to give a small gift in return for that?"

It was a meeting between the leaders of both kingdoms. It was a notable official event for the entire continent. The empire would entertain Grid for their own sake, but Grid and the Overgeared Kingdom's image would be tarnished if they came with empty hands.

"Don't think of it as a loss. The empire has prepared many events for Your Highness. Maybe they have even prepared small gifts. Simply with physical value, they will spend more money than us. It won't be a loss. And there is one more thing you can expect..."

Kukukuk. A demon like laugh emerged from Lauel.

"It's the reactions of the empire as they taste our wheat and

potatoes. It might be completely to their tastes and they'll import large amounts."

The wheat grown by a legendary farmer was an improved species. The quality was excellent compared to the wheat of any kingdom. Hadn't rumors spread that the bread and noodles of the Overgeared Kingdom were delicious? The empire couldn't be immune to the taste. It was highly likely that trade with the empire, which had been firmly closed, would be opened thanks to this opportunity.

"Is this why you prepared agricultural products as gifts?"

Grid was forced to admire Lael's extraordinary head to pursue profit no matter the circumstances. He always felt it, but Lael was truly a great blessing to Grid and the Overgeared Kingdom.

"This was Administrator Rabbit's idea, not mine. I can't match him when it comes to making money."

It was Rabbit who paid only 73 silver to Piaro when he was still a great swordsman. From the time he was recruited to now, Rabbit had been properly managing the finances of the kingdom. Without Rabbit, the growth rate of the Overgeared Kingdom would be two or three times slower than it was now.

Grid was the one who recruited Rabbit as the administrator.

"It's amazing when thinking about it now. Wasn't Your Majesty still a fool when you met Rabbit? How did Your Majesty manage to select and recruit talented people like Sir Rabbit? Are you a natural talent?"

"..."

At the very least, he wanted to be true to the person he was serving. This was Lael's true heart. After several incidents, Lael always tried to be honest with Grid. Sometimes his words were too much. Grid occasionally felt angry, but his gratefulness was bigger. Lael's honesty gave Grid many opportunities to reflect on

himself.

"The ability to select and recruit talents..."

Grid was reminded of all the people he recruited, including Khan, Piaro, Asmophel, and Sticks. It was amazing when thinking about it now. Weren't they all half-dead when they first met Grid? Grid had made a positive connection with them. Of course, the Character Observation skill attached to the Lord's Sword helped, but now Grid started to realize it. It wasn't easy for anyone to unconditionally make a person their own just by looking at the stats.

'Can I take pride in it? Khan. For me who captivated your heart.'

"Your Majesty?"

"Ah."

Grid woke up from his thoughts and wiped his eyes. He had shed tears without knowing.

Lauel saw his sad expression and asked carefully, "Khan's funeral... You really don't want a state funeral?"

Grid nodded. "Yes. This isn't the place where his soul should be buried."

Three days before he was scheduled to visit the empire. He headed somewhere else before that.

Winston. Khan's home.

The concept of a corpse in Satisfy was small. Both players and NPCs turned to grey and dispersed into ash when they died. Bodies weren't seen unless they were in the middle of a specific quest or they were a necromancer. Grid was extremely grumpy due to this fact. He felt sorrow at not being able to take care of his precious person's remains.

But Grid was reminded of something. Satisfy had the concept of a

soul. Braham's soul, Iyarugt's soul, and the souls of Khan's ancestors and son witnessed at the cemetery proved this fact. Grid believed it. Right now, Khan's soul was by his side. He thought about attaching Khan's soul to an item using the 'Granting an Ego' skill he obtained from the Behen Archipelago.

'I can't cause Khan suffering because of my greed.'

Grid saw it. The sorrows of the former legends after they were resurrected as death knights by Pagma. They wanted rest. Grid couldn't tie Khan's soul to him.

"Khan."

A small cemetery outside Winston. Grid stood alone where Khan's son, his wife, and his ancestors were buried. He kept wiping at the falling tears and took an item out of his inventory. It was a memorial stone he made in conjunction with the sculptors of the Overgeared Kingdom. It was the memorial stone where Khan's soul would stay.

"Please stay in heaven. You should only occasionally come down to the ground to play. I'll take good care of the cemetery. Ruby and Lord will come to visit often. The children..."

Grid placed the memorial stone in the center of the cemetery and couldn't resist anymore. He burst out sobbing.

After a while.

In the remote cemetery where no one was present, Grid fought with his grief alone.

Thank you.

Thank you.

A familiar voice haunted his ears.

Overgeared King Grid. He received the legendary Pagma's abilities and was the hero of the former Eternal Kingdom. He beat

the 32nd great demon, Belial, with his capable subordinates. Later, he overthrew the Eternal Kingdom, built the Overgeared Kingdom, and contributed greatly to the establishment of Valhalla.

"He cleaned up the Behen Archipelago and restored the Hall of Fame?"

"He even has a statue built there."

"Yohohoho... I feel like he's a new man of this era."

"It's safe to say he has completely stepped out of the shadows of the past."

"Yohoho...he also has a deep relationship with the pope of the Rebecca Church?"

"Yes. He also seems to have interactions with Sword Saint Kraugel."

"Yoho...that friend knows how to use his abilities well."

"I think so as well. Grid uses Pagma's techniques as bait to expand his network."

"Even Braham was involved with him?"

The Tower of Eternity. It was a group that studied magic under the aegis of the empire and violated numerous taboos in the name of developing magic.

"Yohoho, I want to see him soon."

The master of the magic tower, Goldhit. One of the 10 great magicians on the continent, she was a great power compared to Ashur. They were on completely different dimensions since birth. She was the fourth disciple of the legendary great magician Braham.

"Uwaaaack!"

The capital of the Saharan Empire, Titan. On the way back from

hunting, a necromancer from Immortal stopped by a grocery store and screamed. It was because a knife and axe pierced his body the moment he exited the store.

"Stop it now!"

The soldiers on patrol ran when they heard the fuss, but it was already too late.

"This is one member!"

The necromancer died and the hunters ran away smiling. They didn't care about the penalty for killing someone in a city. Why? The penalty was nothing compared to the reward they would gain.

"Did you film it properly?"

"Of course! One of Grid's items has been secured!"

"Yes! Puhahahat!"

The group of people laughed as they were chased by the guards. The players who saw them were impressed.

'I'm envious!'

They needed to quickly find Immortal! The eyes of the players lit up as they roamed all over the place. Once they saw a necromancer, they tracked them, monitored them and figured out their identity. Some impatient people killed just because the other person was a necromancer. It was a hellish time for Immortal.

"Dammit!"

Kwang!

A village located in a remote part of the empress' palace. The 347 members of Immortal were raging. They were nervous about not being able to step out of the palace due to Grid. At a time when they should be steadily hunting and gaining items, they had to hide like rats?

"That damn Veradin. He pretended to be smart, but fell

completely.”

"Let's turn in Veradin's group. All of us don't need to receive damage."

"No matter how angry, is it okay to sell out our colleagues?"

"Then what should we do? Should we die together?"

The bonds of the Immortal members started to twist. Fear was deeply rooted in their hearts. It was fear of Grid who moved billions of players. They felt regret that they touched a sleeping lion who was now raining hell down on them. One of Immortal's executives, Bullet, tried to calm the guild members. "Let's wait and see. This atmosphere can't be maintained forever. Their interest will wilt once they can't find us."

"Umm..."

Hunters who couldn't find their game were bound to lose motivation. Immortal felt like they would be able to breathe if they hid like this for a while. At least until they heard the following news.

"G-Grid! Grid is going to visit the empire!!"

"What...?"

All of the Immortal members became deathly pale.

"He's the devil! The devil!"

He made them sinners just because he lost some blacksmith NPCs. Now he was going to the empire to hunt them directly? Wasn't he almost crazy at this point? The moment everyone was making a fuss.

"What is everyone afraid of? Isn't this something to be happy about?" Veradin appeared and said, "It's a chance to show our strength to Grid. Let's reverse the situation and hunt the man who came here for us."

Of course, they couldn't strike recklessly. According to the

information obtained by Veradin, Grid would have an official schedule set by the empire. If the attack on Grid ruined the emperor's schedule, Immortal could be abandoned by the empire.

"We need to pick the right timing."

A mouse would bite back when cornered by a cat. Veradin felt that Grid should be pushed. At the same time, a group of merchants entered Empress Marie's palace.

Chapter 782

“Hello Muto. Thank you for answering the invitation.”

"The number two of the Overgeared Kingdom called me? I had to come running.”

The 3rd ranked merchant, Muto. He was shaken when he received an invitation from the Overgeared Kingdom. The first player to become a king. He thought that if he was able to trade with the Overgeared Kingdom, which was progressive due to modern ideas, he could make great deals.

"Muto has already exchanged with the empire for several years?

"It has been exactly four years. I was fortunate to encounter Duke Guardian during a quest and I started to sell things to the empire through the duke.”

“Four years ago...? Isn't it faster than Kir?”

“Haha, that's right. I pioneered the empire's market first.”

The 1st ranked merchant Kir was a big guy who had several merchant rankers under him and ran a huge trading company. He used his enormous wealth to equip himself with military power and recently purchased a whole city. This could be a stepping stone to building a kingdom. There were already many people calling Kir a king.

Lauel felt disbelief.

"You pioneered the empire's market first, so why are you ranked lower than Kir?”

The merchant rankings were determined not just by level, but through the trading volume and number of trades. Muto pioneered the continent's largest market first, but was ranked lower than Kir. It frankly made him seem incompetent. Muto revealed the truth. "I was beaten by Kir's trick and lost several accounts. His

political power is several times higher than me.”

Muto was a type of merchant to do everything directly. He conducted lucrative business by investigating the market and gaining information ahead of others. It was why he took a risk and went to the East Continent. On the other hand, Kir was a master of slander. His specialty was taking away the businesses built by others. Muto had been hit several times.

"In the end, I'm not a vessel for the first rank. But isn't the vessel for the 3rd rank big enough? I'm confident that I can do enough."

Muto knew. The merchant that the Overgeared Kingdom wanted now wasn't the best merchant. If they wanted the best merchant, they would've called Kir instead of Muto.

"Please tell me what you called me for. I will do well and pay back your expectations."

‘Not bad.’

He was a quick merchant without any bragging. It was good to believe in him.

"You accompanied King Grid on the East Continent for a few days? I can see why His Majesty liked you. Okay. I have a suggestion. Become a scammer."

“Huh...? A scammer?”

"Sell a defective item to the imperial palace. It means you will have to stop trading with the empire in the future."

“W-What is this?”

Despite the fact that Kir had deprived him of most of his business in the empire, he still had some dealings left. A lot of Muto's wealth came from the empire. Now Lauel was telling him to scam the imperial palace and give up on dealings in the future. As Muto thought the suggestion was absurd...

"The prize is the Overgeared Kingdom. We will leave one-third of

our trade to the Muto Company.”

"One-third of a kingdom's trade..."

The development of the Overgeared Kingdom was ongoing. Numerous players flocked to the Overgeared Kingdom based on Grid's absolute item production ability and Lauel's resourcefulness. In the future, the Overgeared market was likely to become the second largest after the empire. He was being given one-third of this market. It was an unbelievable proposal.

"The first rank, shouldn't you take it?"

“Sigh.”

Muto was visiting the empress' palace. He recalled the meeting with Lauel two days ago and took a deep breath, calming his mind.

'This is the sky...an opportunity from the sky Grid. Do well Muto.'

Daring to scam the empire. He was crossing a river that he couldn't turn back from. Muto's hands shook from the tension and he swallowed cold water several times.

But.

"Did the sun rise in the west today? Sir Muto is coming to see me first, not His Majesty?"

After a 30 minute wait, Muto's trembling stopped with Empress Marie appeared. It was thanks to the passive skill Merchant's Fortitude. He would never shake when facing a trading partner.

"You're more beautiful every time I see you. Thank you for giving me the opportunity to meet the star of the empire. It will be the glory of my family for generations."

"How can natural beauty fade? Okay. I'm especially excited about the things you have brought today."

The merchants who traded with the imperial family always went to the emperor first. It was natural courtesy to give the highest priority over goods to the highest ranking person. Yet today Muto found the empress first, not the emperor. There was clearly a reason, but Marie couldn't help feeling good about it. It felt like she was being treated as superior to the emperor.

‘The atmosphere isn't bad.’

Unlike her mild appearance, Empress Marie was a fickle and violent woman. Muto was relieved that she was in a good mood and signalled to his subordinates.

"Isn't the material amazing?"

Empress Marie checked the items on display and was interested in two ornaments. They were a splendid chandelier and mobile made of a matte black metal.

"The place where the candles will be set are made to resemble the imperial chrysanthemum? When it's lit up, you can see the red-colored tulip."

"The light penetrates evenly into the matte frame.

"I like this. It feels elegant."

"Indeed, the empress has a discerning vision."

It wasn't a false compliment. Muto sincerely admired her. Before listening to the description of the product, the empress recognized them as special products.

"I don't know. What material is it made of?"

Marie was one of the world's leading authorities on gold and silver valuables. Due to her high position, the best items on the continent were gathered near her. Therefore, she had high insight and a lot of knowledge. But this was the first time she saw the matte black metal that made up the chandelier and mobile. She couldn't understand no matter how many times she touched it.

Now it was time to drive in the wedge. Muto gave a meaningful smile and explained, “It is a mineral from a dragon lair.”

"What? D-Dragon lair?"

Marie doubted her ears. Humans managed to enter the nest of a dragon and obtain minerals? Her common sense told her it was impossible.

Muto gave her confidence. “It’s a mineral from the lair of the insane dragon Nevartan.”

“Nevartan...”

Nevartan went completely crazy for some reason and was wandering around the world. Nevartan’s lair would be empty. It would be a big hit for the person who found it.

"Check it out."

The convinced Empress Marie ordered the various experts standing behind her and they started to look closely at the chandelier and mobile. They came up with an answer in minutes.

"I don’t know if it is a mineral from a dragon lair, but it’s definitely a mineral I have never seen before."

"The workmanship of the mineral is also excellent. It’s at least a craftsman level. However, the biggest flaw is the craftsmanship. It isn’t a masterpiece because it isn’t in harmony."

"But it’s sufficient to be worth a lot."

“Okay. I like this. I’ll buy two of them.”

“Ah...”

Marie decided after hearing the opinions of the experts, only for Muto to become embarrassed. Marie frowned.

“What is it?”

"T-That...with all due respect, I was going to show one of these to His Majesty. It is polite to show the emperor such a special

thing...”

“Look Sir Muto.”

“Yes.”

"Get rid of the unnecessary acting. Didn't you bring these things to me first because you knew I would pay a higher price? I'll buy them. Don't worry. I will give one of them to His Majesty as a gift."

“You're truly amazing.”

“Huhuhut.”

There were few rare objects in the world. The emperor would be greatly pleased when the empress gave him one of these item as a gift.

'Sometimes I need to be charming to make him shed some suspicions.'

The empire was currently divided into two factions between the emperor and the empress. But the relationship between the emperor and Marie was good. The emperor tried to believe in Marie. The emperor recognized Marie's faction as the faction of 4th Prince Edan. Marie didn't make her own faction, but the people who wanted to put her son Edan on the throne were gathering by Marie's side. Empress Marie had been acting as a naive woman towards the emperor for decades.

"Now, this price should be enough?"

[You have received 580,000 gold as the transaction price for the Insane Dragon Iron Chandelier.]

[You have received 190,000 gold as the transaction price for the Insane Dragon Iron Mobile.]

Thanks to the merchant's passive skills Advanced Trading and Bargaining, as well as the products made from the insane dragon iron, Muto earned a huge amount of money. It was a huge benefit even if he had to return half of the profit to the Overgeared

Kingdom according to the contract.

Muto smiled and bowed to the empress.

"I am thankful every time Your Majesty deals with a poor merchant like me."

A huge chandelier and a mobile with sharp leaves. They would be placed on the ceiling of the office and in the bedroom of the emperor and empress. The moment they failed to hold the weight and crashed down one month later, the empire would be in great turmoil.

Merchant Muto perfectly fulfilled his mission.

"It's huge."

The convoy transporting 100 tons of wheat and potatoes and Overgeared King Grid arrived at Titan. His spirit disappeared as he gazed at the endless walls in front of him. He lost motivation when he witnessed the overwhelming scale of Titan, which made Reinhardt look shabby.

Grid weakly thought that it would be better if he avoided fighting with the empire forever. But he quickly got rid of this thought.

'I will be swallowed up if I shrink back.'

The growth rate of the empire was much faster than the growth rate of the Overgeared Kingdom. He had to fight and take things away from them, otherwise he would end up losing.

'I have to swallow them first before I lose.'

Surururuk!

Grid and the convoy moved along the shadows of the huge walls hanging over them. Kasim's shadow soldiers were putting needles in the walls. Not a single one of the soldiers watching Grid's procession noticed anything suspicious.

‘There is only one chance.’

Grid calculated that it would be in one month. The chandelier crashing would threaten the emperor and empress, while Titan’s walls, which stood for hundreds of years, would collapse. This would confuse the entire empire. That was his chance. Grid and the elites of the Overgeared Guild would infiltrate the imperial palace and kill all members of Immortal.

They would tell Immortal that nowhere in the world was safe. This was the goal of his long-term plan.

‘I will make them feel fear and regret every night.’

Grid’s eyes blazed as he thought about Veradin and Agnus. After a while, he entered through the gates.

"Overgeared King Grid is entering!"

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

“King Grid, welcome!”

"Welcome to the Saharan Empire!"

Baam baam! Baambabababa!

The empire’s soldiers and people warmly welcomed him. Flowers bloomed all over Titan and the cheerful music helped the atmosphere. The reporters from various stations relayed the situation in a loud voice.

『 In history, the Saharan Empire has only received one formal guest. The first and last time was when they welcomed Prince Rajandra of the Lubana Kingdom. 』

『 The empire is more accustomed to domination than diplomatic relationships. From the point of view of the empire that controls all kingdoms on the continent, they don’t recognize anyone as a VIP guest. 』

『 I now have respect for Grid who is treated as an honored guest by the empire. 』

Grid was treated as a honored guest of the empire for the first time since Prince Rajandra handed Undefeated King Hamad's head over to the empire. The people of the world were thrilled to realize that Grid was a much greater person than they thought. The same was true for Grid.

'These formalities are for me.'

He really would've been shamed if he came with bare hands. Grid waved to the people with a dignified expression. It wasn't just due to his high dignity stat. Grid was familiar with big events so he could look natural. This was the power of experience.

'Your Majesty, I have been looking through the palace with shadow movements and I think you should be nervous.' He heard Kasim's voice. 'It seems that most of the powers of the empire are gathered here in Titan. I have detected at least 10 people in the palace who are more powerful than me.'

"Can they read you?"

'Probably.'

Kasim had previously been detected by Duke Steim's knight, Laden. It was highly likely that his stealth wouldn't work against real geniuses or high-ranking officials.

"Don't enter the imperial palace."

It would be bad if he was caught bringing an assassin into the place where the emperor was. Especially if Kasim's appearance was exposed. Kasim was the last survivor of the Nero, which had been destroyed by the empire. His appearance was very noticeable.

'But...'

Grid laughed at Kasim's hesitance.

"It's fine because I have the Knights Summoning."

He could summon any of the elites of Overgeared, as well as Kasim, Piaro, and Asmophel. He had already put them on standby

just in case.

“Sigh. Then let’s go.”

What would the owner of the strongest forces and his nearest aides be like? Grid hung the Great Lord's Sword at his waist and entered the palace. At that moment.

[You have discovered a strong person of this era!]

The effect of the Hero King that responded to Sword Saint Kraugel was activated, causing Grid’s fighting energy to rise. It was because he encountered Mercedes, the 1st Knight guarding the entrance. Mercedes nodded slightly as she discovered Grid.

[Mercedes’ deep eyes have looked at you.]

[Some of your stats and skills are forcibly revealed to Mercedes.]

[You can’t resist.]

[Mercedes’ sharp sword energy threatens you. The strong pressure makes your mind and body shrink. All speeds are reduced by 30% and skill casting speed is reduced by 20%.]

[You have resisted.]

[Reflecting the status has failed.]

Grid had experienced this in the past. But Mercedes was the one feeling surprised, not Grid.

“You...?”

“I don’t know what you saw.”

Tak.

Grid placed a hand on the stunned Mercedes’ shoulder and gripped hard.

“Next time, please bow your head a bit deeper. How can a knight dare to look a king in the eyes?”

“Kuk...!”

This was the person who had been kneeling in front of her a few months ago? Mercedes' beautiful faced wrinkled while Grid entered the hall behind her.

At the same time.

[You have discovered a strong person of this era!]

[You have discovered a strong person of this era!]

[You have discovered a strong person...]

[You have discovered a strong...]

...

...

The notification windows kept rising.

Chapter 783

Chill.

‘What?’

There were 30 pillars on each side in intervals of four meters. Grid was overwhelmed because the size of the great hall, which was just the tip of the palace, was bigger than he imagined. He felt helpless since the kingdom he and his colleagues worked so hard to build was just a speck of dust in front of the empire.

But the source of the alienation and fear that Grid currently felt wasn't the great hall. Grid gulped and cautiously moved. At the far end of the hall, a person on the throne was watching Grid.

Step, step, step...

As he stepped forward, Grid's fighting energy responded to this 'era's powerhouse' and the color deepened. Some people observed the purple red glow with interest, some people looked upset, and some people didn't notice.

In the silence.

"Overgeared King Grid greets Your Majesty the Emperor."

Grid reached the stairs of the stage where the throne stood and bowed his head. He knelt on one knee and bowed politely. Emperor Juander. The greatest power of this age. Numerous people and a huge army that covered the land followed him. Grid didn't disagree that he was the master of the continent. Juander might be a present and future enemy, but Grid couldn't skip the courtesies. The bitter blades were hidden behind his back.

"You truly are the Hero King." He seemed to have natural white hair. The emperor's white hair was shining, unlike the usual hair that elderly people had. "King of the Overgeared Kingdom, I sincerely welcome you to the empire. I will greet you. I am the emperor."

Was a long introduction needed? The word emperor meant he was already the master of heaven and earth. Juander wasn't arrogant, but being the emperor was a huge position.

Chill.

‘What is this?’

Grid knew immediately after entering the hall. Grid realized why there was a chill down his spine and realized why he felt fear. Was it due to the lines of strong people on the left and right? No. The direct source of this huge fear was the emperor.

‘...The last boss?’

It was impossible to observe the emperor using the Legendary Blacksmith's Eyes or Character Observation. The difference in levels was too great. But Grid's high insight told him that the emperor was strong. Grid couldn't overlook him!

‘Isn't this beyond expectations?’

As mentioned several times before, an NPC's strength was often proportional to their status. In particular, those representing a nation or clan were really great. The water clan and the evil eyes were good examples. How strong was the emperor, the master of the continent?

Grid expected that the emperor wouldn't be easy. But he didn't know it would be this much.

‘Legendary level...’

The system might make the ‘emperor’ equivalent to a ‘legend.’ It was natural when thinking about it. Wouldn't the founder of the empire be a myth? The royal pedigree was special.

"Yes, did you like the welcome?"

“It's more than I deserve. I'm glad that you were willing to accept my sudden request for a visit.”

“It might be temporary, but we are allies. It's only natural for me

and my people to respect you. Just as you were just polite to me.”

The words were full of hidden meaning. The emperor was smiling with a good face, but no favor could be found in the grey eyes that seemed like a beast.

“Yes, what’s the reason that you came to find me right now?” The puzzled emperor watched Grid.

“I came to say thank you to Your Majesty, who gave us the mercy of a truce.”

“Mercy of a truce...”

The emperor’s eyes twitched. What was the reason for the empire first offering a truce to the Overgeared Kingdom? When the empire was about to invade Valhalla, the large army of the Overgeared Kingdom gathered on the border of the empire.

That’s right. The emperor didn’t want to admit it, but the empire had folded before the Overgeared Kingdom. The empire, which had always one-sidedly trampled on foreign countries, was forced to be diplomatic for the first time. This was a painful shame to the empire. If possible, Juander didn’t want to be reminded of it again and hoped it would be erased from the empire’s history.

Now this person brought up the empire’s embarrassment. Grid didn’t have such intentions, but the emperor misunderstood it.

‘This son of a bitch dares?’

Punching King Rigal. One of the empire’s seven dukes and captain of the air force. He lead a squad of 500 griffons and 300 wyverns. Rigal also led an army of 100,000 to 1,000,000 troops and had tremendous pride in himself and the empire. Rigal couldn’t forgive Grid for ignoring the empire and suddenly claiming to be a king.

Rachel, another duke who had been looking at Grid’s fighting energy from the beginning, calmed him down.

"The other person is an honored guest. Don't get caught by his provocation. Will you cause international embarrassment just because you can't suppress your anger? Well, I don't know if that was really a provocation. Kukuk!"

Rachel was a descendant of Dehaket, a meritorious retainer at the founding of the empire and a legendary spearman. She used a spear and was the competitor to Kirinus, the best spearman on the continent. The Twilight Spearsmanship that she raised in a war made her comparable to the Red Knights.

Grid felt the atmosphere and inwardly grumbled.

'They came here to greet me, only to not say hello.'

It was nasty. But what could he do? They were powerhouses and Grid was weak. He must endure any treatment that he received. For now.

[Rigal]

Level: 439

Occupation: Rider

Stats: ????

Skills: ????

[Rachel]

Level: 475

Occupation: Spearman

Stats: ????

Skills: ????

'Are they the Five Pillars?'

Grid was confirming the information of these strangers when a new voice was heard in his ears.

"Did you really come up this way just to say thank you?"

Even the emperor treated Grid as a king, yet the owner of the voice ignored all his titles. Grid and the emperor frowned at the rudeness.

"Reinhardt was recently attacked by the organization called Immortal?"

The information of the person starting an argument appeared in Grid's eyes.

[Limit]

Level: 468

Occupation: Sword Duke

Stats: ???

Skills: ???

The master of the Red Knights and the best swordsman in the empire. Grid had also heard of Sword Duke Limit. Limit ignored the unhappy Grid and the emperor and kept on talking.

"The organization called Immortal is now here in Titan. The real reason you came to the empire is to hunt them... Can I say that?"

"Coming here to hunt Immortal?"

The empire might be a bigger nation than the Overgeared Kingdom, but Limit was a duke and Grid was a king. Whatever the truth, it was basic courtesy to at least outwardly treat him as a king. Yet Limit didn't show any manners towards Grid. It felt like the entire Overgeared Kingdom was being ignored. A smile appeared on Limit's face as he saw the fighting energy of the angry Grid.

'Yes, reveal it.'

There were few people who liked the exchange between the empire and the Overgeared Kingdom. Emperor Juander requested a truce with a small kingdom. He was called the most incompetent of all the emperors. What if at this time, Grid showed hostility to

Limit, the representative of the nobles?

Limit's loyalty to the emperor would weaken and he could turn to the empress. That's right. Limit's provocation towards Grid had a clear purpose. At this moment, Grid was on the verge of being provoked.

Grid's agitation was an ideal situation. Juander would be a pathetic man ignored by the king of a small kingdom while Limit, the leader of the empress' faction, would suppress this king. As soon as such rumors spread, the position of the empress would become much bigger than before.

Limit was looking forward to it.

"...If I visited the empire's capital for such a reason, things would be much more enjoyable than they are now. I would be able to punish them with my own hand. But isn't it a pity? I didn't know that those villains were hiding here until now."

Grid didn't fall for Limit's provocations. Reaching the top spot among two billion users made him more prudent and wise.

"But it's strange. Duke Limit, how do you know about Immortal? Are you the one who sent Immortal to the Overgeared Kingdom?"

Grid wasn't just suppressing his anger. He returned the provocation to Limit in another form. Playing one side against the other.

"Are you dissatisfied with the armistice agreement that His Majesty made? That's why you attacked the Overgeared Kingdom while breaking the armistice agreement that His Majesty made himself?"

Grid highlighted 'His Majesty' several times. It was to push Limit as going against the will of the emperor.

'Of course, it won't work.'

Grid was the emperor's enemy and would be an enemy any time

in the future. It wouldn't be hard for the emperor to see that Grid was playing one side against him. Grid was playing one side against the other and Limit was doing the same. But surprisingly, the emperor fell for it. He didn't think it was ridiculous. The problem was that Limit was in the empress' faction. In particular, the emperor had frequently disciplined Limit and the Red Knights recently. The emperor believed that it wouldn't be unusual for Limit to have a grudge against him and for Limit to be behind the Overgeared Kingdom's invasion.

But he didn't show it on the outside. It was impossible to doubt a servant in front of Grid.

"The situation has become noisy. Let's enjoy dinner."

The emperor tried to calm things down as much as possible.

After that.

'What can I do about the low level of the non-combat classes?'

Grid was floored when he confirmed the names and level of the supporters attending the dinner. The average level of the powerhouses of the empire was higher than Piaro. The problem was that Piaro had a farmer class. The power of the empire was a huge pressure and Grid felt anxious about the uncertain future. But there was a person even more nervous than him.

'That Grid...'

It was the beautiful woman who gave off an icy feeling, Mercedes. The owner of this beauty, the First Knight couldn't take her eyes off Grid. It was obvious vigilance. Mercedes was afraid of Grid. It was because her inborn insight at understanding the talent and potential of the target couldn't measure Grid correctly. There was an unknown feeling in the shoulder that Grid had touched an hour before. It was the first time she felt like this, causing Mercedes to feel greater confusion.

"He isn't insignificant."

Sword Duke Limit came to her side and whispered, "Hit Grid."

"Yes...?"

"You don't have to kill him yourself. Just tell Grid that the empire ordered you to strike at him."

"You want to make it clear that the empire is attacking an honored guest? Can I ask why?"

"The intention is for Grid to break the armistice first. What would happen if the armistice agreement that His Majesty made was one-sidedly destroyed by the other party? It will be an absolute disgrace. His political position will fall to an extent that can't be imagined."

"..."

Limit was a person conflicted between the temptation of the empress and his loyalty to the emperor. Now he seemed to be firmly entrenched next to the empress. The emperor's actions of keeping the Red Knights in check had brought about the worst result.

Limit whispered to the sad Mercedes. "The empress will give troops to support you. They're good necromancers. Strike at Grid when he's returning to the Overgeared Kingdom."

"...I understand."

Was this right? Mercedes was certain that it wasn't right. All knights were loyal to their master. It was the knight's fate to remain faithful even if they didn't like what their master was doing. Mercedes felt like she was being denied her very existence.

Mercedes bit her lips until blood flowed as she looked between the emperor and Grid. At the same time, in Empress Marie's palace.

"This is a great opportunity. We'll show Grid."

Veradin, the mastermind between Limit joining with the

empress, convened the elites of Immortal.

Chapter 784

"This is also okay."

Emperor Juander's face was satisfied as he tasted the food coming out in turn. The other officials were the same. The imperial cuisine, which reinterpreted the food culture throughout the continent, was originally famous for its taste. But it tasted especially good today. The imperial chefs seemed to be at their best since an honored guest was visiting.

'Huhuhut, that hillbilly will be shocked by the taste.'

Punching King Rigal watched Grid's response. The specialty of the Overgeared Kingdom was potatoes? Rigal wanted to see what type of response the king of a country that ate only pig food would show to the food of the great empire. It was as he expected.

"The food tastes good. In particular, the food made from flour are excellent."

Grid's reaction was as Rigal expected. He admired and praised the food. The Saharan Empire was truly the best in every way. Grid's admiration made the emperor feel good. Rigal confirmed the smile on the emperor's face and quickly clapped his hands. The chef soon came running.

"Y-You called me."

Being called to the emperor's presence? The head chef was full of fear. He was worried he had made a mistake and angered the emperor.

Rigal spoke to the sweating chef. "Explain the food to our honored guest. I'm sure there are a lot of foods he doesn't know. Shouldn't you take care of this part?"

Every dish had history and background. Knowing it made eating the food more delicious. Rigal had this logic but in reality, he was treating Grid as a hillbilly. The contempt in his eyes was clear

when he looked at Grid. But Grid didn't flinch back when facing him. He smiled calmly and enjoyed the situation.

"Thank you for the favor, Sir Rigal."

"Of course..."

Rigal was surprised by Grid's gratitude.

'You still haven't noticed.'

Grid didn't even know he was being made fun of. There was a teasing taste. Rachel shook her head at Rigal and made an insidious remark.

"You're still a child. You're bothering a weak person."

"You are the one saying this? When I recall the memories of being bullied by you as a child, I still jump up in my sleep."

The two of them had been close since childhood due to the connection between their families. The friendly atmosphere caused by their memories didn't last long.

"As the Overgeared King may already know, all of today's dishes are cooked using the wheat of the Overgeared Kingdom."

"...!"

"...?"

The head chef's unexpected words caused the people watching the situation pleasantly to feel surprise and the emperor frowned. Grid was still smiling.

"Indeed, it was like this. Somehow the taste of the wheat dishes were particular good. It was because you used the wheat produced in the Overgeared Kingdom."

"You already know. Yes, that's right. I'm grateful for your gift of the best wheat on the continent."

The head chef was just a chef. He was ignorant about political things. He recognized Grid as a precious guest of the emperor and

was able to purely praise the Overgeared Kingdom's wheat. It was unfortunate. The chef might lose his job today. Grid looked at Rigal's dark expression and wanted to sneer.

‘This isn't it.’

A large-hearted person was better than an childish one. Grid acted wisely as he was reminded that he was representing the Overgeared Kingdom.

“You are surely the head chef of the imperial family if you can recognize the value of our wheat. I'm happy that a chef like you can make wonderful food for His Majesty the Emperor every day. I'm envious.”

"Y-You're overpraising me."

The head chef was thrilled by the praise and bowed, while the unpleasant looking emperor ended up smiling. He liked Grid's consideration.

“The Overgeared King is right. I am happy because I have a chef who can make such wonderful food with good ingredients. Now is the time to bring out the 1,000 year old wine. Take a glass.”

"Yes, Your Majesty!"

Thanks to Grid, the atmosphere of the dinner party became relaxed again. The emperor, Grid, and the officials enjoyed the moment as they drank from their glasses. The emperor was delighted and they all had to hide what they were feeling inside.

‘Tsk.’

In a corner of the venue, Limit chewed his food with a sour expression and stood up. He was heading to the empress' palace.

“He has been through many hardships.”

Limit evaluated Grid.

"His ability to read the situation is excellent. He's a wise man who knows how to control himself and isn't easily provoked. He also takes advantage of the opponent's provocation."

Marie showed interest as she listened to the story while staring at her nails.

"Isn't it surprising? I thought he was a simple and violent character who purely swallowed up a kingdom with force."

"I also thought the same but...it looks like he is a natural born politician."

The expression of 'natural born' wasn't suitable for Grid. Grid was originally a person lacking in every way. But Limit didn't know this. Like Limit said, the Grid who Limit met today was the Grid that had gone through countless hardships. It was a Grid who had already grown. Limit was forced to appreciate him.

"As Veradin said, he's a formidable opponent."

Veradin. One day, he suddenly appeared and got the favor of Empress Marie. Limit had been suspicious, but he was forced to acknowledge Veradin.

"Yes, that's right. We must strike Grid as planned today and make Grid go against the emperor. I will tell the Red Knights."

"Okay. I will send Immortal. Please finish it well."

A smile appeared on Marie's face as she nodded. The fact that she had just been the daughter of her family and could now give orders to the duke of the empire gave her great joy. What would she feel like when she placed her son on the highest position and held more power? She got goosebumps just imagining it.

-What type of person is the emperor?

The outskirts of Titan. As Grid moved away from the cheering crowds, Kasim asked from the shadows.

‘Despite the fact that the emperor was known as a tyrant, he was surprisingly ordinary. He might be a good ruler.’ Grid thought, but he remained silent. For Kasim, Emperor Juander was a hated person who he couldn’t afford to kill.

In the end, Grid replied casually, "The emperor, well, he is the emperor. He was unbelievably arrogant. "

-...You are deepening.

“Huh?”

-Unlike the past, you are speaking very carefully.

Kasim had been observing Grid since before Lord was born. It meant he knew Grid when he was immature. Kasim watched Grid’s growth in real time and he saw that the current Grid was reaching the end of his growth.

-You don’t have to worry about me. I would like to hear your honest opinion. What type of person is the emperor?

Kasim repeated the question and Grid replied.

"He wasn’t as selfish as I expected.”

The master of the continent. It wasn’t strange if the person who accomplished such a thing was violent, brutal, and selfish. However, the emperor that Grid met was more careful and respectful than expected. It was a shameful story but the current emperor was better than Grid when he was just grasping his power.

"He surprisingly has plenty of friends.”

-...

“But that is the individual called Juander.”

Grid knew.

"As the emperor, he’s as ferocious and selfish as we thought.”

History proved this fact. Wasn’t he the emperor who conquered

and wiped out many lives in the name of the emperor?

"Eventually, we will fight. The emperor will remain an object of hatred forever. You don't have to worry. Just dream of revenge."

The driving force behind Kasim was revenge on the empire. The more he dreamt of revenge, the more he developed. Grid naturally wanted Kasim to develop.

"Today I didn't see any of the Five Pillars. There were only seven dukes and the knights. But I mistook them for the Five Pillars."

It meant that everyone was strong. He could imagine how much stronger the Five Pillars were. He easily escaped Kyle the other day due to Braham and Mumud's pincer attack. But without Braham, both Grid and the Ares Army would be in danger.

"Become stronger, Kasim."

-Yes, Your Majesty.

Grid had already achieved his dream of being the best. The current Grid couldn't be ignored by anyone and was an object of envy. However, this was in reality. In the gigantic world of Satisfy, Grid was still weak and he had an obligation to protect his precious people. Strength, more strength was needed.

Clatter, clatter.

Grid's carriage slowly moved through the dark forest. It was a speed keeping in mind the soldiers and transport convoy followed them. It was also because of Grid's order. Overgeared King Grid was growing into a wise king.

"It's ridiculous."

Deep in the forest.

Veradin saw the carriage slowly approaching in the distance.

"Human choices and behavior are based on a desire for compensation. Humans do things because they want something. Let's take the example of libido. For what reason do people feel

sexual desire? The pleasure is compensation for breeding. It's proof that compensation is the ultimate need."

There was a smile on Veradin's normally expressionless face.

"The compensation dominating Grid is a desire to be respected. As a person who has been despised for most of his life, he tends to be extremely obsessed with the evaluation of others. He dreams that everyone in the world will acknowledge and respect him. It's a desire to be acknowledged by the soldiers, not consideration for the soldiers, that is behind Grid's hypocritical act of slowing the carriage."

Grid was a lump of pretenses. He was a man who was always bluffing. Due to this, he became more attached to revenge. He was afraid that the world would ignore him again if he didn't get revenge for the damage inflicted on him. In fact, Grid was planning a revenge play that went beyond Veradin's expectations.

"A simple human."

Veradin's face showed no motivation as he looked at Grid's gradually approaching carriage. People like Grid were so prevalent in the world that Veradin couldn't become interested in Grid. Then what about Agnus? Agnus was filled with a desire to compensate for his 'loss.' He was a very unusual case. Veradin wanted to observe him longer. In order to stay near Agnus, it was necessary to restore their relationship.

"The means of recovery..."

Veradin held the Ghost's Necklace in his hand and started to infuse magic power into it.

"Grid, you are holding it. Now die. And burn with a stronger vengeance."

Direct the grudge towards Agnus and stir up Agnus' madness. Once Agnus was in a stage of oblivion, he would be forced to rely on Veradin again.

“Summon, Death Knight.”

Kuwaaah...

Kyleo, the one who drove Khan to death, responded to Veradin’s command and raised his body from the ground. Hundreds of skeleton knights and skeleton mages had already surrounded Grid’s carriage.

‘It isn’t right.’

The First Knight watching the scene, Mercedes’ eyes shook.

Chapter 785

Screech. Screech. Screech...

Clatter. Clatter.

Screech...

As the carriage containing Grid entered deep into the forest, the cries of the beasts subsided. The only sounds that could be heard in the silent forest were the wheels of the carriage and the footsteps of the soldiers.

“Monster?”

The birds and beasts hiding was a sign that monsters would appear. Grid naturally knew such common sense.

Kasim replied to Grid.

-Monsters can't pop up on a forest that the people of Titan often use.

-It's people.

-There are many people hiding in the area.

Kasim's shadows spread out in the forest that was filled with darkness. Kasim reported back.

-The enemy. There are more than 300 of them.

“Thieves?”

-No. They're the people who attacked Khan.

“...!!”

Immortal! The nonchalant looking Grid rose from his seat. His face distorted like a demon as he opened the door of the carriage.

Kuweeeeeeh!

Kwaaaaah!

Clack! Clack clack!

The ground shook as hundreds of red lights appeared in the bushes. As the dark clouds covering the full moon were lifted, the blue moonlight shone onto the forest and revealed hundreds of unsightly skeletons. It was a large undead army. The vanguard contained skeleton knights while the skeleton mages were in the rear.

"Build up a stronger sense of revenge."

From far away, a sweet voice was heard in the rear of the undead army. Grid jumped out of the carriage and saw the white-haired young man.

"Veradin...!"

The person who made Khan's last moments filled with pain. The target of hatred that Grid killed dozens or even hundreds of times in his head!

"Die!"

Kuwaaaaaang!

Kasim had no time to stop him. Grid pulled out the Ideal Dagger, used Quick Movements and immediately rushed towards Veradin. He put away the Ideal Dagger and pulled out a weapon.

"Grid! Get him!"

"Kill that bastard!"

Kwaaaaah!

The necromancers shouted excitedly as they discovered Grid and dozens of skeleton knights blocked Grid's way. They wielded huge swords and spears, completely focused on only killing Grid.

Kwa kwang!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

The four God Hands transformed into Lifael's Spear, inflicting catastrophic damage to evil beings and opening the way for Grid.

“Heok...!”

“T-This is ridiculous...!”

Dozens of skeleton knights over level 250 were turned to ashes at once? The spears also moved without Grid touching them? The astonished necromancers simultaneously thought.

‘The best...!’

The necromancers were reminded. The opponent they were currently trying to hunt was the one who broke the sky. Grid stormed into the middle of enemy camp and pressed the button of the Pulling Device.

Hwiririk!

Red and black swords appeared in the moonlight, rotating before joining together.

Seokeok!

Puhahahak!

The skeleton knights and necromancers standing in the direction of the rotation were hit. The Pulling Device combined the two swords into one. The Enlightenment Sword.

“Veradinnnnnnn!”

Kwa kwang! Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

The earth shook. It felt like the forest would fly away. Grid rushed through the undead army as four spears rotated around him, reminiscent of someone breaking through the sea.

‘Now he’s just a monster.’

Grid’s presence rose to the rank of deities. Veradin wasn’t surprised because he already knew this, but Grid’s presence was beyond the scope that he observed. Veradin’s tension soared to the peak as Grid narrowed the distance with a fearsome expression. His legs were shaking. But Veradin had a smile on his face. It was a

smile of satisfaction.

Kwaaaaah!

Did he believe in the four spears around him? Or was it because he lost his mind in front of his enemies. Grid was so focused on Veradin that he was unable to response to the attack of the death knight that suddenly appeared.

Puok!

The poisonous dagger of Kyleo pierced Grid's heart. It was an attack filled with the poison master's killing power. It gave a paralysis that couldn't be resisted to the target and simultaneously reduced the target's health by 50%. It was Kyleo's ultimate ability that had a very low chance of causing instantaneous death.

"Now!"

A perfect opportunity to defeat the crazy beast! After confirming that Grid was trapped, Veradin shouted and the skeleton mages simultaneously chanted a prepared spell.

'I got him!'

47 skeleton mages used magic at the same time. Veradin was convinced when he saw the explosive magic power. He had no doubt that Grid would receive huge damage from the magic bombardment and enter the immortality state. That's right. In the midst of the urgent situation, Veradin hadn't confirmed it yet.

[Death Knight Kyleo has returned to an inactive state.]

[The target didn't receive any damage.]

[The target has resisted the absolute paralysis and poison.]

These notification windows!

"What?"

Veradin's face was dismayed as he belatedly checked the notification windows. Veradin couldn't understand it. Kyleo's

dagger had clearly stabbed Grid's heart. Veradin had seen it with his own eyes. Yet the attack was for nothing? Grid didn't receive any damage?

"What is this...? Stop!"

Veradin was upset that things went differently than planned and hurriedly shouted. But it was too late. The necromancers commanded their summoned skeleton mages to activate the magic.

Huuuuuuong!

Gravity Boom. It was advanced black magic available to skeleton mages over level 300. It was commonly used as the ultimate spell of a skeleton mage. It modified the gravity of the specified area and slowed down the target, while causing an explosion. The spell was powerful but the scope was too narrow and the casting time was very long. It was even slower to deploy. It was almost impossible to hit a moving target with Gravity Boom.

That's why...

"M-Moving?"

Grid resisted Kyleo's paralysis and poison with Khan's posthumous work Valhalla and avoided Gravity Boom. Grid took one step towards Veradin.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Two steps.

Peng! Pepepepeong!

Three steps. Every time he got closer, a senseless explosion occurred behind him. As the forest became a wasteland, Grid used Pagma's Swordsmanship, Link, to get rid of the skeleton mages as he reached Veradin.

"This is the first time." Grid's voice, full of killing intent, reached Veradin's eyes. "You're going to die for me."

This death was just the beginning, not the end.

Grid declared, "You will keep dying because of me over and over. I will make you suffer more pain than Khan felt."

Puk!

Puk puk!

Kyleo kept attacking Grid to protect his master, but it was in vain. He attacked Grid with assassination skills, which were resisted by Khan's armor.

"You're crazily overgeared."

Veradin said with a silly expression.

"Shut your stinky mouth."

Grid didn't give him a chance to speak. He swung the Enlightenment Sword. But the sword never reached Veradin's neck.

Jjeejeeong!

All of a sudden, a sword flew and blocked the Enlightenment Sword.

"You...?"

Transparent blue hair faded into the moonlight and looked like it was shedding frost. Grid was puzzled as he grasped the identity of the woman who interfered.

"Mercedes?"

"..."

The First Knight. The strongest sword that exercised the will of the empire. In the end, she was just a tool. She said with a sad expression, "I'm sorry."

"Kuk...!"

Jjeejeeong!

Grid's body rose in the air. It was because he was hit by

Mercedes's shield that rose at an angle that couldn't be seen. It was an overwhelming 'charge.' Grid flew through the air and showed a defenseless appearance.

"Your Majesty!"

Kasim's voice was heard from behind him. Kasim and the soldiers were surrounded by several Red Knights. While Grid was blinded by Veradin, Kasim and the soldiers were also fighting.

"Shadow Move...!"

Kasim attempted to save Grid. However, his range of movements were greatly reduced due to the moonlight swallowing up the darkness. He couldn't move long distances and was caught from behind by the Red Knights.

"Ugh!"

"Kasim...!"

Grid knew who Kasim was. Lord's mentor, friend, and family. It was Kasim who filled the vacant position of 'father' for Lord. Yes, Kasim was like Khan to Lord.

"No...!!"

He couldn't lose Kasim. Grid forgot the enemies in front of his eyes as he fully focused on Kasim. Grid used Fly and flew to Kasim to save him from the Red Knights. No, he tried to fly there. Mercedes was the problem.

Chaaeng! Chaeeeeeng!

She unleashed her sword at the fastest speed that matched Kraugel and pressed Grid. Mercedes avoided the God Hands swinging Mjolnir after the duration of Item Transformation ended and blocked Grid's way. Grid's confusion disappeared and was replaced with anger.

"You dog...! The emperor...! The emperor ordered you?!!"

The emperor sent Grid off with a smile only to hit him in the

back of the head? Mercedes couldn't carelessly reply to Grid.

Veradin's voice filled the silence instead. "If you're smart then you should've thought about it. Do you think I could attack you without any insurance?"

He believed in the strength of the Red Knights and the full moon. Veradin's plan was perfect. Now the only thing left was to kill Overgeared King Grid and announce it. The Overgeared Kingdom's wrath would grow bigger and Immortal's reputation would naturally rise. Agnus would no longer be able to stand by.

Veradin smiled with satisfaction. He knew that Grid had the three heavenly kings and the Overgeared members that he could summon. But he believed there was no way to stop the 10 Red Knights that included the First Knight, even if all of them were summoned.

'Please summon your knights.'

He would kill all the people Grid relied on. The moment that Veradin was rejoicing.

Puooook!

Mercedes' sword, which boasted a different strength from Lorex, pierced Grid's abdomen.

"Cough...!"

This woman was truly a monster. She was equal or much better than the seven dukes of the empire. Grid coughed up blood but he wasn't worried about his life right now. He cared about Kasim's finite life.

'It's over for Kasim if I die.'

Lord would be upset. Grid didn't want his child to feel such sadness and hatred. Grid could only make one choice.

"Knight... Cough! Summoning...!"

The strongest power that Grid relied on. The only one with the

power to achieve Grid's desire!

“Piaro!”

“...?!”

The name buried deep in her chest. Mercedes became blank as she witnessed a man appearing in a pillar of light.

Chapter 786

The pillars supporting the country. The empire was eternal and the people would be at ease.

This was a verse of a song that was once popular throughout the empire. Great Swordsman Piaro and Splendid Swordsman Asmophel. The people of the empire gained great courage and hope when they listened to the song that praised the two heroes of the empire.

It was the same for the young Mercedes. She had dreams of becoming a knight and was raised humming the heroes' song. Mercedes overcame every hardship and trial in the hope that she could someday wear the same red armor as the two heroes. For her, the tragedy of 12 years ago was a huge shock.

“Piaro!”

“...?!”

The name buried deep in her chest. The moment when the name of the sinner flowed from Grid's mouth.

Flash!

The pillar of light fell and a man appeared inside. He was a middle-aged man dressed in shabby clothing and covered in dirt and sweat. He wore a straw hat on his head and he was holding a sickle and hand plow with hands covered in calluses. He looked like a farmer, but Mercedes wasn't deceived by the appearance. Despite the 12 years of misunderstanding, she recognized his identity with one glance.

“Piaro...!”

Great Swordsman, Hero, Pillar, Emperor's Sword, Head Teacher, Captain...

They were all the titles that Mercedes once used for Piaro in the

past. Now the best courtesy she could give Piaro was to not speak the stigma of 'traitor.' Piaro defended Grid from her sword and made a bittersweet expression.

"That keen-eyed girl is now a beautiful knight."

No regrets could be found in Piaro's eyes as he recalled the past. This made Mercedes' beautiful face distort.

"You...!"

Why didn't he miss the past? How could he be so dignified? Why was he standing on the side of the Overgeared King? It couldn't be.

"Your Majesty, are you safe?"

"Thanks to you."

"I am here to serve."

"Don't tell me..."

The empire in Piaro's heart. It had completely disappeared?

"Ick...!"

Mercedes eyes became red without her knowing. There was a sense of struggle as she tried to hold back her tears.

"I...!"

"..."

"Do you know how much I have been looking for you in the past 12 years?"

It was hard to bear. In the end, Mercedes' tears emerged. It was because she realized that she was only an 'enemy' to Piaro as she watched Piaro hiding Grid behind his back.

"Every day... I was waiting every day. For the day when you would suddenly appear, telling me that the betrayal was a false accusation."

"..."

"But look at you now? My captain... Where did my captain go?!!!"

Mercedes' cry rang across the battlefield. Thanks to this, all the Red Knights saw Piaro.

"P-Piaro...?"

"No way... Why is Piaro here...?"

The chaos of battle stopped. Veradin and the Immortal members were baffled by this unexpected situation. Grid was also confused as he faced the Red Knights.

'Why are the Red Knights reacting like this?'

Grid knew that Piaro was kicked out of the empire 10 years ago. At that time, he heard that most of the Red Knights who followed Piaro were branded as traitors and killed. As a result, Grid regarded the current Red Knights as a group that had no relation to Piaro. Everyone else in the world was the same. Yet looking at their reactions, it seemed this wasn't the case.

Why?

Grid's question was resolved by Mercedes.

"Many boys and girls dreamt of seeing you."

"..."

"The young knights who devoted themselves to your teachings and gained great strength from them are now wearing red armor."

"..."

"No one has ever spoken your name, but we were all missing you. If you one day appeared before us and told us that you were framed and didn't betray the empire, I wanted you to come back."

At the very least, she wanted to hold the funeral. Mercedes' sad face and shaky voice gradually calmed down. The tears flowing down her cheeks completely dried up.

"But the traitor appeared alive before us."

The reason was because he was hiding behind the Overgeared King.

Kwaduduk!

Mercedes recovered from her confusion. Enormous anger filled her from the betrayal.

"I missed you... I wanted to believe you. Now I'm ashamed and embarrassed."

Surung!

Mercedes pulled out another sword. It wasn't until the double swords were grasped with both hands that Mercedes' strength was revealed.

"Overgeared King Grid, you have done the sin of sneaking a traitor into the empire. And the traitor... I will exterminate Piaro."

Mercedes' meaning was absolute to the Red Knights. Her declaration was a signal. The Red Knights, who hesitated after seeing Piaro, started attacking Kasim again. Meanwhile, Mercedes flew to Piaro and wielded her swords. Veradin and Immortal didn't miss this moment.

"Now!"

Immortal had been watching the strange atmosphere with unease. Now they started to act again. They summoned new undead to hit Grid's soldiers. Veradin shouted, "Grid! You have to summon all your knights right now!"

If he didn't want to lose the strongest farmer that the Overgeared Kingdom was proud of! Summon all the talents and lose everything in return!

Veradin, who believed in the power of the Red Knights and smiled with joy, didn't know. Piaro's Pounding Mortar that took off one of Great Demon Belial's arms. It was a power that a mere player couldn't afford.

“Piaro! How long will you play around? Are you still seeing me as a child?”

Chaaeng! Chaeng!

Mercedes spat out angrily at Piaro’s clear disregard as he used his sickle and hand plow to block her swords.

“Pounding Mortar.”

Kuoooooooooh!

A pillar, or mortar, that was a size too big for humans to guess appeared in the night sky. It was gigantic enough to devour the bright moon that floated in the sky.

Chill.

The strong aura caused goosebumps. Mercedes and the Red Knights escaped, but the nervous Veradin and Immortal necromancers had low agility and were forced to stand in the wrong place. Yet they didn’t despair. Veradin was still smiling.

“It finally came. The legendary farmer’s strongest technique.” Veradin had watched the Belial raid video several times. It was to grasp the power of Grid, Kraugel and the Overgeared members. In the process, he analyzed Piaro and Pounding Mortar. “A wide range skill that deals physical damage in proportion to the target’s maximum health?”

He was certain. He believed that unless the skill dealt proportional damage, it couldn’t inflict a critical wound on Belial who had millions of health. The confident Veradin signalled to Immortals top rankers. They all took out new armor.

[The Armor of Great Weight has been equipped.]

[Armor of Great Weight]

Rating: Epic

Durability: 59/59 Defense: 579

- * Increases defense in proportion to the level of the wearer (1 defense per 3 levels).

- * Reduces physical damage by 9%.

- * Movement speed is fixed at 0 and moving isn't possible.

- * Stamina is reduced by 20%.

- * Stamina will be reduced by 1 every 10 seconds.

The armor of the Pero people that was made to endure the raids of the Saharan Empire.

It increases the wearer's defense to the extreme. However, the armor is so heavy that wearing it is exhausting. The durability is lacking because it is designed only for high defense. Wearing it for too long isn't allowed.

Weight: 69,900

User Restriction: Level 250 or higher.

The worst armor that decreased stamina and made it impossible to move! However, the defensive power was high enough to exceed heavy armor.

"If we can endure this attack...!"

The death of the sub-rankers who couldn't obtain such armor wasn't a concern. Veradin calculated that he and the surviving top rankers could help Mercedes destroy Grid. Veradin and the necromancers took expensive buffing potions that temporarily boosted their defense.

Kuwaaaaaaaang!

Pounding Mortar fell. Piaro was aiming for the necromancers from the beginning. He knew that necromancers needed to be taken out when fighting an undead army.

"Kuahahat! Ha?"

Take a step forward. After a while, kill Grid.

Veradin and the necromancers laughing like crazy couldn't even scream as they were crushed.

[The Armor of Great Weight has been destroyed!]

[The Armor of Great Weight has been...!]

[The Armor of Great Weight has...!]

...

...

The heavy weight of the falling mortar contained a power that violated common sense. The armor that Veradin and the necromancers believed in was destroyed and their bodies and souls disappeared without a trace.

“...”

No one could open their mouths. They just gaped at the forest that disappeared. As the trees disappeared, ash-colored pillars scattered all over the night sky. The countless undead also turned to dust and returned to the ground. There was an awkward silence.

"As long as I am alive, no one can harm my king's body." Piaro declared to his confused enemies, including Mercedes. There was no trace of the old days. As Mercedes expected, Piaro recognized the Red Knights as an obvious enemy.

Crack.

Her heart hurt. The hero who taught her how to be a knight was a traitor aiming his sword... No, aiming his hand plow at them. It was awful. It made her wonder if a knight was such a fleeting existence. The Red Knights spoke to the pained-looking Mercedes.

"It's dangerous with just us alone."

"If we retreat... Even Captain Limit would understand."

Right now, Mercedes was the only solo number knight present. Meanwhile, Piaro seemed stronger than he did in the past. In

addition, Grid and Kasim were formidable opponents. The Red Knights judged it was impossible to beat the enemies with their current power.

Mercedes nodded and gave a command, "Okay. Everyone retreat."

"Sir Mercedes...?"

"Who will guard your retreat?"

What did it mean to be alive? The captain she vowed a knight's oath to was forcing her to betray, rather than be loyal to the emperor, which her former teacher who taught her about a knight's oath was already a traitor. In the end, she would rather die than be corrupted.

Piario smiled for the first time as he prepared for Mercedes' challenge.

"You are the same as ever."

There were those who didn't change under any circumstances. They were the ones who had strong convictions from the start.

"I can't break your will. Good. I will deal the end with my own hands."

Piario was Grid's. He couldn't stand that Mercedes tried to harm Grid. He knew her talents and beliefs and decided to kill the girl he had raised as a seed. But Grid didn't allow it. It was because he witnessed the sadness in Piario's face.

"Piario, do you remember how I wished for you to be happy?"

"Your Majesty...?"

"Summon Knight, Asmophel."

The only key to getting rid of Piario's bad name. The Red Knights were astonished when Grid shouted this name. Mercedes once again lost her soul.

Chapter 787

12 years ago, Asmophel condemned Piaro and his loyalists as traitors. The fallen hero. Yes, after Piaro's betrayal, Asmophel was no longer a hero. After destroying his most precious friend Piaro, his fellow men, and their families with his own hands, he isolated himself in a mansion for many years, sinking into drugs and alcohol. It seemed like a ritual. A ritual to call death.

"...One day, you suddenly disappeared."

He might be ruined, but a splendid swordsman was still abducted. Did he do this? Mercedes was aware of Asmophel's ability despite his inaction and wasn't convinced. Therefore, she had only one guess.

"I thought it was a self-fabricated act."

"..."

The old hero Asmophel appeared in a pillar of light. Like the old days, he smiled at Mercedes with a noble and beautiful appearance.

"I thought that you wanted to turn away from a hellish life and left the empire to escape from the protection of the Red Knights."

She was sad. The knight who died for himself, not for his master, was no longer a knight. Mercedes felt sorrow that the hero who had been an idol like Piaro had transformed into a symbol of shame and corruption.

"Yes. I thought you were already dead."

However.

"You're alive. And you're by the traitor Piaro's side." Mercedes gripped her two swords with great strength. Blood was flowing down her hands as she started to tremble. "You were once a hero, yet you betrayed your country and your emperor to be with your friend?"

“...”

The key to resolving the misunderstanding just made things worse. But Grid wasn't worried. He knew that Asmophel would release the misconceptions as soon as he spoke.

“Mercedes, there are a few things to keep in mind.”

After responding to Grid's call, the silent Asmophel finally opened his mouth.

“The first one. The Red Knights didn't protect me, they watched me. You know the Fourth Knight, right?”

The Fourth Knight was different from the other Red Knights. It wasn't a position appointed by the emperor but one handed down.

“The Fourth Knight, a position designed to protect the Red Knights, became corrupted. It's my guess that the Fourth Knight is closely related to the Yatan Church. Dive, the one closest to Marie, was a black magician... In fact, he was Yatan's Seventh Servant and the subordinate of the Fourth Knight. The Red Knights who watched under the pretext of protection were the Fourth Knight's men.”

“...?”

It was an unbelievable story. The problem was that he claimed the person closest to the empress was a Yatan Servant. Didn't this mean that Empress Marie was related to the evil Yatan Church? Mercedes and the Red Knights didn't believe Asmophel.

“The empress can't be just anyone. The imperial family thoroughly investigated their origins and only welcome the cleanest women. How can the empress be related to the Yatan Church?”

“At first she was a clean girl. But the empress could no longer be clean the moment she was filled with the ambition to place her son on the throne. She held hands with the evil forces that serve the great demons. Humans are weak creatures to temptation.”

Asmophel's expression was exhausted. "I'm also a weak creature of temptation."

"...?"

"I fell for Marie's beauty. I had a relationship with her."

"W-What...?"

Asmophel didn't use the excuse that his mental state had been weakened by the Yatan essence and that he was brainwashed. It was because of his feelings of inferiority toward Piaro that there was a gap in his mind for Yatan's essence to affect. It was his own fault in the first place.

"That's right. I had lost the qualification to be a knight from the beginning. I betrayed my country and the emperor. Piaro was purely a victim."

Asmophel's heart was shattered and his soul filled with shame every time he reminded himself of his sin. His guilt towards Piaro and his country was endlessly deep, like the depths of hell.

"That's right... I'm the one who betrayed the emperor, not Piaro and the Red Knights."

He didn't even deserve tears. Asmophel's eyes were bloodshot when he thought about it.

"I only wanted to cover up my sin... For my own sake, I framed my friends and comrades, murdering their families and lovers."

It was a terrible sin committed under the name of punishment. Asmophel's body trembled with pain, sorrow, and anger towards himself. But Asmophel didn't stop speaking. It was in order to reveal the hidden truth to the world. This was the only reason why Asmophel was currently living.

"Stop it."

Piario, who had already forgiven Asmophel, tried to stop him. However, it was useless. Asmophel didn't stop. His trembling voice

filled the ears of Mercedes and the Red Knights.

"The knight of the empire, the hero who you once admired and loved is still alive. Please get rid of all misconceptions about him and pour the hate and blame onto me."

"..."

What the hell was this person saying right now? The Red Knights couldn't follow the truth. However, Mercedes realized it instantly. Asmophel was telling the truth. In the end, tears flowed down Mercedes' white cheeks. She was aware that Asmophel was still hiding the truth from her. If Asmophel was truly wicked, then Piaro wouldn't have forgiven him.

"You..."

Over the past 12 years, one hero lived in desperation and suffering from a false accusation while another hero was ruled by guilt. In the end, the source was Empress Marie and the Yatan Church. The moment she realized this.

'...I am the hero of your heroes.'

Grid was excited when he saw Mercedes' eyes. Now that she found out the truth, she had an obligation. It was to make the other Red Knights believe Asmophel's words. In order to do so...

"I need solid information to be convinced. We will go back to the empire and review the events from 12 years ago to determine if your words are true or false. Once I can be sure that your words are true..."

Mercedes stopped and turned her gaze towards the Red Knights. The confused Red Knights nodded with determined eyes. All of them believed in Mercedes.

"We will help you pursue charges against Empress Marie and punish her."

It was the duty of the empire and the emperor towards the two

heroes.

‘First, I need to investigate Captain Limit.’

Was he also on the empress’ side? Or had he been affected by the Fourth Knight? There was a lot to do. Mercedes was in a rush and said to Piaro and Asmophel.

"Today I didn't see you. Later when we are reunited, I hope my sword doesn't turn towards you."

In her heart, she wanted to kneel down. She wanted to yell at them for making her feel resentment towards them over the years. But it wasn't possible. She couldn't change her attitude until the other Red Knights understood the truth. She bowed deeply to Grid.

"Overgeared King Grid, I want to apologize for our rudeness and to ask for understanding. Today's price will be paid later, even if I have to give up everything."

"Everything... Okay. I am looking forward to it."

Grid smiled as his heart thumped.

[Affinity with First Knight Mercedes of the Red Knights has increased by 20.]

It was due to this notification window. Grid knew that it was very difficult to raise affinity with this named NPC.

'This woman must've believed in Piaro and Asmophel. It will be a great contribution when the truth is revealed later.'

Perhaps Mercedes would fall into a crisis in the process. The opponent was the empress of the empire. There was a high chance that Mercedes would suffer a counterattack from the opponent and be labeled a traitor like Piaro. It was good from Grid's perspective. It might be an opportunity to take Mercedes away from the empire.

"Let's go."

Mercedes commanded the Red Knights and approached the aide

guarding her horse far away. His name was Sky. A player. He was wearing a helmet, so Grid wasn't aware that he was a player.

‘Kukukuk... It is a jackpot.’

Sky was excited about being able to glimpse a hidden episode of the Red Knights thanks to Grid. He was one step closer to his grand ambition of making Mercedes his slave.

‘I have to reach the empress at the right timing. Grid, thank you. Kukukuk!’

Satisfy wasn't a microcosm world, but a world itself. Politics and betrayal were rampant and there were more than a few wicked people. It was impossible for only one person to survive in this huge world where there were conflicting goals between the two billion players. Sky thought like this and it was right.

“Kasim.”

-Yes.

"Go after the witness who overheard the conversation between Mercedes and Asmophel.”

-Are you talking about the aide of the First Knight...? What if I'm discovered by the First Knight?

"It doesn't matter. Mercedes will understand. In the worst case, she might stop the assassination, but she will also dismiss the aide. In the future, she also has to be careful.”

-I understand.

The current Grid had the power to go beyond reason. His journey to transcend the category of a legend wasn't over yet.

Chapter 788

The Overgeared Kingdom was the strongest player force in the game and a threat to anyone. It was a basic thing to target them. There were countless people trying to keep the Overgeared Kingdom in check. But Grid wasn't aware of this fact. He overlooked the fate of the strong. He didn't properly defend his kingdom during the National Competition and allowed the enemy to enter.

Grid thought that Khan's sad end was the result of his own stupidity. Khan was the victim of his ignorance.

After Khan's death, Grid became obsessed with wisdom. If he had been a bit wiser, Khan's end wouldn't have been so lonely. Therefore, Grid challenged being reborn as a wise man. The accumulation of knowledge was slow because of his innate intelligence, but Grid believed that by repeatedly thinking 'infinite' times, he could use his own merits and patience to become a wise man. No, he decided not to believe, but to put it in action.

This was the result. Grid was thinking nonstop. He lacked intelligence compared to others, so he had to think many times more than others. He continued and continued to think whenever facing a situation. His head was constantly working.

Why did he summon only Piaro when he was attacked by the Red Knights and Immortal? It was because Agnus couldn't be seen. As a result, Grid thought that the Red Knights and Immortal members attacking him might be bait. If he caught the bait and summoned all his knights, his kingdom would be weakened and the empty house could be destroyed. That's why he first summoned Piaro.

It was this same context that Grid used to judge that Mercedes' aide should be handled. The reason why Grid was concerned about the aide wasn't because he was smart, but because he was thinking.

Grid was exhausted. It was different from when he chose without

worrying, acted emotionally, and depended on others. The energy consumption of this mindset was enormous.

Sururuk.

Kasim disappeared into the darkness.

“Sigh.”

Grid leaned his exhausted body against the carriage. It was like he had just raided a powerful boss monster. Piaro measured his condition and bowed deeply.

“You went through a lot of trouble.”

Piaro was proud of Grid. Rather than being frustrated by Khan’s death, Grid honored Khan by looking at himself. Grid had done well when facing the emperor. Piaro had this type of belief.

Grid asked the smiling Piaro, “Was I right to handle the aide?”

Grid had witnessed the discipline of the Red Knights. They were shaken by Piaro’s appearance, but immediately executed Mercedes’ orders. They doubted Asmophel’s story, but didn’t resist Mercedes’ judgment. Grid believed that the Red Knights in this place wouldn’t talk about Piaro and Asmophel. But the aide was unknown. It was difficult to judge what type of person the aide was when he protected the horses in the distance. That’s why Grid ordered Kasim to handle him.

Piaro nodded. “Mercedes will decide on her own. She will sort out the trustworthy and untrustworthy knights and aides.”

“You trust her.”

“She’s an incredibly smart girl.”

That’s why she was his seed.

“And she grew to my expectations. She will later become a new pillar of the empire.”

In fact, Piaro was very surprised when he was called by Grid and

met Mercedes. He hadn't thought she was alive. It was natural. Didn't the brainwashed Asmophel destroy all of the Red Knights in the past? Asmophel wouldn't leave anyone to hit him in the back. It was difficult to expect that Mercedes, a seed of Piaro, would've survived.

But Asmophel saved Mercedes. The reason...

'In his subconscious, he was afraid for the empire.'

Asmophel was reluctant to kill talent even in his brainwashed days. That was Mercedes. Piaro looked up at the night sky.

"I have become greedier because of your words." Grid declared, "I'm going to make Mercedes mine."

Grid faced an unprecedented pressure when competing with Mercedes. He felt like she was reading all his actions. At first, he thought it was just her excellent skills, but looking back, it wasn't. It was clear that she 'predicted' his behavior.

'A scam.' Grid asserted.

Mercedes was in the same class as Piaro. A wall that normal players could never cross. A transcendent named NPC. Grid wanted to make her his own person. Piaro thought the same. When he exchanged blows with Mercedes, he thought the only way to overthrow her was Fated to Perish.

'Once more time passes...'

She would grow to a level of rejecting Fated to Perish. Piaro's greed grew.

"That's right, Your Majesty. She must be gathered by Your Majesty."

"Um."

Grid nodded. He swallowed down the question of whether Piaro yearned for the empire and his country. He trusted Piaro.

"Let's return to Reinhardt."

Grid thought that it was highly unlikely the empire was behind this raid. It was highly likely the empress was the mastermind. But the issue was too big to judge for himself. He had to quickly meet Lael. Grid immediately climbed into the carriage.

‘I’m tired.’

This one day in the empire was like a year. Grid sat on the seat and his eyes moved towards the window. Asmophel entered his gaze. Asmophel was walking on the right side of the carriage with a pained expression.

‘His guilt has gone beyond his heart and imprinted in his soul.’

Salvation would be difficult. Piaro might’ve forgiven him, but the dead Red Knights and their families couldn’t. As Grid predicted, Asmophel was willing to end his life the moment he got revenge on the empress.

‘...Wait.’ Grid made a sad expression only to come up with something. ‘Did all the Red Knights really die?’

The rebels who followed the traitor Piaro. This was the evaluation of the previous generation of Red Knights. Grid heard that ‘most’ of the Red Knights were executed. Yes, most of them. It wasn’t all of them. Some were still surviving as fugitives.

‘Maybe I can give Asmophel a chance to atone?’

Grid didn’t delay. He immediately gave an order to Asmophel, “Asmophel, travel through the continent and find the survivors of the Red Knights.”

“Huh? W-What...?”

Surprise and fear. Asmophel’s face turned grey from the unexpected command.

Grid stared into his wavering gaze and explained, “I will absorb the previous generation of the Red Knights. It isn’t impossible to absorb them. Isn’t that right?”

"You want to gather the survivors of the old Red Knights?"

"Yes."

"Is it really appropriate for me to be the one to find them? Why are you leaving it to me instead of Piaro...?"

Asmophel stopped talking. He grasped Grid's intent but he didn't dare say the word 'atonement.' He bowed his head with a dark expression.

"Piaro forgave you."

"..."

"Won't the others be the same? They will all feel like Piaro."

"..."

"Find them. Then talk to them."

Asmophel could only think that the command to 'find the old Red Knights' was purely out of concern for himself. It was also a chance to bring the 'power of the previous generation' to the kingdom. It was an example that showed Grid's mindset of thinking about his precious people, which was the greatest driving force behind the Overgeared Kingdom.

"Always be happy."

"..."

"This is the dying wish I received from Khan. Let us try to be happy together."

"...I will keep that in mind."

Asmophel stopped walking and bowed deeply. He didn't raise his head until the carriage that Grid was in had disappeared from view.

Piaro cheered for Asmophel on his journey of atonement.

'Have strength.'

Please come back with old friends.

[Hwan Kingdom's Resident (1)]

★ Hidden Quest ★

You have to meet the minimal qualifications to challenge the Chiyou test.

First, go beyond the level of an ordinary person.

Quest Clear Condition (1): Don't die until you reach level 400.

- * Every time you gain 20 levels without dying while the quest is ongoing, you will gain a large number of additional stats.

- * If you die, you will lose all the additional stats you have acquired. The lost stats can't be restored.

- * If you die, the quest clear conditions will change to number two.

Quest Clear Condition (2): The number of deaths must be less than 5 until you achieve level 400 (Number of Deaths: 2/5).

- * This is the last chance. If you fail to complete the second clear conditions, you will completely lose your qualification to challenge the Chiyou test.

In the past, Veradin visited the East Continent and completely focused on the yangbans of the Hwan Kingdom. He anticipated that he could benefit from the greatest power on the East Continent. As a result, he was the first player to visit the Hwan Kingdom and received the hidden quest to become a 'yangban.'

It was because he gave off a good impression to the yangbans. At that time, Veradin was level 290. He tried hard to go over level 300 without dying and secured a tremendous amount of stats as a result. But it was all blown away. He touched the Overgeared Kingdom and died two times already.

“Maybe...”

Veradin gulped with a pale complexion. Grid’s words ‘the first time’ constantly revolved in his head. Grid really would try to find and kill Veradin many times.

“...In the meantime, I will hide.”

Veradin always believed he was better than others. For a person who manipulated other people, Grid and his items that violated common sense caused him to feel a new shock and horror. He didn’t want to face Grid anytime soon. It was the first time that Veradin feared another person.

‘I can’t believe I’m feeling like this towards an ordinary person...!’

Kwaduduk!

Anger filled Veradin’s body. He suddenly had a question. It was about the reaction of the Red Knights to the farmer summoned by Grid.

‘Why did they look so shocked?’

The necromancers were in the rear of the battlefield. They were too far away so Veradin couldn’t hear the conversation. This was bad.

‘There is something. Something....’

Maybe the key to breaking the current crisis was the farmer? Veradin looked at new possibilities.

At the same time, the outskirts of Titan.

Chaeeng!

Mercedes’ sword blocked a dagger flying through the darkness. Sky belatedly realized that his neck would’ve been pierced if Mercedes hadn’t acted and hurriedly raised his shield. Mercedes looked into the darkness.

"Tell the Overgeared King I know what he's concerned about. Please let me handle it."

-...Understood.

"...?"

A chill went down Sky's spine as a gloomy voice was heard from the darkness.

'What? Why was I on the brink of being assassinated?'

Mercedes said to the frightened Sky, "As of today, you are dismissed."

"Yes...?"

"You can never set foot in the imperial palace again."

"W-What is this...?!"

What the hell was this all of a sudden? It happened when Sky was confused and going to ask for an explanation.

[You have lost your qualifications for the second class 'First Knight's Aide.']

[All Red Knights quests currently in progress will be destroyed.]

[You are denied entry to the imperial palace.]

[The 7 points of affinity built up with Mercedes have been reset to 0.]

"Eh...? Eh eh?"

Sky trembled from the unbelievable reality. He was worried that Mercedes had noticed the darkness inside him. After a while, he was left alone. Sky reflected on this incident and realized that Grid was behind it. He had to think about the circumstances.

"You...! You son of a bitch!"

Sky felt extreme anger at Grid because he could no longer fulfill his goal of making Mercedes his slave. But after a moment.

“C-Crazy...”

Sky started to feel fear instead of anger. He feared Grid's transcendent power that could destroy one person's life so easily. The presence of the new and matured king was too great to compare to the previous one.

Chapter 789

“Did you handle it properly?”

“Yes. We didn’t hide our identities and attacked.”

“Hmmm... why is there no response?”

It had been a week since Grid returned home. It meant it had been a week since the Red Knights and Immortal attacked him. However, the Overgeared Kingdom still hadn’t announced any stance.

“Despite their king being attacked, they didn’t even announce it, let alone react...”

They wouldn’t have hidden it because of fear. Then they must be up to something.

Dok dok.

Limit tapped the table and frowned.

“Did they see our intentions?”

The Overgeared Kingdom could be aware that the empire was starting to split into the emperor and empress. If the Overgeared Kingdom had a capable schemer, they could’ve discovered that the empress was behind the attack rather than the emperor.

“A tough opponent.”

It was correct to say that the plan to use the Overgeared Kingdom to weaken the emperor was in vain.

“It didn’t work out easily.”

Limit determined and glanced at Mercedes. It was a signal to leave. Mercedes sighed with relief after leaving the office.

‘For Captain, His Majesty is definitely an enemy.’

After meeting Piaro and Asmophel and finding out the truth. Mercedes had been looking at Sword Duke Limit for the past week.

She thoroughly investigated how far Limit intervened in the tragedy that occurred 12 years ago. However, was it that easy to investigate a duke?' The more she tried to access about Limit, the more interference she faced. One of them was the Fourth Knight.

“Sir Mercedes.”

"Sir Gyuratan?"

The position of the 'Fourth Knight' in the Red Knights was special. He played the role of defending the Red Knights from outsiders and performed the work of an inspector in peacetime. The Fourth Knight must constantly observe and watch the Red Knights so that the essence of the Red Knights didn't fade.

12 years ago, Fourth Knight Gyuratan ruled that Piaro was a traitor. Mercedes trusted Piaro, so she didn't like Gyuratan from the start. She doubted him. However, now she felt hatred and hostility instead of just suspicion. The true darkness that collapsed the Red Knights. A figure closely related to the Yatan Church. Thanks to Asmophel, she became aware of Gyuratan's reality.

Mercedes smiled as she faced Gyuratan in the hallway. She didn't expose any hostility. The basics of a swordsman was to control their emotions.

“It has been a long time.”

"I have been away for a while. I was conducting a review on the death of Third Knight Lorex and Fifth Knight Dia.”

“ ... ”

Lorex and Dia. They were both killed by the Undefeated King's descendant. They also missed Piaro. Mercedes had briefly thought about Lorex and Dia when she met Piaro a week ago.

If Lorex and Dia were still alive... if they knew the truth...

‘They would’ve cried all night from joy and sorrow.’

They would’ve been a great strength. Mercedes was missing the

colleagues she couldn't meet again when Gyuratan's voice entered her ears.

"In the course of the investigation, I accidentally stumbled on your traces. Sir Mercedes, it seems like you were in Valhalla for a while?"

"..."

"Did you go after the Undefeated King's descendant to get revenge for your colleagues?"

"...That's right."

"The result?"

"I didn't get revenge. I couldn't find the Undefeated King's descendant."

Mercedes fought directly against the descendant of the Undefeated King in Lubana and knew him. It meant she was familiar with the characteristics of the Undefeated King's descendant. But despite infiltrating Valhalla for two months, she couldn't find a person who could be considered the Undefeated King's descendant.

"You disobeyed a command and couldn't even get revenge... If you were able to get revenge, I might've asked for leniency from the emperor. Now it isn't possible."

"What now?"

"What should I do? Should I report to His Majesty that you violated an order?"

"You...!"

"Don't forget. The First Knight should be an inspiration to all knights of the empire. But didn't you disobey his command and act according to your own will? I can't overlook it."

"Uh...!"

"If another order comes again, don't violate it. Even if you are the First Knight, His Majesty won't overlook it."

'At this point, I need to investigate the tragedy of 12 years ago...'

It was the worst. Why was her mistake noticed at this timing? She had no luck.

'No... It isn't a coincidence.'

Mercedes realized it. This timing, Gyuratan intended it.

'It's likely that he knew I violated the order from the beginning.'

But he buried it until it was appropriate to be used, like now.

'He knows that I have started to doubt the tragedy of 12 years ago.'

She could no longer hide her hostility. Mercedes glared at Gyuratan, who just laughed and shrugged.

"Well, don't worry about the Red Knights. Sir Lucas and I will manage them very well. Ah, Sir Lucas was arrested? Then I will manage them alone."

"..."

She wanted to let out a flurry of curses. No, she wanted to tear out his throat. Mercedes felt a strong killing desire, but endured it. She couldn't do anything to him before she found out the truth and revealed it to the world.

"Let's put it all together."

The capital of the Overgeared Kingdom, Reinhardt.

Lauel started writing on the blackboard. At the top was the name Garam, the yangban.

"The yangbans are defined as having the best strength, the dukes of the empire are advanced level, First Knight Mercedes is lower advanced, Asmophelis of the intermediate level and Your Majesty

and Kraugel are below him?”

"That's right."

“Piaro? Isn’t he the best?”

"When looking at his level, it’s logical to classify him as lower advanced like Mercedes. Mercedes actually competed with Piaro.”

“But what if Piaro used Fated to Perish?”

"Among the named NPCs, there are many who can resist Fated to Perish... Hmm, but there is deadly damage even if it is resisted. Piaro is classified as on the same level as the seven dukes.”

"Being below the yangbans even when taking Fated to Perish in consideration...”

It was very important to know the power pyramid of the world. Lael looked at the blackboard with a serious expression.

“By the way. If Garam was so strong, how did you get away from him?”

“Didn’t I tell you? He was absent-minded and God's Command fortunately activated, allowing me to repeat Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle twice.”

“Then...” Lael erased Grid’s name at the bottom of the board. Then he wrote Grid between the yangbans and the seven dukes. “What do you think about this location?”

“...”

“Your Majesty.” Was this a joke? Lael saw Grid’s questioning eyes and spoke seriously. "It’s good to be cautious but please don’t lose sight of your ambitions.”

"I haven’t lost sight of my ambitions. I made a realistic self-diagnosis after thinking about it deeply.”

“Isn’t it funny to unconditionally trust your thoughts? You’re not smart, are you?”

“ ... ”

"You're much stronger than what you measured yourself as." Lael was convinced. "Raise your level. Keep your level higher than named NPCs and equip yourself with your items."

"What are you talking about? Don't you know how fast named NPCs raise their level?"

The level of NPCs would naturally rise with the passage of time due to the compensation effect when the average level of the players rose. It was a basic rule, not common sense, that a player could never catch up with the level of a named NPC. But Lael had a different opinion.

"Did you forget how fast your level up speed is? The named NPCs become stronger in proportion to the average level of the players. Isn't it possible to raise your level much higher than the average?"

“ ... ”

"Starting today, use your God Hands, Noe, Randy, and the Overgeared Skeletons to make infinite hunting macros. In particular, the Overgeared Skeletons. How long do you want to leave them as useless skeletons? If I had them then I would've already made them into a death knight or lich."

“ ... ”

Lael's words were right. In the meantime, Grid had neglected the importance of level and he also failed to utilize the Overgeared Skeletons. But why did he feel like squeezing Lael? Grid tried to calm his boiling anger while Lael gave advice.

"In addition, don't forget to constantly think during combat."

Train to repeat the infinite thoughts even during dire moments.

"You'll become better than a genius."

"It's hard to use my mind because I have a stone head. It's particularly hard to think while moving the body." Grid grumbled.

"Real stones don't think. Calling you a stone head is... No, I'm sorry."

"Can I hit you?"

"I'm sorry!"

Lauel regretted talking without thinking. He knew that if he received one hit from Grid, he would die!

A fortnight after the end of the 3rd National Competition. An item that the medalists were waiting for entered their inventory.

[3rd National Competition Medal Reward]

It was a gift box containing the items that the medalists wished for. Of course, Grid wanted the production materials.

[The Blue Dragon's Breath has been acquired.]

[The White Tiger's Breath has been acquired.]

[The Black Tortoise's Breath has been acquired.]

"Good."

Grid smiled as he got the rewards for Battlefield and his two gold medals. Maybe this was just before the birth of a new myth rated item. He couldn't not feel exhilarated.

[Blue Dragon's Breath]

Contains the blessing of the blue dragon.

It will increase lightning resistance by 30%.

It can be used to infuse items with the powerful aura of the blue dragon.

However, it can only be attached to items with a strong lightning attribute.

Weight: 2

[White Tiger's Breath]

Contains the blessing of the white tiger.

It will increase earth resistance by 30%.

It can be used to infuse items with the powerful aura of the white tiger.

However, it can only be attached to items with a strong earth attribute.

Weight: 2

[Black Tortoise's Breath]

Contains the blessing of the black tortoise.

It will increase water resistance by 30%.

It can be used to infuse items with the powerful aura of the black tortoise.

However, it can only be attached to items with a strong water attribute.

Weight: 2

“Very good!”

Grid was filled with joy as he held the beautiful blue, white, and black beads. He was excited by the thought of strengthening these three breaths and upgrading his items, just like he strengthened the Red Phoenix's Breath.

‘Let's quickly become stronger!’

He was filled with enthusiasm! Grid was grasping the hammer with blazing eyes when a guest arrived.

“Grid, keep your promise.”

“...You?”

The guest was surprising. It was the sky above the sky. Sword Saint Kraugel. He was staring at Grid with a radiant look that didn't match his normal image.

"Will you make me a sword?"

"Y-Yes..."

Had he been waiting for this day? Kraugel appeared as soon as the reward arrived. It seemed he had been waiting in Reinhardt.

'He has a cute side.'

Grid smiled as Kraugel told him good news.

"Recently, I have found a good hunting ground. I'll let you know if you want."

"Ah, thank you..."

"You should rest for 10 minutes every time you hunt a monster."

They were meaningful words.

'How high is the difficulty of this hunting ground?'

Grid was filled with anticipation and tension.

"Speaking of which, I killed 52 people from Immortal. In return, can you make me armor and boots?"

"...5-50?"

"52 people. I lived in Titan for a while. I can show you the proof shots if you want."

"..."

Truly the sky above the sky. Tremendous skills were a default for him.

Grid received two breaths and a small amount of adamantium from Kraugel. Kraugel's eyes were gentle as he watched Grid start a fire in the furnace.

'He seems to be overcoming the wound. It's fortunate.'

Chapter 790

The Hwan Kingdom's national wood. The White Phosphorus Tree, also known as the Eternal Tree, was burned as firewood. The overwhelming momentum of the flames instantly filled the smithy.

'His Majesty has started working!'

The attention of the blacksmiths concentrated on Grid. The blacksmiths knew that the person who could control the flames, heat, and temperature so completely was only Grid since Khan died.

'Khan's latter years.'

'He dealt with the flames as brilliantly as His Majesty...'

The eyes of the blacksmiths reddened as they started reminiscing.

"Kraugel, there are three options."

Grid took out a hammer and anvil and started to explain to Kraugel.

"First of all, if you have a specific item you want then give me the production method. Then I will learn the design and make the item for you. You already know right? The performance of the items I make is higher than that shown in the design."

From Grid's standpoint, it was a great benefit because he could acquire new designs for free.

"Secondly, you can leave the design entirely to me. In this case, I will make items based on the production methods I already have."

"It's really wonderful."

"That's right. In this case, you can have something created by a legendary blacksmith."

“Of course I...”

Kraugel was interested in the second way. It was a natural choice since he knew the power of the sword weapons that Grid used. But Grid gave him a third option.

“No, listen to my words.”

Grid interrupted Kraugel’s mouth and thought about Khan. How much help did he get from Khan every time he made a new item? In particular, Khan’s opinions were great when making new items. The best blacksmith that Grid respected helped Grid with his knowledge and insight. Khan thought about what materials should be used for newly created items, what characteristics should be included and so on.

Now the role that Grid wanted Kraugel to play was Khan’s role. Grid wanted Kraugel’s knowledge. Grid was convinced he would be a great help in making the strongest sword.

“Kraugel, what do you think is the ideal shape for a sword?”

“...?”

“Tell me. I will realize your ideals with my skills.”

“...This is the third way?”

“Yes.”

Duguen!

Kraugel’s heart thumped as he met Grid’s eyes. His Swordsmanship Creation skill passed through his head. Since he had a unique skill that could create new sword techniques, the blacksmith Grid would have an item creation skill.

Kkuok.

Kraugel formed fists to calm his trembling body.

“In the history of the Overgeared King... My name will be part of your history that will be worshipped in later generations. Is it

okay?”

It was a very prudent question. Kraugel had met many people and he knew that people clung to their feats as they rose higher. They wanted to keep other people from appearing in their feats.

Grid’s answer was simple. “Is it okay? Is that a question? It isn’t okay, it’s an honor.”

Grid remembered. At the time of the Belial raid, he saw Kraugel learn Piaro’s technique. It was the best tribute that Kraugel could show to Piaro. Now Grid was paying homage to Kraugel.

"The best blacksmith will make the best sword with the best swordsman. Won’t another great legend be born?”

“...”

“Let’s make it together. The strongest sword. The best legend.”

Undefeated King Madra fought for his kingdom all his life but in the end, he lost his head to his son. Pagma betrayed a friend due to his sense of duty to save the world and contracted with a great demon. Braham realized the absurdity of the world and despised his own people, but after he became a human, Braham was betrayed by his friend because he was a vampire.

The tales of the legends that Grid knew were all sad and vilified. Grid didn’t want to be like them. Kraugel was the same.

"...It’s a great honor.”

“Okay. Then let’s begin.” **Legendary Blacksmith’s Creation.**”

[**Legendary Blacksmith’s Creation**]

You can create three equipment item production methods every time the skill level of the ‘**Legendary Blacksmith’s Craftsmanship Skill**’ goes up.

Number of items that can be created at present: 9/24.]

* When items are produced using this skill, the name of the

creator is automatically placed on the item.

Jiing—

A blank blueprint appeared in front of him.

"I think the ideal sword using the knowledge of a Sword Saint..."

The blueprint had a huge black space.

"It's different from person to person, but it's generally a heavy sword. It's the easiest to use in terms of width, length, and weight, thus having high utility. Considering all the variables. It's the least inconvenient to use."

"Really? I thought it was a long sword. In fact, the Enlightenment Sword is a long sword. It is a sword that emits black flames."

"Have you ever used a heavy sword?"

"I don't like it. I've always used a greatsword or a long sword..."

"...Well, as I said, the ideal form is different for each individual. In the first place, it might be arrogant to discuss an ideal form. When cutting fruit, a knife is the best. When walking through a jungle, a machete is the best. There are differences depending on the application."

The experiences and knowledge of a Sword Saint combined with the knowledge and skills of the legendary blacksmith.

"But universally, a heavy sword is better in combat? Are there any other special features?"

"No."

"Do you intend to add another option by giving the sword a distinct shape?"

"Like the shark that is part of Failure?"

"Yes."

"If you don't know, the basic form of the sword is good. It is more

important to have the balance of the sword be even than to have the center of gravity to one side.”

“The answer is correct. This is why the cross section of the sword is a diamond shape.”

"Section?"

"The cutting surface you see when you cut with the sword. The balance is important so a perfect diamond as the cutting surface is preferred. On the other hand, I prefer a hexagon or octagon.”

"I don't know anything about these details."

"You don't know about me."

“...?”

“I'm a legendary blacksmith. Even if I put special decorations on the blade, I can perfectly balance it. I can do it with my skills. So tell me what you are thinking. What features do you want?”

“This is interesting...”

Buzz buzz.

The blacksmiths gathered near Grid and Kraugel started to make a disturbance. It was surprising that a black-eyed man with a good face was sharing his thoughts with their king.

“This...?”

The four biggest blacksmiths from Pangea, including White, were the most surprised. They remembered that Kraugel was the ‘Little Hero’ of Pangea. The Kraugel they remembered was a great warrior. Yes, he wasn't a blacksmith. Nevertheless, Grid was listening to Kraugel's opinions.

‘Why?’

Was he qualified to replace Khan's vacancy? The blacksmiths questioned it.

"He is a saint with a sword."

“...?”

“The first Sword Saint after Muller.”

“...!!”

The youngest blacksmith, Panmir, announced the true identity of the black-eyed man. The stir was huge. The blacksmiths were astounded as they saw a prominent figure in a totally unexpected place. As they were at a loss for words, Panmir gave his opinion.

“Wouldn’t the two of them make the best sword in history?”

No one was able to reject Panmir’s opinion. The expectations about what sword would be born from the combined knowledge, experiences, and techniques of the legendary blacksmith and Sword Saint were great.

“But...” White was feeling admiration when he felt a sense of incongruity and asked, “Panmir, have you gathered all the firewood for today?”

“...I will go and come back to see His Majesty’s sword.”

It was very sad. Panmir pouted. He was the youngest blacksmith in the smithy despite being the 1st ranked blacksmith.

Over three hours. This was the time it took Grid and Kraugel to coordinate their opinions. They finally finished the shape of the sword. Now all that was left were the materials.

“The Blue Dragon’s Breath and White Tiger’s Breath...”

Grid confirmed the two breaths that Kraugel had.

“Will the sword use the Blue Dragon’s Breath? Then I have to use a mineral compatible with the lightning attribute.”

“No, I want my sword to contain the White Tiger’s Breath.”

“What?” Grid was confused. “Isn’t the white tiger of the earth attribute?”

The earth attribute was related to a higher defense. It was common for the earth attribute to create options for a higher defense. Meanwhile, the lightning attribute was good for speed and power. Generally, it gave options for increasing attack power. In other words, the breath most suitable for a weapon was the blue dragon, not the white tiger.

"Why are you using a white tiger breath for your weapon? Isn't it better for armor? Shouldn't you use the White Tiger's Breath for armor?"

"No, this adamantium that I gathered is for armor. The Blue Dragon's Breath will be attached to the boots to increase the overall speed."

"But still. Isn't it hard to expect overwhelming attack power if you attach the White Tiger's Breath to the weapon? Shouldn't a weapon have high attack power? Look at the blueprint. You can expect to have additional defense options just from the form of the sword. But you want to increase your defense even more?"

"Just as speed is linked with power, weight is also directly linked to power. For example, Chris' 1,000 ton Sword."

"...Ah." Grid's common sense was broken. "Minerals with the earth attribute are generally harder and heavier... Do you think you can use that weight to exert a higher attack power?"

"Yes, I believe that if the White Tiger's Breath is used well, you can complete the best sword that combines high attack power and defense."

"That's a possible interpretation."

If he looked at magic as an example, the power of earth magic wasn't very weak. In particular, magic of the stone crushing series was very powerful.

"A weapon with the earth property..."

A smile crossed Grid's face. Once he heard Kraugel's words, he

wondered about the results of earth-based weapons.

‘It will be easy to name the item.’

A sword with strong earth attributes. A sword made of stone. Then he would try it.

“Okay. Let’s finish the Stone Sword.”

‘Stone Sword?’

What was the Stone Sword? A chill went down Kraugel’s spine.

Overgeared Guild, Overgeared Kingdom, Overgeared King... Grid’s naming sense was the worst.

"Wait a minute, Grid."

"The material will be stone. We can sometimes replace it with bloodstone."

The mass production of the sword. A sword made of stone would be ideal for the Overgeared knights while the version made of bloodstone would be ideal for Grid and the Overgeared members. Yes, from the time that he asked Kraugel to cooperate with the item creation, Grid was aiming to improve the overall strength of the kingdom. Imagine the Overgeared knights and the soldiers using a sword designed by a Sword Saint. It would be overwhelming.

“The name of the item.”

“Hey Grid...”

“Stone Sword.”

“...”

Kraugel couldn’t understand Grid’s naming sense. He should be glad of one fact. There was room for various modifiers to be added to the items that Grid produced. Yes, the name of the sword used by Kraugel in the future wasn’t likely to be a simple Stone Sword. Especially when it was a sword with the White Tiger’s Breath

attached.

However, Kraugel didn't know this fact and was filled with deep despair.

Chapter 791

[Do you want to name the item Stone Sword?]

“...No, wait.”

Grid, who was flowing with the momentum, suddenly stopped. He realized that the name of Stone Sword is inadequate. Was it because he heard the sighs of Kraugel and the blacksmiths? No. The cause of Grid's current enlightenment was the armour he was wearing.

Khan's posthumous work, Valhalla. It was the armor Grid had never taken off since Khan died.

‘The name of the item is important. I need to think carefully and decide.’

Why did Khan call the armor Valhalla? In fact, Grid didn't find much meaning in it. It was modelled after the Valhalla armor made by Albatino, Khan's ancestor. Grid just thought that the name was copied from that. But he found out later. One of the other meanings of Valhalla was ‘house of joy.’

‘Thanks to this, I was able to get a glimpse of Khan's heart.’

Khan was hoping that Grid would be a huge house-like entity that could embrace many people and give them joy.

‘Yes, the name is important.’

Grid's thinking, which had been biased towards the design and function of the item, started to activate. Grid recalled Lael's advice to ‘always think.’ If Khan's name was simply Iron Armor, Grid wouldn't have felt the same way he did now. He recognized the weight of the name.

‘In the first place...’

This was a work he made with his friend. It was insincere to his friend to give it a name like this.

“I’ll correct it.”

Stone Sword. Grid’s imposing voice resonated with the blacksmiths who were silent with shock from the name.

“Muksabal.” (TL: Generally acorn jelly in a chilled broth. But it can also be slang for badly damaging or disfiguring a face i.e. beating to a pulp).

“...?”

“The sword’s name will be Muksabal.”

From a general point of view, the power of the earth was close to the symbol of ‘guardian.’ However, Hero King Grid and Sword Saint Kraugel were monsters of a level that could wield the ground. The ‘land’ they wielded would overwhelm the enemy with its weight.

“That’s why it is Muksabal.”

“...Is it really possible to pull up the ground?”

“...”

Panmir forgot the concept of an analogy and asked. Due to this, the solemn (?) atmosphere became awkward, but Grid didn’t mind.

“Kraugel, I don’t doubt that our knowledge, skills, and experience will greatly damage our enemies. Muksabal... It’s a name I carefully thought of. I wish you can hear it in your heart.”

“...Yes. I won’t speak long words.”

There were too many parts to tackle. But Grid looked so serious that Kraugel couldn’t refute it.

Just.

‘I should introduce it with a different name.’

He could only think of it like this.

[Design: Muksabal]

Rating: Epic ~ Legendary

Epic Rating Information:

Durability: 455~790 Attack Power: 390~650 Defense: 100~188

* The options are unforeseen.

Unique Rating Information:

Durability: 667~980 Attack Power: 493~817 Defense: 140~246

* The options are unforeseen.

Legendary Rating Information:

Durability: ??? Attack Power: ??? Defense: ???

* The options are unforeseen.

A weapon design from Blacksmith Grid, who has gone beyond a legend and is becoming a myth, and Sword Saint Kraugel.

It is in the form of a sword, with a knuckle bow at the handle. The purpose is to protect the hands. The knuckle bow is designed as a miniature crown and looks great. The top part of the handle extends from side to side, giving the illusion that there are two handles. The special sword will allow for anomalous attacks and will also defend against enemy attacks.

The material of the sword is the 10,000 year stone or bloodstone and will vary significantly depending on the material.

The weight is so heavy that people with low strength can't swing it. However, it's a very ideal sword with no flaws in its balance.

Weight: 6,800~13,900

Conditions of Use: Unforeseen

'If I make it with the 10,000 year stone, the minimum stats will be applied. When made with bloodstone, the maximum stats will apply. On the other hand, the weight will be overwhelmingly high

when I use the 10,000 year stone.'

Grid's face blossomed like a flower as he confirmed the finished design. He didn't know exactly what the options were yet, but it was a very good weapon when just looking at the attributes. Wasn't an epic rated one-handed sword guaranteed at least 390 attack power and 100 defense? It was hard to find a comparable performance among the level 300 items.

'In addition, the level limit of Muksabal is likely to be very low.'

The ideal sword that Kraugel thought about was a 'wearable sword' and Grid also focused on Kraugel's ideals. In other words, it had high versatility and practicality. There was a high weight due to the characteristics of the materials, but those who had the minimum strength would be able to handle Muksabal easily.

'The high cost of the 10,000 year stone will mean it will take a long time before I can distribute it to the soldiers... Let's distribute it to the knights first.'

It was a powerful weapon that couldn't be compared to the mass-produced Grid weapons. The unique rated Muksabal was superior to the attack power of many legendary weapons. It was clear that the strength of the Overgeared Knights would grow by leaps and bounds.

Grid was delighted and now the most important task remained. It was to produce it.

"Kraugel, give me the White Tiger's Breath."

"Yes."

A material that couldn't be obtained unless a hidden quest on the East Continent was cleared or a gold medal was won in the National Competition. Kraugel handled the white bead that was worth an astronomical amount to Grid without hesitation. In front of the blast furnace where the white phosphorus wood was still burning, Grid was reminded of the time he made the Red Phoenix

Bow and the Enlightenment Sword.

‘The basic premise for making a myth rated weapon is strengthening the core materials.

With the Red Phoenix Bow, he strengthened the Red Phoenix Breath and with the Enlightenment Sword, he strengthened Belial’s Horn. Looking back now, it was very hard work. It would take at least three days, the long task of hammering on one item for a week and even delicate techniques. It was physically and mentally hard.

The biggest problem was the ‘resistance’ of the item. The Red Phoenix’s Breath emitted hot fire every time it was hit with a hammer while Belial’s Horn exploded. If Grid didn’t have the combination of high defense and stamina, it would be impossible to strengthen both the Red Phoenix Breath and Belial’s Horn. He would’ve been dead after hammering a few times!

‘The White Tiger’s Breath will also resist.’

It could take more than a week for smelting, assuming it had a temper.

‘It won’t be easy.’

He was afraid when thinking about the pain he would have to endure. Grid needed to control his mind. After taking several deep breaths, Grid’s expression relaxed. Kraugel and Panmir had no choice but to misunderstand. They thought that Grid was nervous about a high-rated item not appearing. They never imagined that he was afraid of the act of making an item itself.

It was natural. So far, all the blacksmithing work they had seen, heard, and experienced was ordinary. Yes, most blacksmiths produced items by pressing a single ‘production’ button. Even Panmir, who was proud of making items by hand, relied on all types of systems. They couldn’t predict how much effort and time Grid placed into making items.

"Okay. Let's start the production."

He acted fast once the preparations were over. Grid put the White Tiger's Breath into the furnace. The temperature in the furnace rapidly increased and the white bead heated up.

[The temperature is too high!]

"Kuk...!"

Panmir watched Grid and sighed. Grid aggressively utilized the characteristics of the white phosphorus wood and continued to raise the temperature of the furnace. Panmir was burned despite watching from a few meters away. Panmir clutched his burning forearm and belatedly realized. Apart from himself, the other blacksmiths were already far away from Grid's furnace. It was the same even for White, the greatest of the four blacksmiths.

'Even the craftsmen can't endure the temperature?'

It was amazing that Grid instantly generated such a high temperature! As Panmir was feeling surprise beyond admiration.

Puooook!

Chik! Chiiiik!

Grid removed the red bead and started quenching it. The bucket that was filled with at least 100 liters of water started boiling like lava. Kraugel, who had been watching from Grid's side, avoided the water drops using Super Sensitivity. It was an almost instinctive motion.

"Ohh! Truly a Sword Saint...!"

The blacksmiths marvelled at Kraugel's brilliant movements while Kraugel wondered.

'Was making an item originally so urgent and dangerous?'

Teong!

Grid put the bead on his anvil. He still looked grim. He was like a

warrior on the battlefield. Kraugel couldn't help gulping at the momentum.

Ttaaang!

Grid finally started hammering. The moment that his hammer hit the White Tiger's Breath.

Kwarururung!

The White Tiger's Breath roared. Heavy shaking! Sharp thorns made of stones emerged like a hedgehog.

“Kuk...!”

Grid's cheeks, neck, and wrists were wounded. He couldn't completely evade the thorns that came from the White Tiger's Breath.

“Grid...!”

“Your Majesty!”

The confused Kraugel and blacksmiths shouted. But they weren't in a position to go forward. This was a battlefield only for Grid. There was no one who could help Grid without his permission. Grid wiped the blood flowing down his cheeks and laughed.

"This bastard, you are high-grade."

Its nature was fiercer than the Red Phoenix's Breath and Belial's Horn. Why was this white tiger so dirty?'

‘It's impossible to fight this guy twice in a row.’

Grid judged for a moment, temporarily stopped the hammering and pulled out his White Tiger's Breath. Then he threw it straight into the furnace.

‘It is better to fight just once.’

That's right. Grid intended to simultaneously strengthen the two White Tiger's Breaths. The biggest problem was time. Grid had to go to the empire in two weeks. That was when the walls would

collapse. He needed to finish producing the items by then.

"Kraugel, I need your help to smelt both of them at once."

"Say it."

"Give me potions."

"...?"

After a moment.

Ttaaang!

Grid placed the two White Tiger's Breaths next to each other and resumed hammering.

The White Tiger's Breaths let out a large number of thorns every time they were hit by a hammer. Grid was wounded, yet he kept wielding his hammer. When his wounds accumulated, Kraugel fed him potions to restore his health. Avoiding the thorns that stretched out everywhere!

Ttang! Ttang!

"Kraugel! Potion!"

"Drink. It's on the left. Avoid it."

"Keuk! I failed to avoid it again!"

"It's difficult to avoid attacks that have already started to fly. Watch the actions of the enemy and try to predict the direction of attack."

"Yes, I understand!"

Ttang! Ttang! Ttaang~!

"..."

Grid was fiercely concentrating during the hammering while Kraugel ran around and helped him. Panmir watched the amazing scene of the best players fighting together and felt something strange.

'Is this really making an item?'

It was steadily completed. The two divine swords!

Chapter 792

Ttang! Ttang! Ttang!

Hwaruruk!

Chiiiik!

The repetition of smelting and hammering. Grid kept doing this for a full day. But the two White Tiger's Breaths didn't yield. They resisted the flames and hammering to the end, becoming more ferocious. Every time they were hit by Grid's hammer, the thorns spread out faster than before.

Ttaaang!

[You have wounded the pride of the noble White Tiger!]

[The White Tiger is angry!]

[You have suffered 890 damage.]

[You have suffered 844 damage...]

...

...

'This guy is like a yangban compared to the Red Phoenix.'

It was like a hedgehog trying to protect itself. Whenever it was shocked, the White Tiger shot out dozens of thorns and Grid's face became covered in wounds. He was displeased with the phrase 'the pride of the noble White Tiger.' The White Tiger's Breaths attacked every time its pride was damaged, so it was easy to tell how arrogant the White Tiger was.

'One day in the East Continent.'

Ttaang~! Ttang!

'If I happen to meet with the sacred creatures.'

Kwaruk! Kwaruruk.

‘It is better not to associate with the White Tiger. No, I shouldn’t meet it at all.’

However, Grid had no time to think about it while hammering. He moved without hesitation to escape the thorns. Grid wasn’t yet aware. The number of times Kraugel fed him potions was gradually diminishing.

‘This was his intention.’ Kraugel’s eyes shone. ‘Why did Grid face it directly without resorting to the God Hands... He’s trying to understand the hidden intent and to analyze the patterns to develop his evasive power.’

Grid thought up to here when creating an item? Grid wanted to make up what he was lacking. Kraugel admired Grid’s spirit.

‘This type of effort made him what he is now.’

Was Kraugel, who looked at Grid with warm eyes, misunderstanding? Wasn’t the reason why Grid didn’t bring out the God Hands was because he was so immersed in making an item that he didn’t use his head? No. It was what he intended.

Grid took the resistance of the White Tiger’s Breaths as a training opportunity. Practicing to avoid attacks when making items was better than easily defending with the God Hands. In other words, he focused on expanding his thinking and mastering control.

He calculated it from the beginning. Kraugel discovered this. However, Kraugel didn’t notice one thing.

That’s right.

[The experience of Tiramet's Belt (Unique) has increased by 0.01%!]

It was raising the experience of his items. The quality of the White Tiger’s Breaths was high and the power was low, so the experience of Tiramet's Belt was steadily rising. It barely rose by 0.01% every thousand hits, but wasn’t it still good?

‘If this was classified as a hit, the experience of Elfin Stone’s Ring could rise as well. It’s a shame.’

That’s right. Grid was aiming at three things while making the item. Improving his control skills, his item experience, and his thinking ability.

Ttang!

Ttang!

Of course, he didn’t intend to make the item roughly. The present Grid wasn’t foolish enough to waste the White Tiger Breaths. The most important part for Grid was the production of items, so he did his best to strengthen the White Tiger’s Breaths. He was in such a state of concentration that he could count exactly how many sparks flew every time he hammered.

But the result wasn’t good.

Kwaruruk.

“Kuk...!”

Time passed. On the third day of the production, Grid was mentally tired. The momentum of the White Tiger’s Breath wasn’t lowered at all.

‘No, how stubborn is it?’

It was too strong compared to other production materials in the same class. Despite the repeated smelting and hammering, the White Tiger’s Breaths kept their original shape. Grid recalled the phrase ‘pride of the noble White Tiger’ and saw the White Tiger’s nature as the reason for the lack of progress.

‘No, wait.’

He realized it only on the third night.

‘Isn’t this a matter of attribute rather than personality?’

The White Tiger had the earth attribute. And earth was strong

against fire. As soon as he was reminded of the basics, Grid noticed that this work was wrong from the beginning.

‘The White Tiger’s Breath is the energy of the earth itself... It is a material that can’t be smelted with conventional methods.’

He had a headache. Kraugel, who had been guarding Grid for three days, saw that Grid stopped hammering and frowned as he noticed that something was wrong.

“What's going on?”

"I can't smelt it."

“...?”

Panmir was surprised from where he was sleeping on a mat to the side.

"What do you mean by you can't smelt it?"

In the last three days, Panmir had been watching Grid's every move. He didn't want to miss anything about the legendary blacksmith's work. He saw that there was nothing wrong with Grid's actions. Grid's workmanship was the best. Nevertheless, the White Tiger's Breaths remained in their original form. Wasn't it because it couldn't be smelted?

“Then is it impossible to make the item?”

Panmir had no experience in dealing with myth rated materials and was confused. Unlike Kraugel, who was forced to stay silent because this wasn't his world, Panmir thought about it.

"Is the temperature of the fire lacking? Isn't the melting point very high because it is a material of the earth attribute?"

“No. The melting point has been reached.”

Minerals were classified as pure substances and mixed substances. As a simple example, iron was a pure substance while steel was a mixed substance. Once iron was heated up, the temperature would continue to rise to the melting point of 1,530

degrees, but the temperature was maintained until the iron was completely melted. On the other hand, steel was a mixed substance and the temperature wasn't maintained. Even after the temperature reached the melting point, it kept increasing by 100 degrees.

Grid was able to distinguish between a pure substance and mixed substance based on the temperature change.

"The White Tiger's Breath is a pure substance. There are no foreign materials added. The evidence is that the temperature hasn't risen since it reached 7,230 degrees."

Yes, the temperature wasn't lacking. The system recognized the melting point of the White Tiger's Breath as 7,230 degrees. In fact, just after the White Tiger's Breath was taken out of the furnace, it was reduced to a clay-like intensity.

"But in this state, the shape doesn't change despite the repeated quenching and hammering?"

"Yes. So I noticed a bit late. The material was so strong that I thought I needed to repeat the smelting and hammering many times to change shape gradually."

But not now.

"The smelting itself was wrong. I need to completely dissolve it to strengthen the White Tiger's Breath."

The fire was enough. Nevertheless, the fact that it wasn't melted meant he needed another way. Grid judged and asked Kraugel and Panmir, "What attributes is the earth attribute weak to?"

"It is naturally water and ice."

"If you go into the detailed classification, it is also vulnerable to plant-based skills."

"Soaking, transforming, freezing, cracking from the inside...is it?"

Grid guessed. In order to strengthen the White Tiger's Breaths, it was necessary to weaken the White Tiger's Breaths first. But a blacksmith was related to fire. Water, ice, and plants weren't Grid's areas.

'Then is it impossible for a blacksmith to strengthen the White Tiger's Breath?'

Strictly speaking, it was impossible for him to do it alone and needed the cooperation of others. Grid had no choice but to miss Braham.

'If there was Braham...'

"Bah! It is a simple matter. With the magic in this body, I will drown the bead like a rat. Or what if I turn it into ice and smash it?"

He would say something like this. There was the illusion of Braham's voice ringing in his ears.

"...Ah."

Grid smiled bitterly as he realized. His greatest strength was other people. He immediately sent a whisper to Lauel.

-Is there a magician in our guild who specializes in water magic?

-I don't know why you're asking, but there's one person who can use powerful water attribute magic.

Lauel's vision was high. He was in a position to seek able people, but he always placed Grid in the center. He wouldn't use the word 'powerful' for someone who wasn't. Grid's expectations were heightened.

-Who is it?

-Euphemina.

-Ah!

Duplicator Euphemina. Right. She could duplicate the best water

attribute magic. Grid started to see the solution but it was only for a second.

‘Is it that easy to duplicate the best magic?’

She had to find a caster and watch in real-time how the magic was used. He didn’t know how many days it would take Euphemina to copy the best water magic. Grid needed to strengthen the White Tiger’s Breaths now.

Lauel sent a whisper to the disappointed Grid.

-Hasn’t Euphemina learnt Mumud’s magic? I heard that she has Mumud’s water attribute magic.

-That’s right! It was like this!

Grid’s face was filled with joy. Braham, who was one of the strongest among the legends. Mumud, one of the greatest talents who survived a one-on-one fight with the fire dragon Trauka. It was natural that Mumud’s magic would be equal to Braham’s magic.

The excited Grid immediately sent a whisper to Euphemina.

-Euphemina! Can you come to the smithy right now?

-Of course. You’re the one calling.

She didn’t even ask why. Euphemina was the representative of the Grid loyalists. Thanks to Mumud’s magic, she was devoted to hunting without the limitations of the Duplicator class. Now she immediately returned to Reinhardt.

"This is?"

A white bead. Unlike a pearl, it was just white. It was a deep color. But the surface was shiny and there was a mysterious spiritual energy.

"Yes, that's right. Hit it with the water attribute magic. Continue

until just before it breaks."

"Yes, I'll try."

Euphemina nodded and gathered both hands together. It was only a moment.

'What?'

Both Grid and Kraugel were surprised at the same time. There was a blue intangible aura that occasionally occurred when magicians used magic. The so-called mana in the smithy started to gather at Euphemina's fingertips. It was different from ordinary usage. Normal magicians 'emitted' their mana while Euphemina seemed to 'absorb' the surrounding mana.

Peeeeong!

Euphemina shot the mana gathered at her fingertips. It became a stream of water that struck the White Tiger's Breaths. Then...

"Heok!"

Strong..."

Grid and Kraugel's faces turned white at the same time. It was because the White Tiger's Breaths, which had maintained its complete shape despite Grid hammering it for three days and nights, was dented with a single blow.

Peng! Pepeng! Pepepeng!

Euphemina kept shooting the magic. She hit the two White Tiger's Breaths until Grid told her to stop. The water she fired was as fierce as waves and his momentum was like an angry beast.

'The magic resembles the master...'

Grid had been afraid of Euphemina in the past and trembled from the momentum.

"Stop! It's enough now!"

"Yes."

Euphemina stopped the magic and Grid immediately took the White Tiger's Breaths. The White Tiger's Breaths were cracked, like a glass bead on the verge of breaking.

‘Good!’

Grid didn't delay. The white phosphorus wood was used as firewood and the white beads placed into the furnace that had been heated up to 7,230 degrees. Then...

Tatak! Tak.

In the flames, the cracks on the White Tiger's Breaths grew bigger. The smelting was finally over. It was the moment when Grid and Kraugel's knowledge, skills, and experiences were added to Euphemina's magic.

Grid sensed it. The strongest sword would be born.

Chapter 793

‘Does Grid have such a hard time every time he makes an item?’

A typical blacksmith produced items based on existing designs. They were able to complete the item by clicking on the Production Button with the necessary materials. But even such a simple production caused blacksmiths to feel weary, bored, and that it was difficult. It took several hours to produce according to the rating of the design. It was a hassle to sit down for a few hours in one place.

Yes, a few hours. Even the manual worker Panmir rarely took much longer to complete an item. It took a maximum of three days production time only when he made an ego item that could be produced every time certain conditions were met.

Yet Grid had already spent six days making an item. He even made the design himself. Mulling over it, discussing, responding to all sorts of variables, and repeating the same task for days and days. Putting aside the skills, this wasn't a process possible without his mental power.

Panmir was forced to pay tribute to Grid's efforts, persistence, and concentration.

‘A legendary blacksmith... If I got that class, could I have developed like the current Grid?’

Panmir wondered. It wouldn't have been possible.

‘I'm ashamed for once feeling jealous of Grid.’

It wasn't just Panmir. Many blacksmith users saw Grid badly. They misunderstood that he easily made items because he was a legendary blacksmith. But what if they discovered the secret behind Grid? They wouldn't dare to be jealous and envious of Grid. There was only one person.

Ttaaang!

Thousands, tens of thousands of times of hammering.

[The White Tiger's Breath has been strengthened!]

A notification window popped up.

“Good!”

As fatigue pushed down his body and spirit, Grid cheered while hammering. The White Tiger's Breaths on the anvil had completely transformed into transparent beads.

[Strengthened White Tiger's Breath]

It was the White Tiger's Breath that hardened after all types of impacts.

Increases earth resistance by 40% even when carrying it in the inventory.

It can be used to infuse items with the powerful aura of the white tiger.

However, it can only be attached to items with a strong earth attribute.

Weight: 2

"It's finally finished!"

Panmir heard Grid's cry and rose from his seat. Kraugel's face was shining. He had been protecting Grid for the last week and felt relieved that the hard fight was over.

Grid grinned. “Now that the necessary material is complete, I can make the sword.”

“...”

Ah, wasn't it originally making a sword? He had watched Grid hammering the bead for a week and forgot what item was supposed to be made.

Kraugel, Euphemina, and Panmir all couldn't help shrugging. They were worried about how hard Grid would have to work from now on.

"I'm sorry." Eventually, Kraugel bowed his head.

Grid was embarrassed by Kraugel's apology. "Why are you apologizing suddenly?"

"I never dreamt you would suffer like this every time you make an item. I asked you to do this and placed a huge burden on you."

"No."

He didn't suffer every time he made an item. Grid tried to explain but Euphemina spoke before he could.

"In the past, you suffered during the few days you made my orb. Grid, you truly are amazing. Having the noble spirit of sacrifice to produce the best items, all the people in this world should emulate it."

"No..."

This time and that time were special cases, it didn't always happen. Grid tried to explain again but this time Panmir interrupted.

"At this point, you should be on the National Geographic. A documentary should be made in order to inform everyone that Grid devotes a much greater effort and sincerity than the blacksmiths of the real world."

"That's right! Everyone should know that Grid is the best worker in the world!"

"Grid, there will be more than one or two people who will respect you."

"..."

The world's best worker worthy of respect... The best figures in each field couldn't help praising Grid's great spirit of labor. But

Grid didn't feel proud. He was actually sad.

‘Is it just me living this hard?’

How many people suffered in the game so far? Originally, games were a means of satisfying pleasure. Grid was really a special case. Grid sighed and pulled out the design of Muksabal.

“I’m starting.”

Now that the necessary materials were complete, the remaining work could proceed.

“Gulp...”

Kraugel, Euphemina, and Panmir gulped as they stood next to each other. They were amazed by Grid's delicate and brilliant work while maintaining his peak concentration.

Ttang! Ttang! Ttang!

Once the bloodstone, the best mineral of hell, was hammered, it became a transparent red. It was as beautiful as glass. But the hardness couldn't compare to any metal in the world.

Hwaruruk!

The shape of the blade gradually emerged from the fire.

Chiik!

It was immersed in water and cooled down.

Ttang! Ttang!

Grid repeated the hammering dozens of times.

“Ohhh!”

“Whoa...”

The blacksmiths who rushed once they heard Grid's work was ending let out cries of admiration. A transparent red sword with a crown-shaped knuckle bow. It wasn't gorgeous, but was full of

elegance. It was comparable to a sword that had been passed down through the royal family from generation to generation.

‘There are no faults.’

Grid’s heart started pounding. The thickness and width of the blade were designed with the combined knowledge of Grid and Kraugel, making the shape perfect. The instincts of the Sword Saint were attracted to the sword.

[You are witnessing a famous sword of the era!]

[You will gain an additional bonus if you acquire the sword!]

Duguen.

He was reminded of the notification window that popped up when he encountered Grid’s Enlightenment Sword in the 3rd National Competition. Kraugel realized. It was the luck of a lifetime that he built up a relationship with Grid. Thus, he was able to decide.

‘Grid, I will repay you.’

He would return it a few times. Was his true mind passed on?

‘It will definitely be excellent.’

Grid’s faith in the outcome became stronger.

“With this, it’s finished!”

It was a lot of hard work. The excited Grid shouted as loud as he could as he attached the strengthened White Tiger’s Breath. It was the last stage of the work.

At that moment.

Flash!

A brilliant yet warm white light enveloped the smithy. The effect was so intense that people couldn’t see.

"Ahhhhhhh!"

Grid's cheer echoed. Two completed swords were placed on the anvil in front of him. The red transparent blade was now completely white and transparent.

[World Crushing Sword of the Noble White Tiger]

Rating: Myth

Durability: 2,170/2,170 Attack Power: 3,150 Defense: 724

- * 20% increase in physical attack power.

- * 10% increase in defense.

- * 10% increase in magic resistance.

- * 20% increase in maximum health.

- * 30% bonus earth attribute damage.

- * 15% bonus dark attribute damage.

- * 20% additional damage to sacred beings.

- * There is a chance of the sword's weight increasing when attacking. At this time, the physical attack power that ignores the target's defense will increase by 113%. However, the speed of recovering the sword is increased by one second.

- * When attacked, there is a normal chance of 'Pillar' being released. The giant stone pillar has a blasting effect of up to 5 meters. The damage applied is 50% of the weapon's attack power.

- * There is a normal chance of blocking attacks. If you succeed in blocking an attack, 'Thorns' will be released. Sharp stone thorns will cause damage to all targets in range and will caused a 'reduced recovery' effect. The amount of damage applied is 30% of the weapon's attack power.

- ★ When attacking, there is a low probability of causing the target to be 'partially petrified.' Ignores petrification resistance. A small amount of health will be restored when attacking a petrified target.

* The skill 'White Tiger's Attitude' is generated.

* The skill 'White Tiger's Cry' is generated.

A sword that will become a myth beyond legends. The owner of this sword will leave countless achievements and will be the protagonists of hymns that future generations will sing.

The skill Seeing the Gods' Techniques of blacksmith Grid, the magic of Mumud, and the knowledge of a Sword Saint are gathered. The hidden function of 'petrification' and 'recovery' have been implemented because the features of the White Tiger's Breath have been drawn out to the extremes.

It will be the symbol of fear to the enemy and a symbol of protection to the master.

Conditions of Use: The top three rankers in each class capable of using a sword type weapon.

Weight: 6,800

[White Tiger's Attitude Lv. 1]

Acquires the attitude of the White Tiger.

Attack power and movement is reduced by 80% and defense is increased by 198%.

Skill Mana Cost: 17 per second.

Cooldown Time: 30 minutes.

[White Tiger's Cry Lv. 1]

Creates an earthquake with a radius of 5 meters.

All objects within range are subjected to a 'loss of balance' status and a 13% reduction in defense, evasion, and accuracy. If the target is using a spell or skill, casting is forcibly cancelled.

Mana Consumption: 1,500

Cooldown Time: 10 minutes.

‘The best!’

The attack power was less than the Enlightenment Sword. It was evident that the Enlightenment Sword was much better than the White Tiger Sword when the effects of black flames and red lightning occurred. But in terms of sustainability and balance, the White Tiger Sword was definitely superior. It had much better utilization. In particular, Grid paid attention to White Tiger’s Attitude.

‘An 80% reduction in attack power.’

Grid’s attack power was so high that he could easily incapacitate the opponent. On the other hand, who could defeat the Grid who had nearly three times the defense?

‘Wouldn’t they have to be a duke level to catch me?’

That’s right. White Tiger’s Attitude favored people with excellent stats. The skill was more fraudulent when applied to people like Grid.

[A total of three myth rated items have been produced so something special will happen!]

Grid smiled at the rising notification window and handed Kraugel a normal rated growth type White Tiger Sword.

Chapter 794

[Still Crouching White Tiger Sword]

[Rating: Normal (Growth)]

Durability: 390/390

Attack Power: 373

Defense: 31

* 10% drop in attack speed.

* 3% increase in physical attack power.

* 3% increase in defense.

* 3% increase in magic resistance.

* 6% increase in maximum health.

* 8% bonus earth attribute damage.

* There is a low chance of the sword's weight increasing when attacking. At this time, the physical attack power that ignores the target's defense will increase by 33%. However, the speed of recovering the sword is increased by one second.]

A sword that will become a myth beyond legends...

Omitted.

It was one of the two swords made by Grid. Fortunately, Yura had been able to steadily attain the bloodstones while hunting in hell. This was a sword made by borrowing the legendary rated material stored in the guild's warehouse. It was also boosted by the power of the strengthened White Tiger's Breath, meaning it couldn't be regarded as a normal rated item. Considering that the basic performance of growth type items was superior to that of general items, this was unreasonable.

Of course, it was insignificant compared to Grid's myth rated sword.

“...” Kraugel’s mouth was firmly closed after confirming the item information. Was it an expression of disappointment? No. That wasn’t the reason why he didn’t open his mouth.

Grid knew the reason. “Are you touched? You have forgotten your words.”

If a person who didn’t know the value of a growth item witnessed the present scene, they would’ve doubted Grid’s personality. There might be people who insulted Grid for only taking the good items. However, Kraugel knew the value of the growth type items.

Every time a growth type item raised its rating, its stats would increase significantly and new options would be added. The contents of the options were determined according to the characteristics of the user, so it was very good for the user. In other words, the lower the rating, the higher the potential of the growth items—from normal to rare, rare to epic, epic to unique, unique to legend, and legend to myth.

Every time the White Tiger Sword increased its rating, it would become dramatically stronger and eventually surpass Grid’s myth rated White Tiger Sword.

“Really... Can I really take this sword?” The silent Kraugel finally opened his mouth.

Grid smiled at his quivering voice. “Of course. I made the sword for you in the first place.”

“But Grid, this is a growth type item. You deserve to have it.”

The other White Tiger Sword... Grid wanted to use the myth rated White Tiger Sword, but the growth type White Tiger Sword would be better for him in the long run. Kraugel sincerely thought like this. Grid shook his head at Kraugel’s concern. “As you know, I’ve been swapping between multiple weapons. How can I raise the sword to a myth rating over time?”

Tiramet’s Belt, Elfin Stone’s Ring, and the God Hands had been

stuck at the unique rating for years. It would take at least 10 years of Satisfy time to grow the normal rated White Tiger Sword to myth rated. However, that was just from his perspective. Unlike Grid who had many items, Kraugel could focus on only raising the White Tiger Sword. There was also the possibility of accelerating the growth rate of the sword with the class bonus of a Sword Saint.

“This is right. I think it is a reasonable distribution,” Grid asserted.

“I promise,” Kraugel pledged, “I will return it to you as soon as I raise this sword to the myth rating. I will exchange it with your current sword.”

“...What?”

This was absurd. Grid’s heart thumped. He could feel Kraugel’s sincerity.

‘Really.’

There were many good people around him. He didn’t know where this good luck came from. The red-eyed Grid was so embarrassed that he became angry. “Don’t be ridiculous. Won’t it grow into the most appropriate sword for you? Just be thankful.”

“...You won’t regret it?”

“Are you going to make me regret it?”

“No, I will pay you back.”

“That’s it. It is more than enough.” Grid knew Kraugel’s value. The future sword god? If he could get the heart and trust of his friend, then it was worth more than 10 swords. “I hope this sword will be a token of our eternal friendship.”

“Eternal...” A smile spread across Kraugel’s face as he thought of this word. The number of times he had felt this happy could be counted on one hand. It was the same with Grid. The people who had been alone because they were too lacking or too good were

now facing each other on the same level with the same feelings.

‘Let’s try it once.’

Grid was obligated to use the Pulling Device. It wasn’t possible to neglect the item which had been created to minimize item swapping speed. In the future, he planned to make weapons in the form of a ‘blade’ like the Enlightenment Sword.

The reason he had made the White Tiger Sword in its full form was due to Kraugel’s expectations. He had listened to Sword Saint Kraugel’s advice and created a sword with unrivaled abilities.

The result was commendable. The aggressiveness was less than that of the Enlightenment Sword, but the overall harmony was overwhelming. Grid especially liked the great defense. The basic defense alone was at 724. This was at the level of wearing a good armor. It was close to the basic defense of the Holy Light Armor, which Grid had used along with Triple Layers for nearly nine years of game time.

‘The source of this defense is the knuckle bow.’

Grid looked at the knuckle bow that was at the end of the transparent blade. The crown-shaped knuckle bow decorated with red velvet blended elegantly with the transparent blade.

‘I had no choice but to make it with a handle. In order to connect the White Tiger Sword to the Pulling Device, I must eventually remove the handle, losing the best defense.’

However, the White Tiger Sword’s attack power would increase greatly instead. Attaching it to the handle of Sword Ghost with the Pulling Device would transform the blade into an aggressive one.

‘It is the most ideal plan.’

The knuckle bow would be modified to be integral with the blade, not the handle. Even if it was connected to the Pulling

Device, it could increase attack power while maintaining defense.

‘But I can’t afford it with my current skill.’

Once the knuckle bow was integrated with the blade, the balance of the blade would break. The White Tiger Sword wouldn’t be the White Tiger Sword anymore, and it could even lose its myth status.

‘I think it will be possible if my blacksmithing level increases by two more...’

It meant he had to wait a few years. At present, he had no solution for this. Grid thought for a long time before shaking his head. It wasn’t meaningful to think in a state where his head was completely stiff.

‘I’m at my limit.’

He had been focused on making an item for 10 days. It was natural to be exhausted. Grid needed time to recover. He would leave Kraugel’s commission for armor and boots for later.

“Dear husband!”

It was his family. Irene was now the national mother and a role model for hundreds of thousands of people. There were countless people who were encouraged by her kindness and tried to imitate her. However, even such a great woman was still a girl in front of Grid. The girl who faced her first love—she dreamed of being loved.

“I heard you suffered a lot,” Irene spoke in an emotional voice while hugging him firmly. She understood Grid’s pain, from after Khan died, better than anyone else and was worried he would do something.

Grid stroked her soft cheek and smiled brightly.

“I’m not overdoing it. I always consider my health and safety first. Don’t worry about my physical fitness,” he said to fill Irene’s

heart with relief.

However, even someone pure like Irene could notice Grid's lie. Grid was someone who had built a family, fought alongside his colleagues, and built a kingdom and defended it. Irene was well aware that Grid always pushed himself too hard.

"I don't think so. Rest as much as you can today." Irene placed her hands on his waist and raised her gaze. However, her big and round eyes couldn't look angry. She looked like a rabbit instead. Grid had to hide his smile because she looked so cute.

"I won't yield. Please enter the bedroom and rest."

"Okay. Let's have a good sleep today."

Grid needed a break anyway. His stamina was depleted from the tiring item production, and his tense spirit needed stability. Yes, he really meant to take a break. However, he couldn't rest effortlessly when moving to the bedroom.

It was because Irene started massaging his legs to help him recover from the fatigue. The game underwear that Grid had saved... No, she was wearing the vampire underwear. He wasn't able to relax because she was wearing underwear which revealed her body while she continued rubbing his body. Every time he felt her soft touch, his body shuddered. Every time her mouth touched his skin, the detailed explanation will be omitted. In the end...

"Irene! I can't do it!"

"What do you need?"

"Irene!!"

The detailed description of Grid touching Irene's ripe flesh will be omitted.

"Irene! I love you!!"

"Ahh! Dear husband~!"

As the air in the bedroom became hotter, the two of them became

entangled on the bed. Further descriptions are omitted.

“Will I get a younger sibling?” Lord laughed as he stood in front of Grid’s bedroom. It was the pure pleasure from knowing that his parent’s love was still alive.

Hum hum, a middle-aged man cleared his throat. It was Chucksley, a knight guarding the Overgeared royal family. “Prince, this is disrespectful.”

“Oh, I didn’t notice. Hehet! I’ll come back later.”

The calm Chucksley trusted Lord. Now the child, who had become a big boy, obediently stepped back and into the arms of beautiful girls. The women who were Rebecca’s Daughters’ candidates would become mature women in a year or two. It was an Overgeared army that most people didn’t even know about.

“Prince Lord, do you feel good?”

“No. I want a kiss.”

“Then I am first! Chu!”

“Ah! No! The prince’s right cheek is mine!”

...If other people saw it, they would think it was a scene of lonely girls chasing after a prince.

A few days later...

“I will be going.”

“You aren’t missing anything?”

“Yes. I stopped by the alchemy facility and got everything I needed.”

“Okay. I already mentioned it a few times but if you are in danger, use Knights Summoning. The Overgeared members will be standing by. Understood?”

“Yes.” Grid received Lauel’s goodbye and secretly left Reinhardt.

His destination was naturally in Titan. It was the imperial palace.

Chapter 795

It had been confirmed that Mercedes disobeyed an order and went to Valhalla. Breaking an order was proof that she had lost faith in the emperor, while visiting a hostile kingdom without permission was evidence of rebellion. The contents of Gyuratan's report contained clear slander and distortion of facts. The behavior of the First Knight was a cause for emergency because she had gone to visit the enemy.

‘There is a reason why Mercedes visited Valhalla.’

She had tried to get revenge by finding the Undefeated King's descendant. In fact, there was no way she would join with Valhalla. Emperor Juander was convinced of this. However...

‘It is also true that she broke my orders.’

Sadly, the emperor had no choice but to doubt Mercedes' loyalty. If she were truly loyal to him, she wouldn't have left his sight for any reason.

‘Well, I never expected loyalty in the first place.’

It was natural. Even the trusted Piaro had betrayed him and the empire. The so-called knights were no different from clowns. Loyalty was merely a mask that could be thrown away at any time.

‘But it would be nice if I could trust Gyuratan a bit more.’

The Fourth Knight Gyuratan was the decisive figure who revealed Piaro's betrayal 12 years ago. What was his reason for monitoring the Red Knights and turning Mercedes into a villain by distorting the truth?

‘There might be something dangerous. I have to watch out for Mercedes.’

Emperor Juander made a decision.

“The First Knight should be loyal to the royal family, but

Mercedes abandoned her duty by breaking my orders. I will deprive Mercedes of all her qualifications, and she will be disciplined for three years.”

It was like a bolt out of the blue. The big and small officials were upset.

Who was Mercedes? She was the person who united the Red Knights which had been fractured due to Piaro’s betrayal. Thanks to her work, the Red Knights could be maintained and stability restored. She showed bravery in wars and activities which were difficult to emulate. Mercedes was the symbol of a new era. Yet the emperor was throwing away this symbol? The wave of shock created at this time was terrible.

Even the emperor’s aide thought negatively about it.

“She is under the empress’ command. No, I don’t think you should do this, even if she is a puppet of the empress.”

“That’s right. Disqualifying her is on a different dimension from simply disciplining her.

“You have to think about her influence. There is a fear that the knights will go against Your Majesty. I think it is right to give proper disciplinary actions.”

Would the Red Knights follow Duke Limit or First Knight Mercedes? Most of the knights were likely to choose Mercedes. Mercedes was a respected knight, so the emperor’s decision was puzzling.

“Hrmm...” With even his closest people reacting like this, the calm emperor became frustrated. He tapped the table with his thick fingers. Then suddenly...

Kwaduduk!

Strange noises came down from the ceiling.

“...!”

In the emperor's office, Emperor Juander and the dukes sitting around the table looked up.

“Wait a moment.” Guard captain Bain, who was always protecting the emperor's side, jumped up. The falling metal chandelier was caught in Bain's big hand.

“W-What is this...?”

The faces of the dukes turned white. The chandelier hanging on the ceiling had suddenly fallen?

‘What an ominous sign!’

This was the emperor's office. It was impossible for the facilities to not be maintained properly. Indeed, there were no signs of old age on the chandelier. In fact, it seemed new. The dukes read this as the sign of a disaster and were anxious. However, the emperor was furious. “Empress...!”

The blood vessels on his face bulged as he realized something. The empress wasn't a puppet of the nobles but their leader. The emperor confirmed that this chandelier was a gift from the empress one month ago and shouted furiously, “Drag Marie before me right now!”

“Understood!”

It was an unusually serious situation. The dukes, who had been sitting heavily on the ground, rushed out of the room. There were already hundreds of guards in front of the office. Emergency commands were ringing out all over the imperial palace.

“Block all the doors right now! Don't let a single mouse leave the palace!”

“Yes!”

“Go and collect Empress Marie! This is a royal order!”

“Yes!”

A flood of chaos poured out. The political situation of the empire

was changing rapidly. At this time...

“I-It is urgent!!” Shocking news was delivered to the emperor. “A corner of the southern wall has collapsed!”

“What?”

The strong walls of Titan, which hadn't allowed a single enemy since its founding, had collapsed? To think that all of this was happening so suddenly? It was an unprecedented event and emotional instability started to bubble deep in the heart of the emperor.

“Your Majesty doesn't have any part that isn't beautiful.” In the empress' palace, the noblewoman bowing whilst on her knees kept on saying flattering words. She was carefully painting the empress' nails. A noble lady from a good family was on her knees and doing someone else's nails... It made the maids, who were at one side, restless. They knew that they would eventually receive a punishment for witnessing a noble like this.

“I'm worried this powdered pearl might not be beautiful enough for your feet.

“Don't be disruptive. It isn't bad,” Empress Marie responded with a benign smile. She felt a bliss that couldn't be spoken. A noble lady was like a puppy before her... The feeling of this power was great.

‘She is doing my toenails.’

This was the power of the empress. She couldn't imagine what the power of the empress dowager would be like. Marie's desires were overwhelming. Her goal of putting the 4th Prince on the throne became even more set.

“Huong. Huuong,” the empress's humming flowed out from her mouth. It was a beautiful song like an angel was singing. However, the noblewoman and the maids knew. They couldn't be deceived

by the empress' kind smile and beautiful appearance. She was far from an angel.

“Your Majesty!”

“...Huung.”

The tranquility was broken. The empress stopped humming and moved her gaze. Viscount Albert had urgently rushed over, panting harshly. “It is better to avoid His Majesty.”

“What?” The empress was angry rather than confused. She was the empire's empress and would later be the mother of the emperor. Yet she now had to avoid the emperor? Her? Why?

Viscount Albert explained to the frowning empress, “Duke Grenhal is headed for this palace, but his mood is bad! He has His Majesty's guards with him!”

“Duke Grenhal...?”

Why was the right arm of the emperor coming here? The emperor's guards were also coming?

“Find out what is going on,” the empress said, realizing that the mood was unusual. Then she immediately rose from her seat, and the maids carefully put on her shoes. Before leaving the room, the empress pointed to the maids. “Get rid of them. We must defend the honor of our countess.”

“E-Empress...!” The maids cried out.

“I am always thrilled with Your Majesty's consideration.” The noblewoman bowed with thanks. The empress' palace, which was filled with lowly women, was also disgusting today. Viscount Albert bit his lips so that the empress wouldn't notice his thoughts. Then he picked up his sword and cut down the five maids.

One knight ran and reported to the empress, “I heard that the mobile hanging in your bedroom fell down.” (Mobile: a decorative structure that is suspended so as to turn freely in the air.)

The empress' face stiffened. "What is the cause?"

"I'm not sure. The maids said that the mobile became bigger and heavier than before."

"....." She couldn't believe her ears. Empress Marie immediately grasped the situation. "Right now... Prepare the carriage right now. I must meet His Majesty."

She had to explain it at once. Then the empress heard a voice, "I have already prepared the carriage. Now, let's go, Your Majesty."

It was Duke Grenhal. As usual, he was riding on top of a rhino. The empress didn't like his gaze. However, she couldn't express this. Duke Grenhal, who boasted the strongest power among the seven dukes, wasn't someone the empress could deal with.

"Thank you for your consideration."

"This is serious."

Regardless of the awfulness, the empress' palace was peaceful on the surface.

At one point in the afternoon, this was overturned. Veradin identified the cause and decided that the empress' position would be greatly reduced from today onward.

'If we don't move, we might be caught in the flames.'

Immortal belonged to the Rose Knights under Empress Marie's command. They had to be careful of the guilt by association.

'A new nesting site is necessary.'

Veradin hastened to take steps. Immortal and Agnus had stayed at the empress' palace for a while.

'Let's leave this palace.'

In the worst case, the backing of the empress could be poison. Then it would be hard to go anywhere on the West Continent.

‘It would be nice to move to the East Continent.’

A crisis was an opportunity. It might be forced but this was good timing to try new challenges. Veradin thought so and felt a clear sense of hope. He thought it was simply Marie’s crisis and forgot how dangerous the situation was. Why?

...Because at least the palace was still the safest place. Leaving it would be a big mistake. His enemies were greater in number than he had imagined. For the sake of revenge, the enemy had sunk the biggest nation on the continent into chaos.

Step, step.

“.....”

One step, a second step, a third step...

Veradin’s steps became faster as he left the palace. He felt a sense of discomfort. Due to the absence of the empress, the knights and soldiers who used to be on guard everywhere couldn’t be seen. Then he realized... this was no longer a safe place. However, enlightenment always arrived too late.

“Do you feel the need to go to the toilet? Why are you in a hurry?”

“.....”

When they arrived in front of the palace, Veradin heard a familiar voice behind him. Veradin stopped walking. “Is it because of Lauel? The current situation is Lauel’s work?”

“You aren’t qualified to ask me.”

“Are you a fool? This is Immortal’s base. What do you plan to do after successfully infiltrating it? You alone can’t threaten us.”

“You aren’t a threat. I will kill you. All of you.”

“Hah, do you plan to use Knights Summoning? If the Overgeared members’ faces are seen in this uproar, the sword of the empire will point at the Overgeared Kingdom.”

“You know what? You are the first one.”

Veradin was still turned away from Grid. Then he looked toward the entrance of the empress’ palace and screamed as loudly as possible, “Get out here!”

“What? Eh! G-Grid!”

“What? Really? It is Grid!!”

“Everyone get out of here!”

Dozens or hundreds of necromancers poured out. It was only after seeing them that Veradin felt relief. Then he faced it—Grid’s cool gaze.

“This is the first time.”

“What do you mean?”

“The first time that you will die for me.”

“...?”

“I won’t count Piaro’s kill, you bastard.”

Khan’s enemy was finally right here. The Grid at this moment wasn’t the person admired by two billion people or the Overgeared King representing his people. It was the complete Grid. He wanted to vent his uncontrollable resentment and killing desire.

Paaaat!

The necromancers summoned their skeletons. However, the moment that Veradin’s death knight and some of the necromancers’ skeletons tried to intercept Grid...

“Remember. You are already dead if I appear before you.” Grid moved to Veradin’s side using Freely Move and wielded the Enlightenment Sword while being buffed with Blacksmith's Rage and Blackening.

Sakak-!

“Ugh...!”

[You have suffered 51,900 damage.]

[35% of your maximum health is preserved due to the effect of Overcoming Death.]

Did Veradin get hit by a skill? His spirit was stunned by the very powerful blow. Veradin shrank back and pulled out a potion.

Puooook!

Then Lifael's Spear pierced him. Death Knight Kyleo and the other skeleton knights started hitting Grid. However, rather than blocking the attacks, Grid just released a poisonous fog. Veradin was in pain from being stabbed by a sword and spear, not because he was poisoned.

“Die. A hundred times, a thousand times more.” Grid smiled evilly as he dealt the finishing blow, reminiscent of the days when he was called a butcher.

It was only two normal attacks...

Kuwaaaaaang!

Then the black flames exploded. Veradin and the surrounding necromancers turned to gray.

Chapter 796

“This is nonsense!”

It was an obvious story, but Immortal had also watched the videos of the National Competition several times. From the opening ceremony to the closing ceremonies, there were enthusiasts who watched the rerun without missing a single game. They knew the existence of the instant skill Grid had used to take out Tarma.

However, they hadn't expected for the power of that skill to ruin Veradin. Why? Veradin was a person who had transcended the limits of a necromancer in the area of survival. Just look at back when the Overgeared Kingdom was invaded. At the time, Veradin had overpowered Faker. Veradin had even endured an assassin's onslaught, so it was hard to think he would die with just one blow. Furthermore...

‘It was a wide-range skill?’

The moment the black flames exploded, dozens of necromancers within 10 meters of Veradin died as well. The Immortal members thought it was absurd. How could an instant skill boast such great power and an enormous range of influence?

‘Is a legendary skill this different?’

The sound of nervous gulps could be heard everywhere. The one who broke the uneasy silence was the 2nd ranked necromancer, Bullet. “Scat... Scatter! Scatter everywhere!”

Then the 7th ranked Drew shouted, “Don't let that monster get away!”

“Hiik!”

A human's desire to survive overcame fear. The necromancers overwhelmed by Grid's firepower quickly recovered their minds. They summoned advanced undead such as skeleton knights and

mage to keep Grid in check while they maximized the distance. However, there were some people who ran away without looking back.

They were Grid's first targets.

"Where are you trying to run away to?"

There was no salvation, only pest control. Grid needed to eradicate them completely. He knew this because he had met many types of people.

"Transcend."

Kuoooooh!

As Grid started a sword dance in the middle of the retreating necromancers, his neat black hair started to rise. The fragments of the ground, which couldn't endure the black flames explosion, rose into the air. It was the forerunner to Grid changing to ranged attacks.

Peng!

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

In his blackened state, Grid reached his maximum speed. He was able to swing his sword six times per second, which meant he could fire six energy swords per second. Grid was a weapon rather than a human.

"Kuaaaack!"

"Ugh! Kuk...!"

The necromancers, who had wanted to survive alone by escaping, fell as their backs were hit by the energy swords Grid fired. As ordinary necromancers, they had low defense and health. Therefore, most of them died after receiving a single blow from Grid. The people who had the fortune to survive were in a stunned state. It couldn't be helped since they had lost more than half their health with one blow.

“Lubaan!” Bullet’s cry that was close to a scream echoed on the battlefield. Death Knight Lubaan responded to his will and struck toward Grid.

Kwaaaaah!

Lubaan was an orc fighter when still alive, and he used a halberd that was over two meters long as a weapon. While sniping at the fleeing necromancers, a gap in Grid’s defense was exposed, causing him to fall from Lubaan’s powerful slice.

‘Very good.’ Bullet’s expectations of Lubaan rose sharply. Lubaan’s attack power was the best. His attack power was even beyond that of Death Knight Kyleo, and Bullet thought that Grid wouldn’t be able to avoid a critical hit. However...

Chaaeng!

The notification windows which rose as soon as Lubaan’s halberd struck Grid’s shoulder caused Bullet’s face to harden.

[You have dealt 2,430 damage to the target!]

[Poisonous fog has popped up!]

[Death Knight Lubaan is now poisoned.]

“...Isn’t this crazy?”

It was an armor which caused poison damage instead of having overwhelming defense?

‘What is this?’

Bullet had already witnessed Grid exert a powerful attack against a dragon. However, like Kraugel, hadn’t Grid died easily from the dragon’s breath? Additionally, he had become ragged in his PvP match against Kraugel. Yes, Grid’s items were excellent, but his defense seemed rather normal.

Bullet was the second strongest out of tens of thousands of necromancers. Like the National Competition rankers such as Kraugel, Bullet believed that he could threaten Grid. However, it

was a terrible arrogance. No, it was a shameful mistake.

‘I am a frog in a well.’

They were in entirely different classes. When Bullet realized the reality of the situation, he was stunned for a moment.

[Death Knight Lubaan has returned to the ground.]

Seeing that his death knight was unable to withstand Grid’s onslaught and had died, Bullet shouted, “Corpse Explosion! There is no other answer!”

The necromancers, who were helpless while Grid wielded his sword without a break, instantly found hope. Corpse Explosion—it was a magic which inflicted damage proportional to the target’s maximum health by self-exploding the summoned undead. A big disadvantage of this magic was that it took a considerably long amount of time to re-summon the destroyed undead. However, its power was outstanding.

The necromancers realized that a long battle with Grid was disadvantageous and started to use Corpse Explosion.

Kuwaaaaaang!

[You have suffered 4,900 damage.]

The moment that the undead approaching Grid exploded...

The necromancers cheered, “Good!”

This was because they saw Grid coughing up blood for the first time. Hundreds of undead that were now walking bombs approached Grid. This scene was no different from a horror movie.

“Grid! Pay the price for your arrogance!”

There was a limit to the power of an individual. Immortal looked down at Grid’s foolishness for facing them alone. Dozens of ghouls closed the distance to Grid, and they exploded simultaneously.

Kwang!

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

There was a powerful explosion! The explosion centered on Grid shook the empress' palace. However...

“Uh...?”

Grid was fine. It was because he absorbed the explosion with Kruger's Mysterious Cloth. He emerged unscathed from the dust.

Puok!

“Cough!”

Kwajak!

“Kyaak!”

Grid in his Blackened State chased the necromancers with an agility that they couldn't afford. The necromancers continued to die as he flashed about like Hong Gildong across the battlefield.

“W-What...? How can you be fine? Heok!” Drew shrieked as he summoned new undead to stop Grid. Then he saw two delicate skeletons. The undead he thought had been summoned by allies came up and stabbed him. These skeletons were different from normal skeletons. They had ‘expressions.’

Bullet was confused when he saw the skeletons' ‘ㄷ ㄷ’ eyes which seemed to laugh at him.

“W-What are these crazy skeletons?”

The unidentified skeletons were weak. Bullet only suffered 100 damage from their stabs. However, he felt a strangely ominous feeling. Undead with facial expressions? He had never heard of it before. Even the best undead, the lich didn't have expressions.

‘Maybe these are...’

Super rare undead?

‘Who is the summoner? Heok!!’

Bullet's gaze shifted to above the skeletons' heads. The names of

the skeletons were Overgeared Skeleton One and Overgeared Skeleton Two. The naming sense clearly showed who their master was.

“G-Grid is the summoner?”

A blacksmith with undead? No, how could this be? The moment Bullet had this question...

Puok!

“Keok..!”

He coughed up blood. While Bullet had been busy looking at the Overgeared Skeletons, Grid had come up behind him and stabbed his heart.

“W-Wait a minute...”

He was stabbed once and only had 10% health left. Stunned, Bullet barely managed to open his mouth, “S-Spare me... Please spare me...! I never invaded the Overgeared Kingdom! It was all Veradin’s group! I’m a victim!”

Bullet was well aware that the human mind was surprisingly weak. He believed that if he told Grid the truth like this, he would hesitate. However, Grid’s reaction was different from what Bullet had expected.

“You should’ve stopped it.”

It was a dull reaction. Grid subsequently struck forth, and Bullet turned to gray. His terrible appearance made the few remaining necromancers despair. It was at this moment that they realized when to use the expression, ‘intimidated enough to piss slightly.’ This would continue until they left Immortal. No, maybe they couldn’t get rid of Grid’s revenge until they quit the game.

Grid scared all of them and immediately wore the Hooded Zip Up. Soldiers were rushing over after hearing the damn Corpse Explosions, so he couldn’t delay.

‘It is unfortunate that I missed Agnus.’

However, it would be terrible if his identity were to be discovered here. The angry empire would attack the Overgeared Kingdom if they discovered the truth.

‘I have to escape.’

Grid planned to leave via the north gate. The vigilance there should be relatively weak since it was located opposite the collapsed southern wall.

In the north of Titan, there was a dwelling area filled with mansions and villas for the empire’s nobles.

First Knight Mercedes’ mansion was also located there.

“Who would dare go against the empire...?”

Mercedes was informed of the southern wall collapsing and immediately equipped her sword. She was about to wear the Red Armor, only to hesitate and leave her home in a one-piece outfit. Then she encountered a group of Red Knights. Mercedes looked confused. The knights gathered in the garden were Fourth Knight Gyuratan and his followers.

Gyuratan shrugged. “Breaking another imperial order... I guess the rumor must be true.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Rumor has it that you have lost respect for the emperor and that you are trying to rebel.”

“What is this unfounded accusation?”

“Anyone would think like me unless they are a fool. The wall collapsed as soon as there were rumors that His Majesty was going to deprive you of your qualifications. Isn’t it something that the forces behind you committed?”

“No one is going to believe this.”

“No, everyone will be led to believe it. Didn’t you create this chaos to leave your mansion? I don’t know what type of terrible punishment you will receive.”

“...This conversation is meaningless,” Mercedes said. Then she noticed something. “You are planning to frame me, just as you did to Piaro 12 years ago.”

“Speaking the name of a traitor. It is clear evidence of your betrayal.” The corners of Gyuratan’s mouth curved upward. His mouth was too big, so his smile was as bizarre as a clown’s.

“First Knight Mercedes, I sentence you to death.”

The Fourth Knight’s punishment began. The moment Gyuratan gave the order, five Red Knights attacked Mercedes.

Supaak!

Mercedes spun around in her pure white clothing. She rotated while pulling out two swords, soundlessly cutting apart the flowers and trees in the beautiful garden. Blood splashed from the chest of the Red Knights.

Gyuratan clicked his tongue. “Knights in the 20s aren’t enough.”

These weak people were really of no help.

“They aren’t that far from the squad of Red Knights that I killed.” As Gyuratan spat out those shocking words, Mercedes flew toward him like a butterfly. Gyuratan saw Mercedes’ exposed thighs, but there was no desire in his eyes. Sexual desire was something only lowly creatures like humans and animals felt.

Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!

Just before Mercedes’ two swords reached Gyuratan...

“Uh!”

Black magic power was released, and it hit Mercedes. The

unexpected form of the counterattack caused Mercedes to panic and cross her swords.

Kwajajak!

However, it was impossible to defend against magic with just two swords. The absence of body armor was too big. Blood spurted out as Mercedes flew through the sky and hit the wall of her mansion. Gyuratan laughed while approaching her slowly. Covered in demonic energy, his skin was pale and his eyes were all black, without any whites.

“In the past 12 years, I have been irritated by your eyes. Your clear eyes seem to penetrate all hidden secrets like a curse. I wanted to rip them out every time I saw them. I wanted to see your pained appearance.”

“Pant... Pant... You...”

“But Limit trusted you so much. I couldn’t see any gaps to break through. Kukuk, the story changed after you were stupid enough to start digging into Limit.” Gyuratan reached out a wrinkled hand. His long fingernails headed toward Mercedes’ eyes. “Thank you for digging your grave yourself. Watch in limbo. Scream in pain and sorrow at the sight of the empire that you wanted to protect so much.”

“Ugh...!” Her body wasn’t listening. The deadly demonic energy, more poisonous than any poison, was strangling Mercedes’ heart.

As she waited for death, unable to resist...

“That woman is mine,” a male voice rang out.

Puk!

Puuok!

A golden spear filled with divine power flew and pierced Gyuratan.

“Overgeared King...?” Gyuratan, who had barely overcome

Rebecca's curse, cried out with astonishment while Mercedes recalled a fairy tale she had read as a child.

Chapter 797

[You have been discovered by a magic power detector!]

[The effect of the Hooded Zip Up has been rendered ineffective and Stealth has been turned off.]

[The magic power detector is looking at you, and any actions considered dangerous in the next three minutes will cause it to strike.]

He had seen this happen dozens of times since he first entered Titan. Grid became a person in a plain white hooded outfit.

‘How much money do they have?’

It wasn’t just the palace — the magic power detectors were installed in ordinary stores, even including the slums. Just this was a small glimpse of the great wealth and technological prowess of the empire that ruled the continent for hundreds of years.

‘I can’t draw any attention to myself.’

Grid barely escaped the palace, suppressing the urge to rush as he headed to the north gate. He boldly walked down the street without covering his face and ID. Satisfy had a huge player count of two billion: wouldn’t there be at least one or two people with the ID of Grid? When he walked by on the street, he looked like a passerby to the people around him. There wasn’t a single person who observed him closely. If he hid his identity and acted suspiciously, he would become more noticeable.

Kwaang!

“...?”

The relatively quiet north street. Grid entered a new area without much difficulty since people were concentrating on the south wall. Grid suddenly stopped, hearing a loud sound at the end of the quiet street. Grid had heard this sound thousands, if not tens

of thousands of times.

‘Combat? Who is fighting here?’

Grid could ignore it. He needed to get away from Titan as soon as possible, and not get caught up in an unknown fight. But Grid found it hard to just walk away. This was because a golden exclamation mark shone in the direction where the fighting was heard.

A quest signal!

‘A quest at this time?’

Who in the empire would give him a quest in this turmoil?

‘Who is associated with me?’

Grid found it hard to imagine, but he didn’t give up and kept thinking. As a result, he could recall one person with surprising speed.

“...Mercedes!”

The First Knight who shared a secret with Grid. She was committed to revealing the truth about what happened 12 years ago. In some cases, there was the risk of being exposed. The moment he thought about this, “Quick Movements!”

Grid didn’t delay and rushed over. Since Blackening was on cooldown, he used Quick Movements to greatly increase his agility and ran over to the scene of the battle. From there...

“Thank you for digging your grave yourself. Watch in limbo. Scream in pain and sorrow at the sight of the empire that you wanted to protect so much.”

A middle-aged man, who looked like a more bizarre version of Grid’s Blackening form, was threatening Mercedes. She was wearing a white dress and coughing up black blood. Grid received a notification window.

[A new quest has been created!]

[For Piaro]

★ Hidden Quest ★

First Knight Mercedes, who was digging into the truth about what happened 12 years ago, is experiencing a great crisis.

If you are unable to save her, Piaro will forever be labeled a traitor.

Save Mercedes!

Quest Clear Conditions: The survival of Mercedes.

Quest Reward: 50 increase in affinity with Mercedes. An event with Mercedes will occur.

Quest Failure: Mercedes' death. All quests related to the Red Knights will be deleted.

‘Isn’t this funny?’

Grid couldn’t understand what was happening. Why was Mercedes in such trouble despite being comparable to Piaro? And where in the world was her iconic red armor?

‘In any case, this is a game.’

He was sick of the formula of a strong enemy being nerfed as soon as they turned friendly. Grid transformed one of the four God Hands into Lifael’s Spear. In the battle with Immortal, only one God Hand transformed so the remaining three God Hands were available to be transformed into items.

“Ugh...”

The moment Mercedes moaned and was on the brink of death.

“That woman is mine,” shouted Grid as he gave an order to Lifael’s Spear.

Puooook!

[You have dealt 26,900 damage to the target!]

The enigmatic man threatening Mercedes coughed up blood and stepped back. The fact that Lifael's Spear caused enormous damage showed that he was obviously a demonkin. And demonkin were helpless in front of Rebecca's divine artifacts. Grid expected the demonkin called 'Gyuratan' to not be able to move for a while. He planned to use this gap to save Mercedes.

However.

"Overgeared King...?"

Gyuratan was fine, unlike Grid's expectations. He pulled out Lifael's Spear that pierced his waist. His health gauge was also intact.

'Transcendent named?'

A chill went down Grid's spine. After running as hard as possible, he was almost at Mercedes' location. This meant he was close to Gyuratan.

"Mercedes! You were in league with the Overgeared King! This has made your betrayal clear!" Gyuratan shouted excitedly.

There was a smile of joy on his face as he stabbed towards Grid, who was reaching for Mercedes. The weapon that Gyuratan wielded was a twisted, bizarre looking sword that was similar to its master.

Kwaaaaang!

"...!"

Gyuratan was shocked. He thought that he had stabbed Grid while Grid was paying attention to Mercedes, only for two golden hands to fly and block his sword.

'Autonomous artifacts?'

One person passed through Gyuratan's mind. He made a strange expression as the God Hand armed with the Ultimate Enhanced Mjolnir flew towards him. Lifael's Spear, which had fallen onto the

ground, also aimed at Gyuratan. Gyuratan allowed an attack from another golden hand and Lifael's Spear, which flew from behind. Despite the numerous attacks, he was fine and only became stiff for a moment. Gyuratan withdrew the golden spear from his chest and didn't release it.

"I see. Overgeared King and Templar... No, Overgeared."

Over the past few years, there was the unprecedented event in which Yatan Servants were slaughtered throughout the continent. The culprit was Overgeared. He was a strong man who had artifacts that moved by themselves.

"Kukuk, you aren't an ordinary person. You managed to build a kingdom. It is no wonder that you can kill the Yatan Servants."

"Who are you?"

Few people knew that Grid was the Yatan Servant Slaughterer. Braham and Yura were the only ones who knew the relationship between Grid and the Yatan Church. Yet this demonkin grasped Grid's identity at once, meaning that he had a close relationship with the Yatan Church.

"Are you also a Yatan Servant?"

Gyuratan nodded at Grid's question. "You could say that. All creatures under heaven are the servants of God Yatan."

This wasn't the answer he wanted. Grid started frowning.

"Be careful!" Mercedes was staring at Grid only to suddenly shout, "He will use black magic!"

"What?"

His opponent quickly neutralized the two swords wielded by the God Hands, Lifael's Spear, and the stiffness of Mjolnir, just to use magic? Grid became alert, but it was too late. Gyuratan had started casting the magic circle from the moment he began the conversation with Grid. A spell started forming under Grid's feet.

“Naive guy,” Gyuratan ridiculed.

Kuwaaaaaah!

A big explosion occurred at Grid’s feet, causing a gigantic hellfire to billow out and swallow Grid and Mercedes at the same time. The momentum reminded Grid of Hell Gao before the fire stones were mined.

“It is my unexpected luck to be able to handle two troublemakers at the same time.”

Gyuratan was delighted. He believed that Grid and Mercedes would vanish without a trace after being swallowed by the black flames. No humans could survive when hit directly with this magic.

‘Now how should I weave these two together?’

Sururuk.

His pale skin started to fill with rosy color as his whites appeared amidst his pitch-black eyes. He returned to his human form, no, disguised himself as human and wondered how to report today’s events to the emperor. He never imagined that he would be hit back.

“What is your weakness?”

“...?!”

Did Grid use his body as a shield? Through the smoke, Mercedes was held up in Grid’s arms and didn’t have a single scratch on her. It felt like Grid alone had endured the explosion. Yet there was a problem.

“Why are you fine?”

Grid didn’t have any outstanding injuries, an unbelievable fact given that he had just encountered hellfire.

“Don’t you know why I am called the Overgeared King?”

Grid's sword struck Gyuratan.

Puooook!

Gyuratan had exposed a gap while caught off guard. He couldn't defend himself as his heart was pierced with the Enlightenment Sword. A human's weapon was powerful enough to compare to the divine artifact of Rebecca, Goddess of Light.

"Cough!"

Gyuratan's coughed up blood and Lifael's Spear in his hand returned to being a God Hand after the duration of Item Transformation ended. Gyuratan grabbed the God Hand that was fiercely trying to escape.

Kwajijik!

That's when he was struck by the red lightning that fell from the sky. Gyuratan's body shook while Grid performed a sword dance.

"Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle!"

Puok!

Puk puk puk!

Powerful stabs started continuously piercing Gyuratan's body.

Kwa kwa kwa kwang!

Black flames exploded. The flames contained a destructive power that was comparable to the hellfire that Gyuratan summoned, but without any casting delays. Gyuratan and Mercedes were shocked.

"Kuk...! Y-You...!"

Gyuratan started emitting demonic energy again. Grid didn't shrink back at all despite facing bizarre black eyes.

"You must be a scum who has already lost his body to Muller."

Kwarururung!

Linked Kill swallowed up Gyuratan. As Gyuratan's flesh scattered

and body was torn apart, Grid's sword energy skyrocketed. There were also the four God Hands armed with Failure, the White Tiger Sword, Iyarugt, and Grid's Greatsword.

"Isn't it too early to be elated?"

A cynical remark.

Seokeok!

Grid's Pinnacle was deployed. As it cut from head to groin, the four other top weapons pierced Gyuratan.

Kuwaaaaaang!

Black flames once again exploded and swallowed up Gyuratan.

"..."

Mercedes was unable to say anything. She had seen Piaro and the great dukes, yet Grid's firepower was one step above theirs. The power of Linked Kill Wave Pinnacle was unrivaled.

"Hurry."

"...Huh?"

Would Grid defeat the unidentified great demon like this? Mercedes was filled with expectations only to become confused. It was because Grid, who was overpowering Gyuratan, started retreating. Grid explained, "Wake up. People will be coming soon. I'll be in trouble if I'm caught up in this mess."

In the first place.

'I can't win.'

Despite being weakened and sealed by Sword Saint Muller, the opponent was still a great demon. Grid had no chance in a 1:1 or 1:2 confrontation. In the past, the reason why Grid was able to raid Hell Gao was because he found the weak point of the fire stones. In fact, Gyuratan's health hadn't even decreased by one-tenth.

"By the way, where did you sell your armor?"

Grid grabbed Mercedes's hand and asked a question while running.

"I-I didn't sell it! How could I sell such a noble symbol for money?" Mercedes shouted with a red face.

Grid could see that she was a serious person who didn't know jokes. Yes, she was serious. For her, the touch of the 'man' tightly holding her hand was very special.

Chapter 798

The gates came into view.

“Wait a minute!” Mercedes, who was pulled by Grid, suddenly stopped. She watched the soldiers guarding the gate and gently pulled her hand away from Grid. There was a dark flush on her white face, and the feeling of Grid’s touch lingered on her fingertips.

“Why? What’s going on?”

“Where are you going to take me?”

“Outside the empire, of course.”

“What? I can’t leave.”

“What?” Grid frowned. “Was that guy called Gyuratan? From his attitude earlier, he seems to occupy a high position in the empire?”

Grid had noticed that the empire didn’t know Gyuratan’s identity. The demonkin were common enemies of humanity. So, if the Saharan Empire knew that Gyuratan was a great demon, they wouldn’t be able to stand by. The reason Mercedes was in a crisis was due to Gyuratan’s trick.

“He said that you are a traitor. Aren’t you in a very dangerous situation? He will frame you like he did Piaro in the past.”

“But I have an obligation to inform everyone about Gyuratan’s identity.”

“Do you think people will believe you?”

Mercedes smiled bitterly at Grid’s question and replied, “Nobody will believe me. I can’t believe it myself.”

It had been 15 years since Gyuratan became the Fourth Knight. He had acted as a perfect human for many years. Even with her sharp eyes, Mercedes, as well as the famous magicians and priests, hadn’t noticed for the past 15 years that Gyuratan was a great

demon. Gyuratan's ability to hide his demonic power was beyond extraordinary. It was clearly the power of a great demon. Despite being weakened, his power was still enough to mock humans.

“But if I wait, I will be able to catch an opportunity. I will keep my position until that day comes. It is my duty.”

Now that an unidentified great demon was about to bring the empire to chaos, the First Knight must stop him. This was a noble mission. She couldn't turn away and didn't want to turn away. Grid gave an uncertain response to Mercedes' resolute expression, “If Gyuratan tells the emperor that you and I were together today...”

She would disappear before the chance she waited for would come. However, Mercedes smiled brightly at Grid with a smile that was brighter than sunshine.

‘She could smile like this?’

It didn't fit the appearance of a noble knight. Grid admired her beauty and couldn't help turning red.

Mercedes blushed at his reaction and avoided his gaze as she explained, “I will deny it. Just like how people won't believe my claims that Gyuratan is a great demon, people won't believe the claims that Gyuratan places on me. But if I run away like this, I will have no chance to deny it. So I will stay.”

“In the worst case scenario, what if Gyuratan attacks you directly? Like today. What will you do then? I won't be able to help you.”

“Who do you think I am?” A light shone in Mercedes' clear eyes. It was a glimpse into the pride of the First Knight of the empire. The strongest knight who made Grid bow down at their very first meeting was now here. “Today, things turned out bad in many ways. But if I fight him again next time, I can do my best.”

She hadn't taken her armor because it was her detention period,

and she had allowed Gyuratan's magic because she had believed he was a swordsman. Moreover, in the first place, her morale had been at the lowest point. In a situation where she hadn't known who to believe and had gotten trapped in her house, she had become restless and confused.

However, she was okay now. She knew that Gyuratan was an enemy, and there was someone she could rely on. The fog before her dissipated.

“Overgeared King.”

“Yes?”

“Don't worry. I will clear the wrongful accusation of the Piaro you cherish as I promised.”

“...Yes.”

Grid was well aware of the Piaro's past pain. He desperately wanted to remove Piaro's stigma and free him from the bondage of his dark past. Additionally...

“You must stay safe.”

Grid also wanted Mercedes. He needed people with strength and talent, and Mercedes was a person close to what he wanted. Mercedes stiffened like she was frozen before she asked, “...Do you like me?”

It was a difficult question. Grid nodded. “It isn't just liking but coveting. I think about it every night.”

Who in the world wouldn't covet a noble knight like her? However, among them, Grid was the one who knew her value best. Grid's words contained this meaning, but Mercedes accepted them differently. Her ears flushed red, and she couldn't face Grid. “You are too aggressive. Are you like this to everyone?”

Mercedes' question was basically asking if he was a womanizer. However, Grid didn't realize it. “No, I'm not like this to everyone. I

also know that I shouldn't say this, but what can I do? You are special."

He knew that she was already the empire's knight, but he wanted to make her his own knight. Grid's ardent heart was distorted while it was being conveyed.

"I-Is that so?" Mercedes was wary of Grid's attitude.

'This man isn't ordinary.'

Grid must live as a playboy. He seemed like a person who would have a woman around him every day. However, Mercedes didn't hate it. Grid was Piaro's and Asmophel's benefactor. He was also the one who provided the opportunity to wash away the stigma of the old Red Knights, as well as the savior of her life. So, he no longer seemed like a bad person.

"I won't ask you why you are in Titan right now. I won't doubt my benefactor. However, please stop shaking my heart. Nothing can happen anyway."

As the empire's knight, how could she marry the king of an outside kingdom? That would be forsaking the empire. It was impossible. The moment that Mercedes smiled bitterly... Grid caught Mercedes' wrist in order to express his strong will. Then he declared, "I won't give up on you. Didn't you say it when you were reunited with Piaro? You will repay me even if you have to give everything to me. Don't you have to keep your promise?"

"...So, you don't want a lover or a wife but a slave."

"Huh?"

"You are crass."

"...??"

What the hell was this? Grid was embarrassed as he belatedly realized it. He was reminded of the power of his dexterity, but he had already touched Mercedes' wrist.

“It is too much harassment to caress the body of a woman with those greedy eyes. In return for saving my life, you want such things in exchange?”

“...”

The reward he got from clearing the quest clear was being misunderstood as a pervert? Grid was embarrassed and disappointed.

“...If you want that, it can’t be helped,” Mercedes spoke meaningfully and raised her hand to her slender neck. Grid’s gaze fixed on her collarbone, and he gulped nervously. However, it wasn’t the development he thought it would be. Mercedes released the pendant hanging around her neck and handed it to Grid. It was a pendant made of white silver with an elegant rose pattern.

“This is...?”

“It is a token of my family. If you ever face an awkward situation in the empire, use this token. It will help you.”

Ttiring~

[The hidden quest has been completed!]

[Affinity with Mercedes has risen by 50.]

[You have obtained the Vaintz Family’s Pendant.]

[Vaintz Family’s Pendant]

[Durability: 31/33]

Charm +100.

Nobility +100.

-A pendant passed down through the direct line of the prestigious Vaintz family in the Saharan Empire. It can be used to prove your identity in all places of the empire. There is a high probability of receiving great respect.

Weight: 5

Conditions of Use: The heir of the Vaintz family or someone recognized by the heir.]

“Isn’t this precious?”

It was a token that symbolized Mercedes, who was the heir, or someone closely related to her. Strictly speaking, it was strange for Grid to receive it. Mercedes shook her head at his concern. “It is a trivial thing for me, king of a nation.”

‘Rubbish.’

This item demonstrated ‘status’ across the Saharan Empire. It meant that Grid could move freely through the empire, no matter his appearance. It would surely come in handy.

“It is really okay? What if I abuse it and put your family at risk?”

“Didn’t Piaro and Asmophel choose Your Majesty? I don’t think someone like you would abuse it. Even if you do abuse it, you would have a good reason. I will accept the damages caused as my price.”

“...Okay. Does this mean you will keep your word?” Grid grinned.

Mercedes’ straightforward personality was a favorite for him. The more he knew, the more he trusted her.

“Thank you.” Grid said a short goodbye.

Meanwhile, Mercedes went down on one knee and politely spoke, “I appreciate it, Overgeared King.”

“Good luck.”

“I must achieve it, for the sake of the empire and Piaro.”

Then Grid would safely meet Mercedes again.

“You came back without running away? Are you that eager to die?”

Mercedes returned to her mansion where Gyuratan was waiting. His tone and attitude were the same as always. It was as if nothing had happened a few hours ago. After confirming there was no one else around, Mercedes said mockingly, “Didn’t you expect me to come back?”

“Well, I didn’t want you to come back.”

If Mercedes had gone with Grid, Gyuratan would’ve put all type of false charges against her to the emperor. It would also be possible to destroy her family by turning them into rebels. However, she hadn’t run away and had eventually returned instead. Fortunately, it wasn’t a big problem. It would be fine if he killed her.

“It is easy to falsify information about sins. There would be quite a backlash, but it’s fine if I kill everyone just as I did with Piaro’s family. Kukukuk!” Gyuratan smiled wickedly. His tone and attitude were like those of a great demon.

Why did he mention Piaro to Mercedes? Obviously, it was a taunt. There was no way Mercedes wouldn’t be able to see through it.

“Such trivial provocation, it isn’t suitable for a great demon.”

“...”

“Well, I am nervous and can’t easily control myself. If you fight me while I’m fully prepared, great turmoil can’t be avoided and your identity might be revealed. Now, tell me. What do you want to do?”

Looking at Mercedes, Gyuratan realized something. “Are you trying to make a deal with me?”

Originally, making deals was the specialty of a great demon, not the contractor. Few people were able to reject the temptation of a great demon. Mercedes knew this.

Gyuratan said, “I don’t want us to interfere with each other. The

fact that I'm a great demon can't be revealed to the end. I am the great demon, Astaroth. Until the desire of the human who summoned me is fully achieved, my presence has to be thoroughly masked. I will use my power to oppose everything for the fulfillment of my contract."

"Summoner...?"

Mercedes had overlooked one thing.

'Who is the summoner?'

Who had summoned a great demon to infiltrate the palace? Mercedes' eyes were very shaky. However, Gyuratan looked satisfied. "Kukuk! My summoner is someone you know well."

"Who is it?"

"How can I tell you? A demon's contract is based on a definite agreement. The damage that the contractor will suffer is enormous and even a great demon can't bear it. But let me give you a hint. It isn't the woman you expect."

'It isn't Marie?'

"Compared to her, they are very close to the emperor." Gyuratan smiled widely enough for the corners of his mouth to reach his ears.

Mercedes' face was turning blue. It was hard to see 'close' as a physical distance. In this case, it meant flesh and blood.

"Don't tell me it is one of the princes?"

"My hints ends here. It is obvious that the person behind me isn't easy. On the other hand, what about you? You haven't earned the trust of the emperor from the beginning and you have rejected the empress' hand. You also ruined your relationship with Sword Duke Limit, the man who trusted you. The knights that envy you? They are merely sheep. They can't help you. Mercedes, you are alone. You are thoroughly helpless. You can't threaten me."

These were whispers which caused the spirit to become helpless.

“Unfortunately, I also can’t threaten you. I don’t want to deal with you right now, so I also have to take a great risk.”

His trump card of magic was lost. Mercedes’ skills were acknowledged by a great demon. Of course, he was in a weakened state, so he had to acknowledge it.

“Therefore, I propose that we watch each other. It won’t be so bad for you. Don’t you need time to accumulate enough power to resist me?”

The great demon’s temptation... it wasn’t as sweet as the rumors said.

‘I need to earn His Majesty’s trust urgently.’

Mercedes nodded while in deep thought, making Gyuratan laugh.

Chapter 799

“Sigh.” Grid was able to breathe once he escaped from Titan. He utilized the stealth function of the Hooded Zip-up to avoid the magic power detectors and lively soldiers. Was it because his control skills had risen? No, his senses were a bit sharper now.

“Great demon...”

Grid could still see a small fraction of the huge exterior walls of Titan. The sky above it was completely gray. The gathering of heavy clouds foretold rain and thunder would arrive after a while.

‘What great demon is he?’

Hell Gao, Furfu, Drasion, Morax, Astaroth—this was the list of great demons sealed by Sword Saint Muller, the greatest legend in history. Gyuratan was certainly one of them.

‘He isn’t Hell Gao.’

Hell Gao was the owner of hellfire and had descended on an unspecified cycle in the body of a low-grade demonkin. It wasn’t in the empire but on Cork Island.

‘He isn’t Drasion.’

According to the information that Grid gained from Kraugel in the past, he already guessed that Kraugel had raided Drasion. If it had been in the middle of the empire, a few witnesses would’ve seen Kraugel raiding him.

‘Of course, it isn’t Furfu.’

After recalling that Agnus had used Furfu’s power, Grid reduced the possibilities of Gyuratan’s identity to Morax or Astaroth. Among them, Astaroth probably had the power of lightning and it was likely he was related to the thunder stone, but Grid didn’t know about Morax. (TL: I think I previously translated thunder stone as ure stone. It will now be changed to thunder stone.)

‘Mercedes must be safe.’

He knew her well. It wasn't likely that she would be easily caught by pure force. The weakened great demon was so low in power that it couldn't compare with the complete great demon.

‘I think that guy called Gyuratan is very cunning.’ Grid recalled the great demon and shook his head. ‘But it isn't a problem for me to worry about.’

This was a matter within the empire. He had no choice but to hope that Mercedes overcame the crisis. The moment that Grid turned his back to Titan...

“Overgeared King.”

Grid was approached by a suspicious figure in a hat and forsythia-colored robes. Thanks to his high insight stat, Grid became alert. “You know me? Who are you?”

The person took off their hat. Then the color of the name was revealed, showing he was an NPC. “I am Raji, a magician of the Tower of Eternity. The owner of the tower, Goldhit, is looking forward to your visit. I hope Your Majesty will respond to the invitation.”

‘The Tower of Eternity?’

Grid could use the Magic Missile and Magic Detection which had been given to him by Braham. Additionally, he had the potential to learn Fireball if he increased his intelligence. However, he wasn't a magician. He had never heard of the Tower of Eternity.

‘What is the Tower of Eternity?’ Grid's kneejerk reaction was to ask this, but he judged that it wouldn't be good to expose his lack of knowledge to a stranger. In such a situation, he relied on Lauel.

-Lauel.

-Yes, Your Majesty, a reply came as soon as Grid sent a whisper. It seemed that Lauel had been waiting since Grid infiltrated the

empire alone.

-What is the Tower of Eternity?

-A magic tower belonging to the Saharan Empire. It is rumored that the emperor relies on the Tower of Eternity as well as the Tower of the Sun. The master of the tower, Goldhit, is one of the ten great magicians on the continent.

‘Isn’t this huge?’ Grid was startled.

-Then why do they want to see me?

-Huh? Have you been discovered in the empire? Are you currently in danger?

-No. I quietly handled my work and left Titan. Then a magician was waiting for me. He knew my identity and invited me.

What? They came to invite Grid instead of arresting him?

-Invite... no, maybe not. Lauel’s voice was excited. -It is true that the magicians of the Tower of Eternity are part of the empire’s forces, but that is only a story for wartime. Usually, the Tower of Eternity is an institution that is secluded from the world and is unlikely to be involved in the empire’s political situation.

-Then it is a pure invitation?

-Yes. Please accept the invitation. The Tower of Eternity is famous as a place to give hidden quests. There are many magicians lining up to be invited to the Tower of Eternity.

‘This...’

There was a reason for Lauel’s excitement. The giddy Grid was about to respond to Raji’s invitation straight away only to stop. There was a part that was suspicious.

-By the way. The magician called Goldhit knows that I am a king yet they didn’t invite me in person. Instead, they sent their man? Isn’t it polite to come personally?

This wasn't a sensitive reaction but a common sense one. It was clear that the person named Goldhit was making fun of the Overgeared Kingdom. With his status, Grid couldn't just overlook it.

Lauel explained, -Goldhit isn't an opponent to discuss manners with. The masters of the Tower of Eternity and the Tower of the Sun are the magicians of the king. Goldhit would be over 120 years old this year. They have been the strongest magician for more than a century. If Emperor Juander wants to see Goldhit, he has to come to the Tower of Eternity.

‘A person who can make the emperor move directly?’

Grid's expectations gradually grew. Why would the master of a tower famous for giving hidden quests want to meet Grid?

‘Will I get a huge hidden quest?’

In the end...

“I understand. I will accept the invitation.” Grid nodded to the waiting magician, Raji.

The 80th floor of the Tower of Eternity...

There was only one person who could climb to the top of the tower, which was so high that all of Titan could be seen at a glance. Goldhit was a great magician who boasted unique strength among the 10 great magicians. People said that if she pursued power, she would be a person of authority right now.

In fact, many people believed that she could've built a huge magical nation comparable to the Saharan Empire. Goldhit was that great of a figure. However, she had little influence on Satisfy's present worldview because she secluded herself from the world. Unless they were high-level magicians, normal players would never see the name 'Goldhit.'

“I wasn’t fully trained in Teacher Braham’s enhanced magic.”

Braham’s fourth disciple was a genius. It was said that there were no magicians more talented than her on the entire continent. However, that was a story among ordinary people. Her talent was mere dust before Braham’s talent, and she couldn’t follow her mentor’s teachings.

Goldhit was resentful that she was his student. She became aware of the existence of enhanced magic, but she was frustrated because she couldn’t receive the important magical theory. Just a little...

If she could really understand the theory behind enhanced magic, she could strengthen her talent and awaken as a legend. For Goldhit who had spent many years grumbling about reality, Grid’s appearance was like a ray of light. Goldhit didn’t know how excited she became when Grid assimilated with Braham’s soul and learned the enhanced magic. Now, finally...

“The opportunity has come.” Goldhit looked at Grid in the crystal sphere and smiled. “Magic Detection.”

Shaaaaaaah—

The master-level detection wrapped around the Tower of Eternity. Simultaneously, all of Goldhit’s nerves were focused on feeling Grid’s mana.

“Come on, show me Braham’s enhanced magic. Yohohoho...”

‘Thunder stone?’

After Grid was guided by Raji to the Tower of Eternity, he spotted an extra large stone at the top of the tower. It was a transparent stone containing a huge thunderbolt. This made it seem like an enlarged thunder stone was decorating the top of the tower.

‘I don’t know what it means. In the first place, how did the thunder stone get that big?’

Grid was feeling doubtful when he heard Raji's voice, "You have to go up alone from the 10th floor to the 20th floor. It is a field to test whether you deserve to be a guest of the tower and is part of the tower's history. I hope that Your Majesty isn't offended."

Inviting a guest only to test them? Grid felt somewhat uncomfortable, but it was difficult to say anything if it was a tradition of the tower. Then he quickly noticed, 'This test should be a quest.'

As such, his expectations rose further. Grid followed Raji and reached the 10th floor of the tower. Raji then politely said goodbye and withdrew. "Good luck."

Simultaneously...

[A quest has been created.]

[The Tower of Eternity]

[★ Hidden Quest ★]

The Tower of Eternity is the tallest tower in history. Not just anyone can access it.

Your mind will gain enlightenment every time you climb a floor that contains the essence of knowledge and wisdom.

Quest Clear Conditions: Break through the gateways to climb the tower. Currently, you can break through up to the 20th floor.

Quest Clear Compensation: Every time you climb a floor in the tower, your intelligence will permanently increase by 2.

Quest Failure: Return to the 10th floor.]

"Amazing!" Grid was forced to cheer.

Every time he climbed a tower floor, he would permanently get 2 intelligence stats. The reward was beyond imagination.

'It is intelligence.'

If Grid were an ordinary blacksmith, it would be a rather useless

reward.

However, Grid was Pagma's Descendant and Braham's disciple. His skills consumed a lot of mana and he had the potential to acquire all of Braham's enhanced magic. As such, the intelligence stat was important to him. It was true that his priorities were strength and stamina, but it was a bit tricky that a fixed number of stat points were forcibly invested in intelligence every time he leveled up. How happy was he to get a chance to raise his intelligence stat?

‘I can go up to the 20th floor, so this is 20 intelligence points?’

The excited Grid opened the firmly closed door on the 10th floor. There was a circular arena inside. Unlike what he could see from the outside, the inside of the 10th floor was very large. It was bigger than the training grounds which could fit hundreds of the Overgeared soldiers.

[The Tower of Eternity's Guardian has appeared!]

Kwaaaaah!

The guardian's identity was a golem. The enemy who had just appeared seemed to make the entire tower shake as it instantly struck at Grid. It was very big. However, due to the golem's very slow nature, Grid wasn't burdened. He avoided the golem's attack and swung the Enlightenment Sword.

Jeeeeeeong!

It was a powerful blow! The gray golem's thick waist was hit with the Enlightenment Sword. However...

[You have dealt 1 damage to the target.]

“Full physical resistance?”

The golem was fine. It ignored Grid's consecutive attacks like they were mosquitoes flying about and just waved its arms.

Kung! Kwang!

The golem's arms hit the ground instead of Grid, but this alone was a threat to him. The massive weight behind the attack caused Grid's balance to collapse. Goldhit smiled as she watched Grid's crisis through the crystal ball.

‘The tower's guardians can only be handled with magic. In the end, you will have to use magic. Come on. Use the sweet enhanced magic and let me get a glimpse of the glory.’

The moment that Goldhit was becoming desperate...

Peng!

Kwarururung!

Inside the crystal ball, many flames flared up in succession and swallowed up the guardian. This was the power of the ‘fire emission’ attached to the Enlightenment Sword. The flames dealt 5,000 fire damage to the target.

“...????” Goldhit was stunned.

Chapter 800

‘That magic sword can wreak that much havoc alone?’

A magic sword could only be created by combining the strengths of a magician and a blacksmith. Although a blacksmith or magician could sometimes produce it alone, this was a very rare occurrence. Goldhit had past experiences of producing magic battle gear with blacksmiths and knew this. ‘It is difficult to produce such a magic weapon alone.’

There were three types of magic weapons.

Firstly, there was a magic battle gear imbued with complete magic. In this case, it was possible to consume the user’s mana when the magic was used.

Secondly, there was a magic battle gear enhanced with magic. It increased the magic power of the wearer.

Thirdly, there was a magic battle gear containing a pure attribute. It consumed the wearer’s mana while having a certain probability of releasing fire, ice, electricity, and so on. It wasn’t very powerful despite being able to express the pure power of an attribute.

The sword Grid was currently using was the third type. However, the user’s mana wasn’t being consumed. The atmospheric mana was used every time flames were released. Thus, the user wasn’t tired, and the power of the flames was huge. This was a weapon which would appear in legends.

‘A legendary sword...!’

As Goldhit recalled that Grid was Pagma’s Descendant, all her nerves concentrated on Grid’s long sword. She saw that it wasn’t made out of an ordinary material.

‘Demonic energy? Don’t tell me...?’

The story of Grid defeating the Great Demon Belial was already well known, so Goldhit could easily guess what type of material the sword was made out of.

‘A by-product of Belial!’

For sure, this sword would be worshipped as a legendary sword later on. Additionally, it was likely that Grid had made it personally. Goldhit got goosebumps. How many years had it been since she felt such admiration for someone? Looking back on her faint memories, it seemed to have happened half a century ago. A dark smile appeared on Goldhit’s face as her impression of Grid changed. He was no longer just the beneficiary of enhanced magic. She now accepted him as a greater person.

‘In fact, it was like this from the beginning.’

Grid was a legend, the hero of a nation... He was a person who had built a new kingdom and was a hero of heroes. Now that her narrow-mindedness caused by her obsession with enhanced magic was released, Goldhit had genuine respect for Grid.

‘A hero that transcends the era... It is right to greet him politely.’

However...

‘I can’t forget my original purpose.’

Respect and purpose were separate things. She wanted to be respectful to Grid, but she needed to do what she had to do. Goldhit needed to encourage Grid to use enhanced magic. She checked on Grid, who was on the 16th floor, and pulled out her trump card.

“Let’s try the lilith guardian.”

[You have dealt 1 damage to the target.]

[You have dealt 1...]

[The Sword Born from Enlightenment and Strong Desires has

emitted flames. It deals 5,000 fixed fire damage to the target.]

The Enlightenment Sword had ‘a certain chance to release large flames with every attack.’ Based on Grid’s experience, the probability of that was around 30%. As the number of attacks increased, the probability of releasing flames would increase exponentially. It also had a very good compatibility with Alex's Quick Gloves which raised Grid’s basic attack speed.

In comparison to Grid’s black flames, the ordinary fire released by the Enlightenment Sword had low power and was often useless against enemies with high fire resistance because it had a pure fire attribute. However, it was useful in situations like the one Grid was currently in. The Enlightenment Sword was sometimes more capable than the black flames which were separated as physical attacks.

‘There are many item options remaining.’

A huge smile appeared on Grid’s face!

Wasn’t this a huge stroke of luck? Grid smiled as he saw that his intelligence stat had increased by 12 points, and he ascended to the 16th floor. He had been able to handle all the guardians while climbing up here and didn’t feel any great tension. That said, this didn’t mean he wasn’t being vigilant.

‘Isn’t this different?’

Snap!

Grid opened the door to the 16th floor without a hitch and looked at the features of the waiting guardian.

Its physique was very small and was at the level of a normal adult male, so there wasn’t any big pressure. However, it was less likely for monsters on the higher floors to be weaker than monsters on the lower floor. So, it was ridiculous to judge the difficulty level based on the monster’s outward appearance.

‘It reminds me of Braham’s golems...’

Grid recalled the golem invasion of Reinhardt from years ago. The humanoid golems with small physiques had caused the most casualties. Their strength, which had been incomparable to that of ordinary golems, was still vivid in his memories.

‘Doesn’t this golem look similar? Am I mistaken?’

[Lilith Guardian]

Grid looked at the name and appearance of the monster before trying to grasp the type of metal its body was made of.

“Kuk!”

However, he then reflexively raised his sword. It was because the guardian narrowed the distance with footwork reminiscent of Yangban Garam’s Shunpo and suddenly appeared in front of Grid’s nose.

Peeeeeeong!

Shockwaves broke out the moment the Enlightenment Sword collided with the guardian’s fist. One of the 16th floor’s inner walls and a part of the ceiling collapsed. Grid ignored the rain of stones and fought back, hitting the guardian before seizing the moment to raise his sword. As he linked attacks without stopping, he judged that the act of widening the distance against the guardian would be bad. So, Grid kept wielding his sword and didn’t give the guardian a break.

Kaang! Kakakang!

Every time Grid hit the guardian, it suffered one point of damage. Like the previous guardians, this one was resistant to physical attacks. There was no defense against a man who cut and stabbed while unafraid of being hit. The guardian punched with its right fist when Grid slashed and responded with its left fist when Grid stabbed it in the center.

[You have suffered 1,900 damage.]

[You have suffered 1,780 damage.]

[You have suffered 1,910 damage.]

The damage that Grid received was accumulating. Despite the outward appearance of the fight, Grid was being struck one-sidedly. Yet he wasn't irritated and waited for the release of the flames.

Peeng!

Finally, the Enlightenment Sword burned red. However...

[You have dealt 1,660 damage to the target!]

‘What? Why is its fire resistance so high?’

The guardian's health gauge only received a small scratch as the total health was also high. It was difficult to tell how long the guardian would take to die if Grid only relied on the release of flames which dealt a small amount of damage. Maybe Grid's stamina would be depleted quicker than it would take for the guardian to die.

Jjeejeeong!

The guardian ignored the Enlightenment Sword, jumped into the air, and kicked out. Grid's vision filled with the crumbling ceiling as he flew backward. Meanwhile...

“Yohohoho... Is it hard to hold on?” Goldhit, who was on the 80th floor, saw Grid's shaky eyes clearly.

In fact, at first, she had chills.

She had been amazed beyond admiration when she saw Grid respond to the guardian's first space jump using the magic, Blink. She knew that Pagma's Descendant was a blacksmith and swordsman, but she had never dreamt that Grid would show such strength and agility. Yes, Grid was much more outstanding than rumored. Maybe the empire had underestimated him.

‘But...’

Resistance was a factor that neutralized strength. In order for Grid to defeat the guardian with excellent fire resistance, he had to discard the sword and bring out magic. Goldhit's expectations had reached their peak. She hoped that the Grid she saw in the crystal ball would use the enhanced magic she wanted.

However, Goldhit still didn't know... Grid was actually an expert at destroying common sense.

Peok!

Kwajajak!

'It isn't painful.'

The distressed Grid felt Khan's presence every time he was hit by the guardians' punches and kicks. It was because the work Khan left behind was protecting Grid. Valhalla emitted a little bit of smoke every time the guardian hit Grid, but only Grid knew what it was the precursor of.

Chukakakakak!

Peeng!

Grid cut at the guardian's chest while accumulating minor damage and smiled.

Jeeeeeeong!

The guardian's fist firmly hit Grid's arm, and green smoke emerged from the armor. It was now a fog.

"This...!" Goldhit, who had been watching closely in order to not miss the moment when Grid used magic, was shocked and stood up. She noticed it. The identity of this fog was poison!

Shaaaaah—

It was the poison that Kyleo had completed after many experiments. The powerful poison, which was hard to resist, filled

the 16th floor. It was an option attached to Khan's armor. The lilith guardian suddenly lost its destructive momentum. It couldn't resist the poison. Not only did its health drop, but its movements also became dull. The unidentified metals which made up its body quickly rusted.

"This is ridiculous!"

To think that Grid had a powerful magic armor as well as a magic weapon? It even caused reflective damage? Goldhit was nervous as Grid quickly cleared the 16th, 17th, and 18th floors with the help of the armor. He was now entering the 19th floor.

It was the last gateway. If Grid broke through the 19th floor, he would reach the 20th floor. However, in the end...

-Expand the gateways by 10 more! Goldhit's urgent voice rang in the minds of the tower's magicians. Her disciples were upset.

-Aren't you giving an outsider too many benefits?

-Master, the internal backlash will be great.

The essence of knowledge, which was obtained every time the tower was climbed, was incredibly large. Therefore, climbing the tower had great meaning. The magicians of the Tower of Eternity studied hard in order to qualify to climb the tower. Yet Goldhit was giving preferential treatment to Grid, an outsider.

Goldhit asked the worried disciples,

-How many people can climb the tower even if they qualify? This is a trial, not preferential treatment. No matter how much I increase the gateways, it will be pointless if Grid fails. And Grid...

He was rising. He kept continuing to rise! Even without magic!

"Dammit...!"

Goldhit had been blocked by a wall for decades. The lack of development meant the past few years of Goldhit's life had been hell. Her only hope was Grid. However, the problem was that Grid

wasn't a person whose actions could be predicted.

[Grid is on the 24th floor.]

[Grid is on the 25th floor.]

[Grid is on the 26th...]

.....

.....

“...No, is he still not using magic?”

Who could imagine that the strongest magician on the continent would be sulking like a child? Even Grid couldn't imagine that despite him making Goldhit like this.

[A new gateway has opened. Please challenge up to the 40th floor!]

“Is this heaven?”

The gateways kept being generated, and he kept getting rewards! Grid had secured 40 intelligence in just three hours. The smile couldn't disappear from his face. He was extremely happy.

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